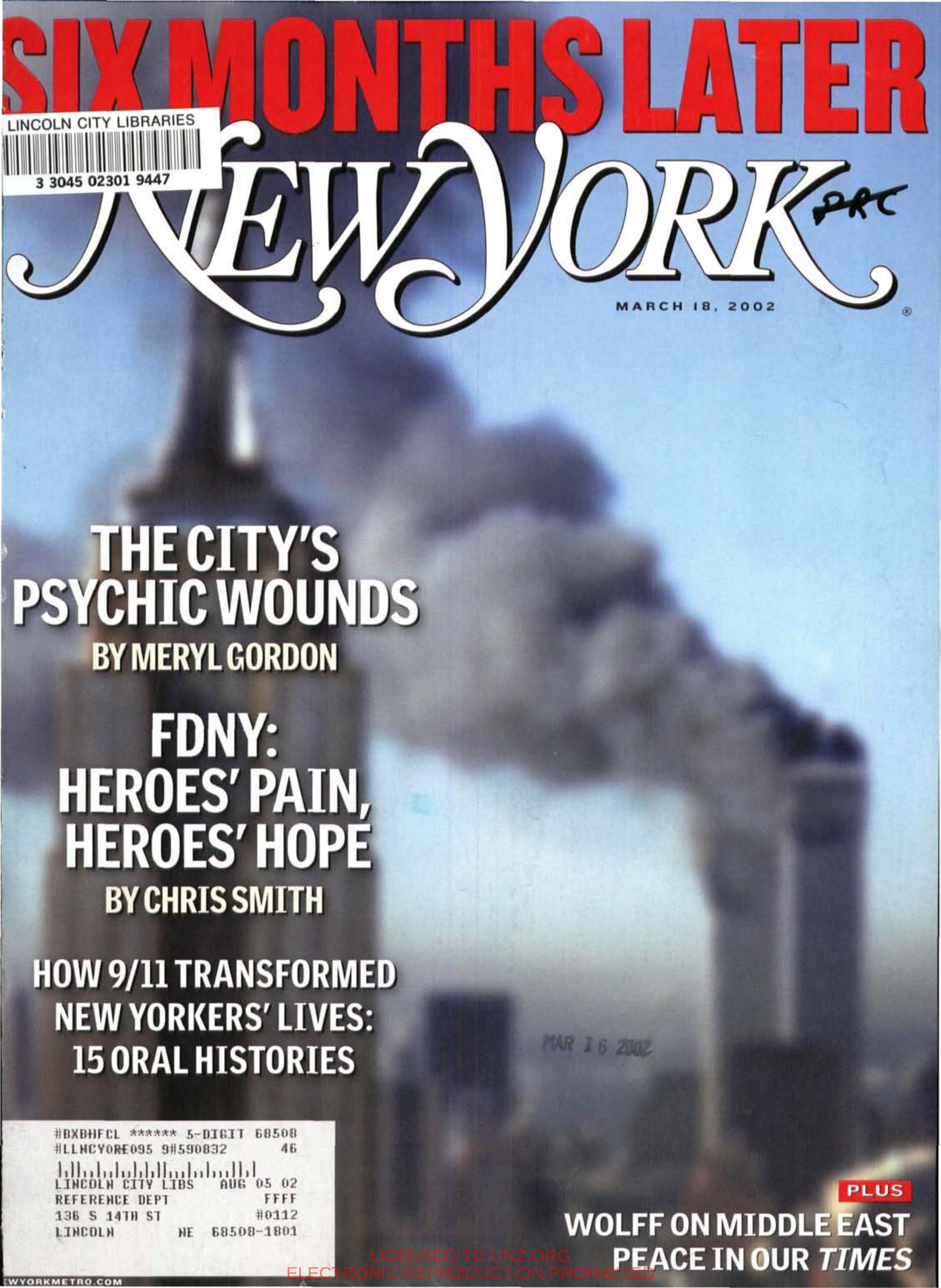

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BY CHRIS SMITH

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MAR 16 2002

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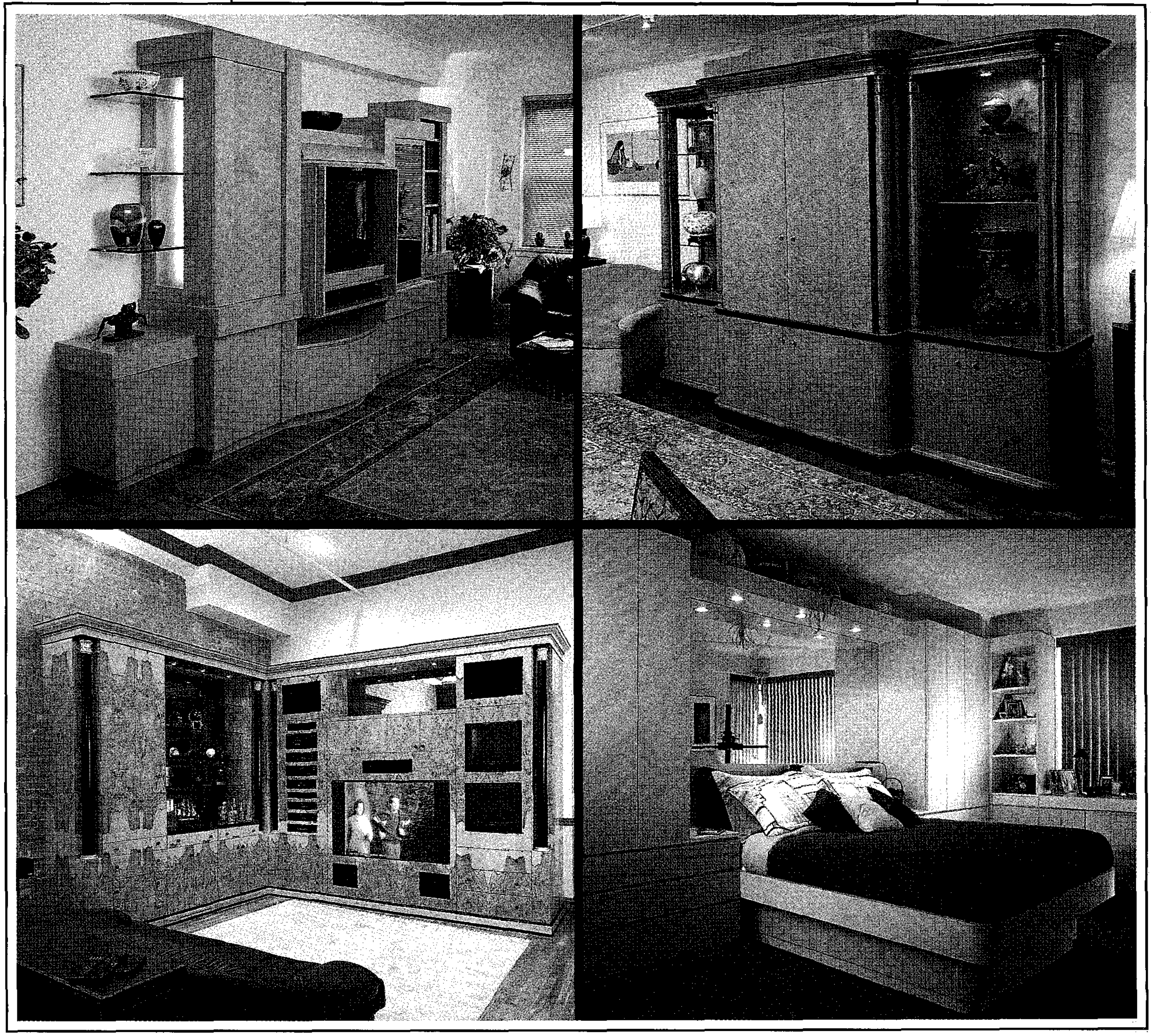

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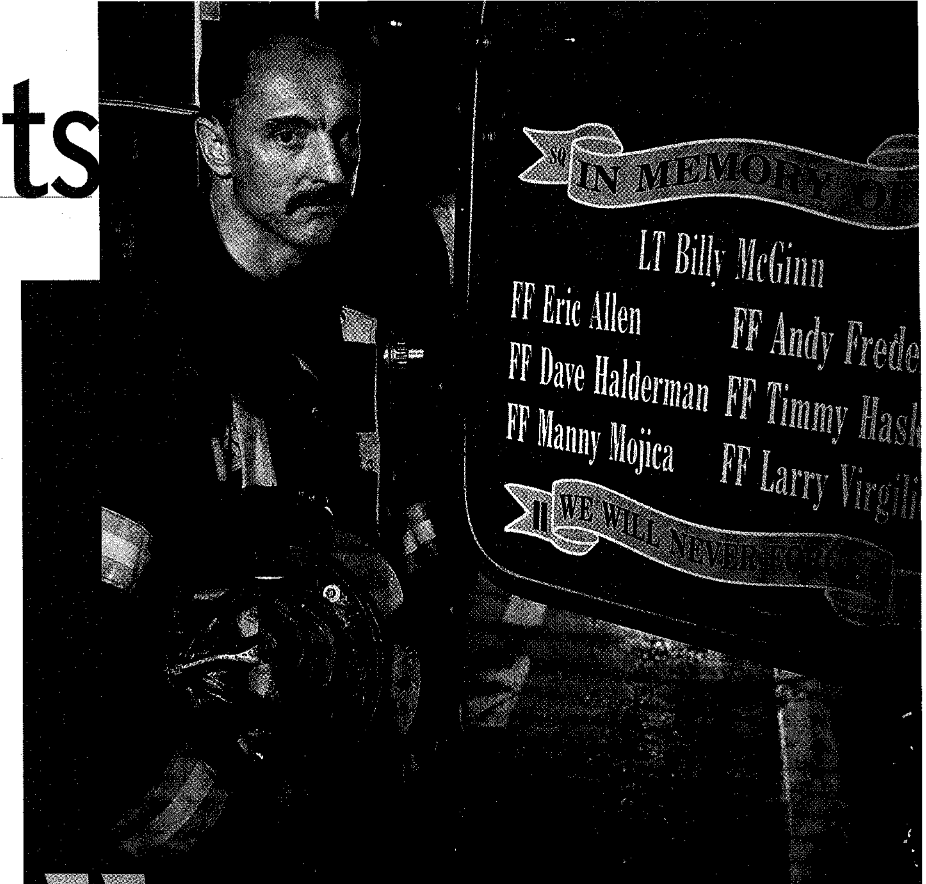
'Guardian' Crossword



> "September 11 seems like a long time ago—**but it really wasn't.**"
>
> —page 34

22 Shadow of the Towers By Meryl Gordon

To relatives and friends of victims, September 11 created private pain that a few months can't begin to erase. But even New Yorkers who didn't suffer firsthand—who didn't run for their lives or see falling bodies from their living-room windows—are experiencing more depression, more anxiety, more health problems than expected. Six months on, experts say, we're in a second wave of grief. **Plus:** New Yorkers talk about their personal journeys since the tragedy.

34 Pain of the Heroes By Chris Smith

On September 11, New York's firefighters provided the city and the world with a new definition of heroism. But rebuilding the department, while still burying their dead and caring for their families, calls for a different kind of bravery. They're angry at budget cuts, union leaders, the makers of the CBS documentary. But many vets are more committed than ever, partly because, says one, "they can teach the young guys that this job isn't all about death."

40 Latin-*American Pie* By George Kalogerakis

America invented the teenager—and, for better or worse, the teen movie. And it may take a Mexican turned New Yorker, Alfonso Cuarón, director of *Y Tu Mamá También* (which hits theaters this week), to reinvent it.

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

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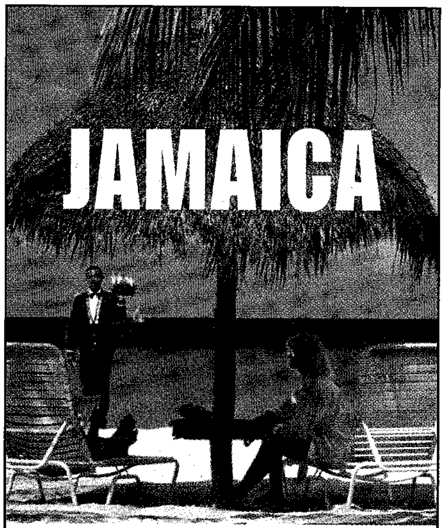

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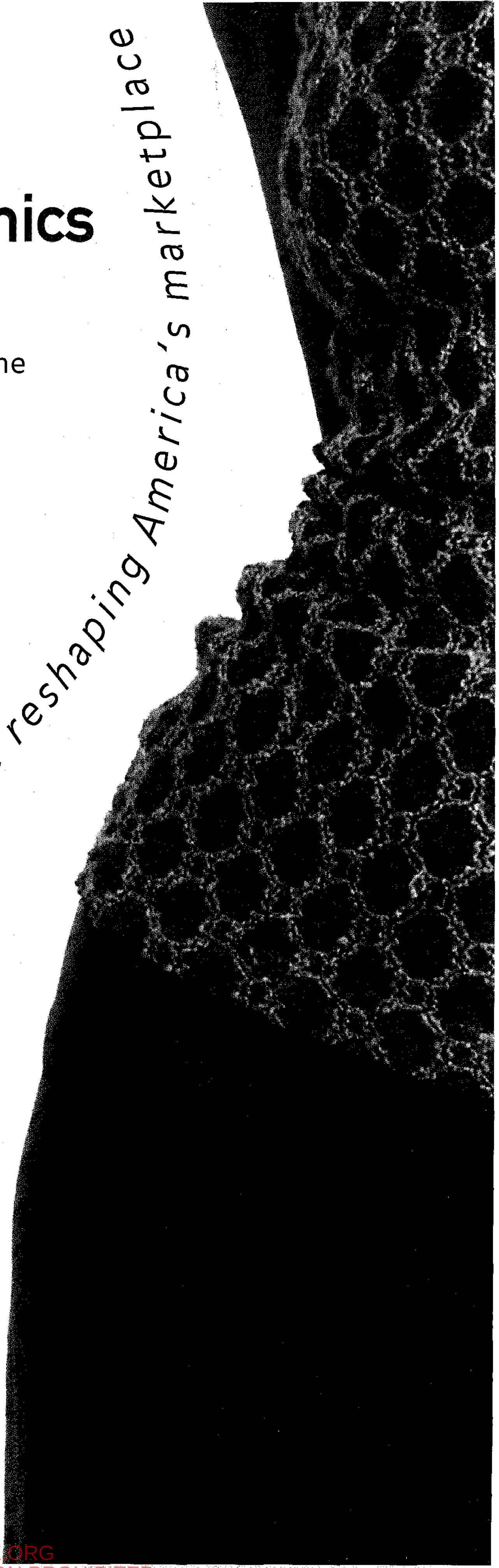


Letters

> "Ms. Pirro may have won the battle against 50 pedophiles, but at what price?"
> —Robert G. La France

Net Gain?

The Westchester D.A.'s sting operation is not a wise long-term program for addressing the issue of children, sex, and the Internet ["Mouse Trapped," by D. T. Max, February 25]. Rather, it distracts the public from the real problem: that parents need to take a more active interest in what their children do online. Talking to teenagers about sex and controlling Internet use are more effective prevention techniques than Ms. Pirro's "deterrent" for potential pedophiles. She may have won the battle against 50 pedophiles, but at what price? She has infringed civil rights, incited local fears, and perhaps lulled some parents into thinking their children are protected—while their son or daughter chats online in the next room.

Robert G. La France, MANHATTAN

As a single mother and attorney, I found your article to be an important commentary on the dangers our children face when they use the Internet. However, the author's detailed analysis of the defenses available to these pedophiles was irresponsible. The purpose of an article such as this should be to educate parents on how to protect their children, not to provide a blueprint for pedophiles seeking to avoid prosecution.

Rona Kaplan, OCEANSIDE, N.Y.

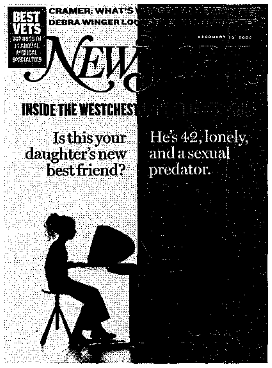
Most articles about Internet sex crimes don't even mention AOL, so I'm impressed that yours made a passing reference to it—after all, a majority of these meetings occur in AOL chat rooms. These chat rooms are part of a closed system owned and operated by AOL Time Warner and have little or nothing to do with the actual Internet. While I don't place any blame on AOL for these incidents, I am always amazed that it is rarely mentioned and that the Internet is the usual scapegoat.

Dave Johnson, MANHATTAN

Live Aides

George Stephanopoulos was correct to question Michael Wolff's assertion that he is the only former White House aide in recent history to establish a successful post–White House career ["This Media Life: By George," February 25]. For example, Ben Stein, a speechwriter and an attorney for the Nixon administration, is doing just fine as an actor, pitch man, writer, speaker, and popular television game-show host. And Pat Buchanan, who worked for Nixon and Reagan, is a lot more famous than Stephanopoulos could ever hope to be.

Ed Fountaine, QUEENS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The Model and the Fireman

This is in response to Shira Stein's letter in the March 4 issue ["Letters: Image Issues"], in which she states that the cover image of the model kissing the fireman "debases the meaning of love and cheapens the memory of each life that was lost." I happen to know the fireman on the cover, and I also know that he was very good friends with Robert Curatolo, Ladder Company 16, who sacrificed his life on 9/11, and with the entire Curatolo family. The Curatolo family is comfortable with the cover shot and does not think for a second that it degrades the memory of their Robert. I believe the cover actually celebrates the fireman, and glorifies the image of firemen as real people whose job it is to be heroes.

Amy Ferrone, WESTFIELD, N.J.

For Art's Sake

It figures that John Leonard would approvingly quote Toni Morrison to the effect that "the best art is unquestionably political and irrevocably beautiful" ["Television: Work in Progress," February 25]. That type of thinking characterizes virtually everything he writes. The insistence that great art is political is destructive; you wind up ignoring or even denigrating great work because it's apolitical or its politics are "wrong." So good work goes ignored, while politically engaged crap is praised. That is something a critic should clearly oppose, not celebrate.

John A. Kelleher, SUMMIT, N.J.

Leftward, Ho

As a loyal conservative Republican, I am dismayed at the leftward turn the party has taken under Governor Pataki ["The City Politic: Discount Labels," by Michael Tomasky, February 4]. I was initially thrilled when George Pataki defeated Mario Cuomo, but have grown increasingly dismayed at Pataki's spendaholic left-wing ways, including his visit to Vieques and his stance on abortion. Yes, there are some conservative Republicans left in New York City, and we will probably be writing in a name during the next election. Republicans who want to act like Democrats would be doing the Republican Party a favor by registering as Democrats. We do not need a fifth column in our ranks. It is time to go back to basics.

Alice Lemos, QUEENS

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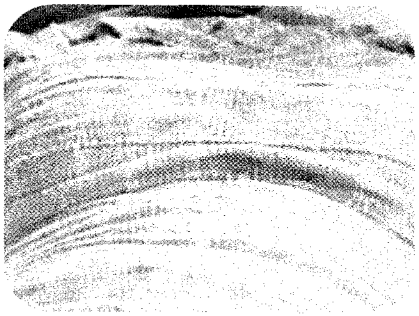
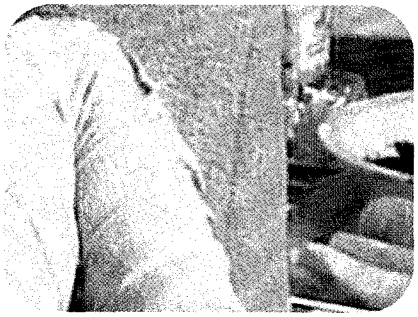
narcissistic

fall-down drunk

fashion victim?





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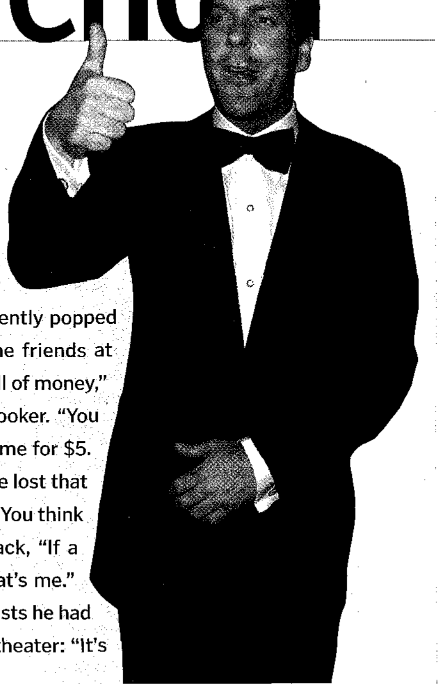
Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin

Kluge Unleashes Diamond Dog

Samantha Kluge may want to think about locking up her dog the next time she throws a party. The rebel socialite hosted an afternoon soirée for her new "Family Jewels" jewelry collection at her Los Angeles studio. Kluge was helping pals **Gwyneth Paltrow** and **Rebecca Romijn-Stamos** try on necklaces when her ten-month-old Boston terrier, Bug, disappeared. Kluge spent several hours looking for the pooch, to no avail. She continued her search into the morning and eventually wandered into a nearby home that was under construction. When she heard whimpering coming from an upstairs closet, Kluge pried the door open and found Bug shivering in a corner. The pooch was unharmed, but his one-of-a-kind, $1,500 platinum-and-diamond nameplate collar was missing. Kluge tells us she's making the same diamond collar for **Casey Johnson**'s dog and she'll make another for Bug—this time with rhinestones.

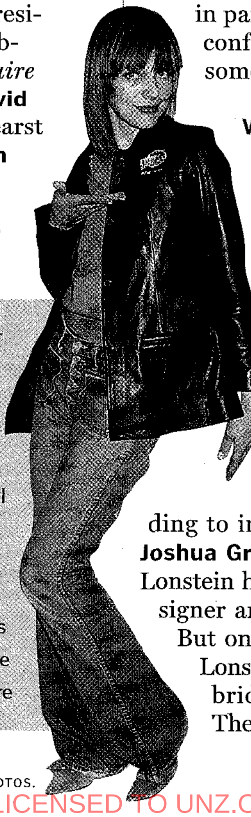


Kiefer Sutherland: A Fool and His Money

It seems **Kiefer Sutherland** is still out celebrating that Best Actor Golden Globe he won in January for his new TV series, *24.* He recently popped into the Broadway Billiard Cafe in the Flatiron district with some friends at about 1:30 in the morning. "I'm really drunk, and I have a pocket full of money," he loudly announced to no one in particular, according to an onlooker. "You should play me some pool." He then challenged a stranger to a game for $5. When he lost, Sutherland insisted they play another, but for $20. He lost that game, too. When the winner tried to leave, Sutherland sputtered, "You think you could fucking beat me? You're a pussy." The guy cracked back, "If a pussy is the guy who leaves with the other guy's money, then that's me." Sutherland's rep confirms he was at the pool hall that night, but insists he had a low-key night with a couple of buddies after an evening at the theater: "It's really not like him to be showy like that."

Granger, Lagana—Separated at Birth?

It was a case of mistaken identity at last week's *Adweek* luncheon at the Four Seasons honoring executive of the year **Stephen Colvin**, president of Dennis Publishing. First, *Esquire* editor-in-chief **David Granger**'s boss, Hearst president **Cathleen Black**, greeted Dennis CFO **John Lagana** as "David," but quickly apologized. A few minutes later, Condé Nast editorial director **James Truman** walked up to Lagana and did the same thing. Truman confirmed the mishap, but cracked, "I thought he was **David Bowie**." Black isn't laughing. Hearst issued a statement denying the story, saying in part, "Maybe you confused Cathie with someone else."



WEDDING BELLE: It looks like designer **Shoshanna Lonstein** won't be wearing one of her own creations when she walks down the aisle. We hear that Lonstein has asked **Badgley Mischka** to design the dress for her wedding to investment banker **Joshua Gruss**. A rep insists Lonstein hasn't chosen a designer and is still looking. But one thing is certain; Lonstein will design her bridesmaids' gowns. The couple announced their engagement in January and is planning a New York City wedding for spring 2003.

BOOK NOTES: Move over, **Martha Stewart**. We hear *Über*-publicists and event planners **Lara Shriftman** and **Elizabeth Harrison** are close to signing a deal to write, with freelance writer **Karen Rabinowitz**, a how-to book on entertaining for Stewart's publisher, Clarkson Potter. . . . Meanwhile, author **Dani Shapiro**, who created quite a stir three years ago with *Slow Motion: A True Story*, her memoir chronicling her parents' tragic car accident and an affair she had with her best friend's stepfather, has sold her fourth novel, *Family History*, to Knopf as part of a two-book deal with editor **Jordan Pavlin**. HarperCollins was close to signing Shapiro, but, according to an insider, Knopf came through at the eleventh hour with a high bid of $600,000.

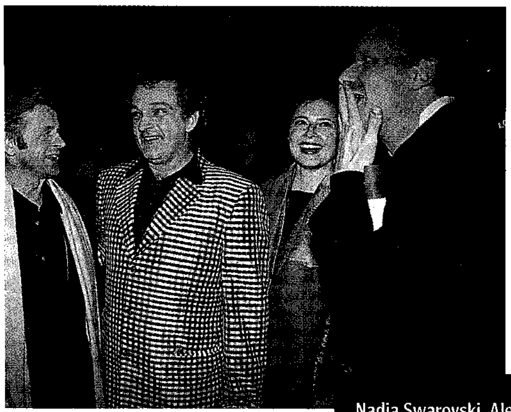
With Catherine Townsend and Aric Chen.

Milla Jovovich: A Shooting Star

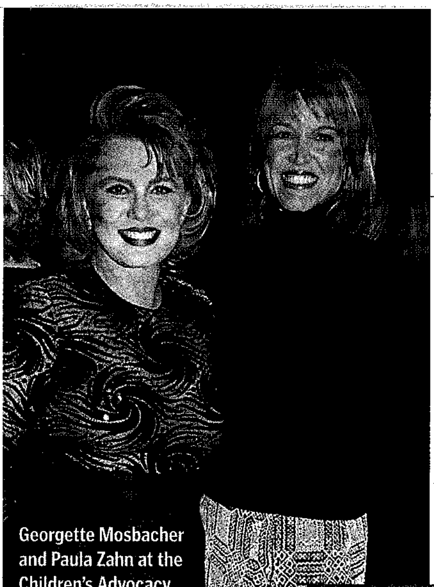
Don't be surprised to find **Milla Jovovich** joining NRA president **Charlton Heston** at a gun-rights rally. After several months of combat training to prepare for her role as a zombie killer in *Resident Evil*, a new sci-fi movie based on the popular video game, the starlet has a newfound affinity for firearms and has become a regular at her local Los Angeles shooting range. "I love guns," she told us while signing autographs at Planet Hollywood in Times Square last week. "I just get such a sense of power. The karate and kickboxing was okay, but give me a gun and I can do serious damage." She doesn't have her own gun yet, but may get one soon: "A handgun, obviously—I mean, the machine guns are a little heavy and complicated."

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, TSUNI/IMAGE DIRECT; HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS.

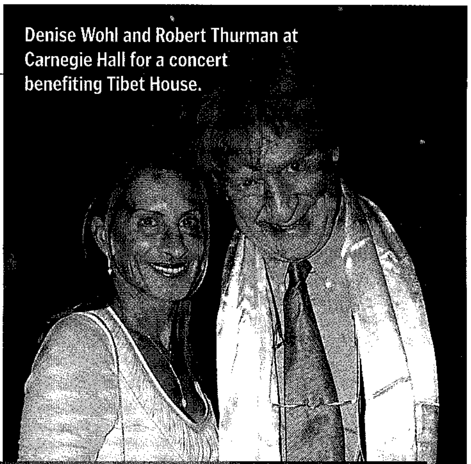
Scene



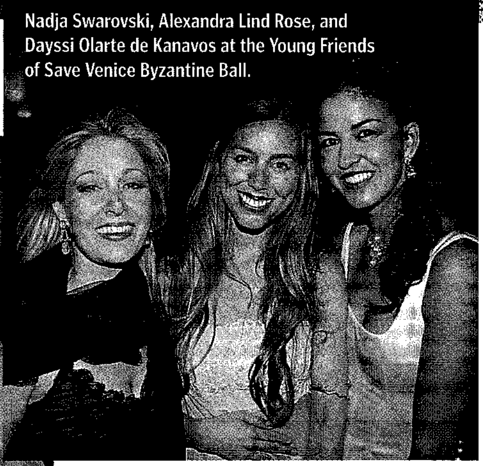
Mikhail Baryshnikov, Mark Morris, Isabella Rossellini, and Isaac Mizrahi at the Mark Morris Dance Group's opening-night gala.



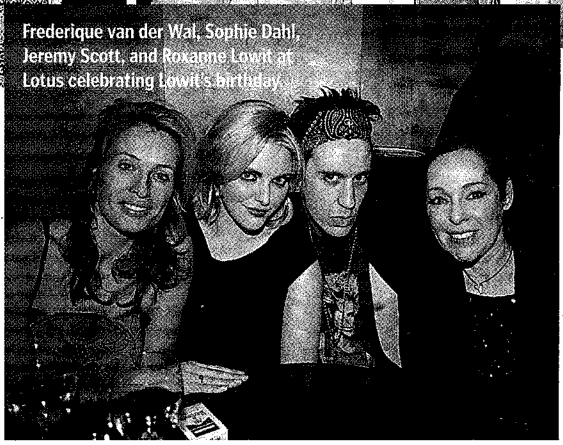
Georgette Mosbacher and Paula Zahn at the Children's Advocacy Center of Manhattan.



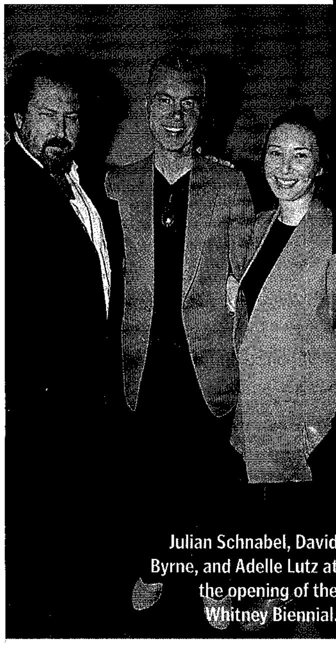
Denise Wohl and Robert Thurman at Carnegie Hall for a concert benefiting Tibet House.



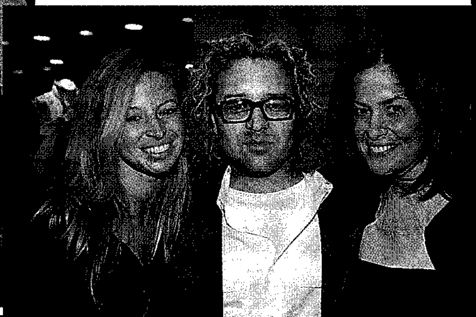
Nadja Swarovski, Alexandra Lind Rose, and Dayssi Olarte de Kanavos at the Young Friends of Save Venice Byzantine Ball.



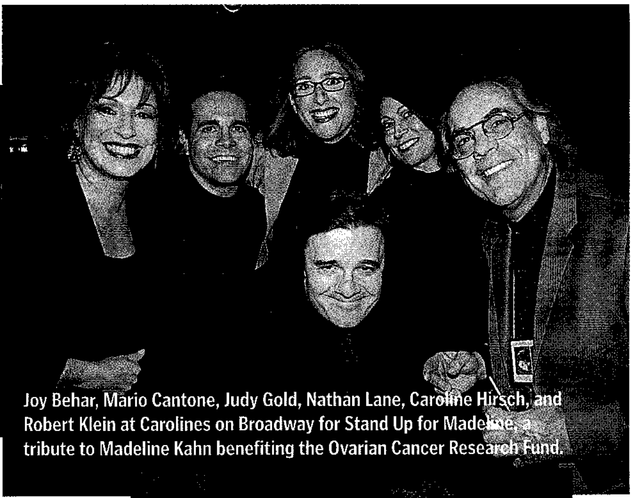
Frederique van der Wal, Sophie Dahl, Jeremy Scott, and Roxanne Lowit at Lotus celebrating Lowit's birthday.



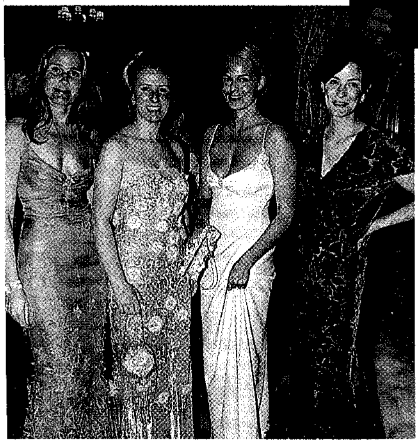
Julian Schnabel, David Byrne, and Adelle Lutz at the opening of the Whitney Biennial.



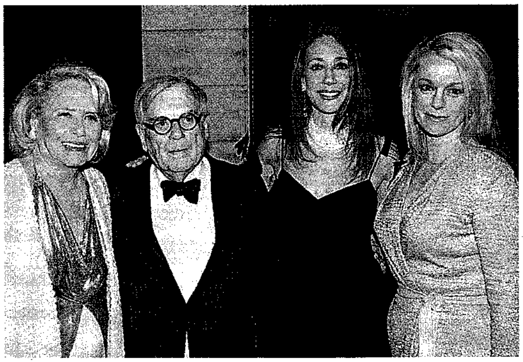
Milly Smith, Alvin Valley, and Jill Stuart at Saks Fifth Avenue for a night featuring young designers.



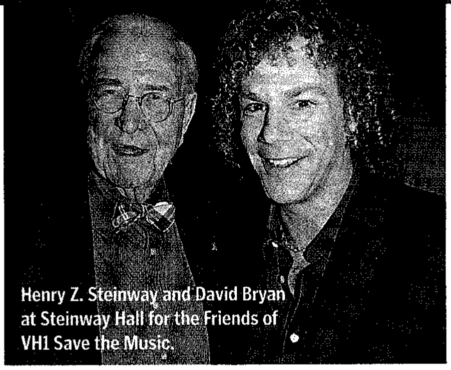
Joy Behar, Mario Cantone, Judy Gold, Nathan Lane, Caroline Hirsch, and Robert Klein at Carolines on Broadway for Stand Up for Madeline, a tribute to Madeline Kahn benefiting the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund.



Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer, Nathalie Gerschel Kaplan, Lauren duPont, and Marina Rust Connor at the Frick Collection's Fête des Quatre Saisons.

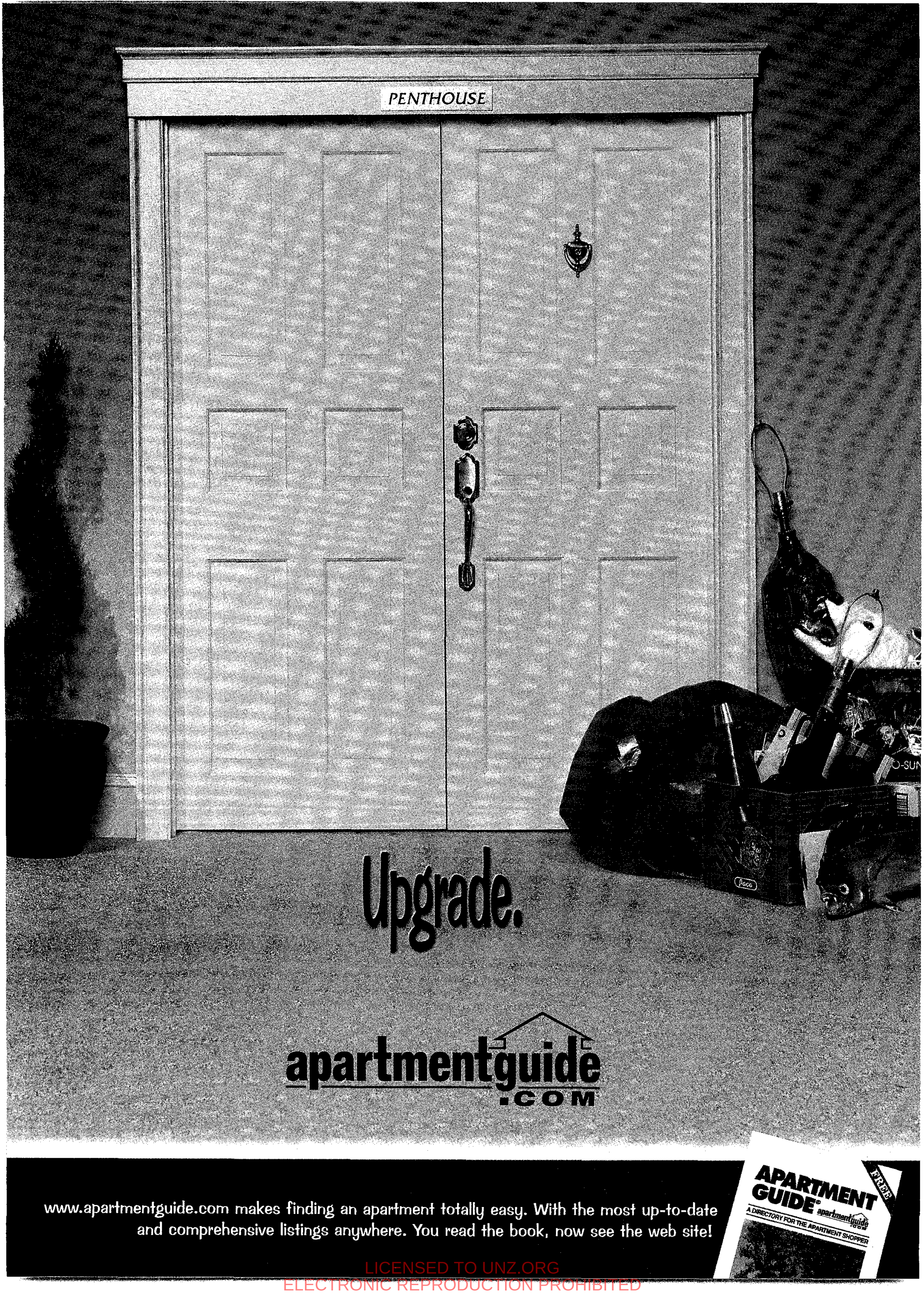


Liz Smith, Dominick Dunne, Marisa Berenson, and Debbie Bancroft at the Drama League's annual dinner.



Henry Z. Steinway and David Bryan at Steinway Hall for the Friends of VH1 Save the Music.

Photographs by
Patrick McMullan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New York metro

Not everybody on the subway is demented—Michael Leapman

GOTHAM

Life in the New City

Horror Shows

How the culture industry is grappling with September 11. By Marion Maneker

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"The smoke was still rising," Viking Penguin executive editor Wendy Wolf recalls of the rush to submit book proposals after September 11. "Because we're downtown, our offices were closed that week. But they were certainly waiting here on Monday morning."

The eagerness clearly went both ways. "For the first four days, I never took a single note," says ex-fireman and author Dennis Smith, whose book *Report From Ground Zero* arrives next week. "On Tuesday, there were five major publishing houses calling. I'm glad they were fast, because then I started taking notes, which are actually very, very filthy and wrinkled."

As we move past the six-month anniversary, marked by the broadcast of Gedeon and Jules Naudet's *9/11* last Sunday (not to mention this issue of *New York* Magazine), the culture industry is making a crucial shift from first-draft history to more ambitious cultural reckonings.

It hasn't been just book editors snapping up proposals—though they've bought everything from David Halberstam's *Firehouse* to Cantor Fitzgerald chief Howard Lutnick's story to Murray Weiss's biography of prescient former FBI agent and WTC chief of security John O'Neill. (There is, in fact, a separate O'Neill industry, with several TV and film projects: An article by *New York*'s Robert Kolker was bought for TV, and Lawrence Wright has an MGM-backed movie deal.)

O.J. chronicler Lawrence Schiller is working on a script for CBS about United Flight 93, and there are no fewer than three TV projects about Rudy Giuliani, including Brad Grey's *In Memoriam,* which will be broadcast on Memorial Day.

Underlying the media's interest in 9/11 is a question of authority and authenticity. There are subjects the victims can discuss—Greg and Lauren Manning's book talks about her recovery from severe burns incurred in the lobby of One World Trade—that the observers cannot; the Naudets are quick to point out that Jules stopped filming two burning people he saw fleeing the building. And everyone takes pains to explain that they're donating money to 9/11 charities.

"It's all a matter of taste," says Lloyd Kramer, who's directing an ABC documentary based on Smith's book, "and every one of these programs should be judged at the highest level of taste."

"Is there a way to police good taste? In Iraq, there is," muses *Newsweek*'s "Homefront" columnist, Steve Brill, who is also writing a book (reportedly for $1 million) about the country's recovery. "The best antidote to all that is embarrassment. Of course, there are some people who just *can't* be embarrassed."

"There will inevitably be a level of grief pornography," says writer Tom Beller, who just released a book of 9/11 testimonies culled from his Website. "If this book is part of the rising tide, then so be it. It's in a New Yorker's nature to rebel against sanctimony."

And one reason for the outpouring of print and video is that New York is, among other things, the media capital of the world. "It happened in the backyard of almost every major writer, photographer, and editor," says *Vanity Fair*'s Graydon Carter, co-producer of the Naudets' film. "It was just so close and so enormous."

Still, others feel too close to what happened. "I've had six book offers myself," says Marian Fontana, who lost her husband, a firefighter. "I'm in the middle of it—and I'm grieving heartily. If you're directly affected, I don't see how you could come up with something. You're not thinking clearly."

With such an unprecedented event, there is no telling what our appetite is—or will be—for dramatic and historical productions based on 9/11. "What's working right now is fantasy and escapism: *Lord of the Rings, Harry Potter,*" says Ben Silverman, the agent at William Morris who handled the Naudets' film. "And especially *Friends.*

"Television is looking for events," he continues, explaining the limits of 9/11 as a cultural product. "But this was a horrible disaster that *was* a television event. The world saw it all go down on television. It's tough to figure out how to top that—and why would you want to?"

PHOTOGRAPHS: GAMMA PRESSE (4).

Gennifer Does Chelsea

Gennifer Flowers doesn't like Bryant Gumbel one bit. "He is a pompous ass," hisses Flowers, wrapped in a *faux*-leopard-print coat with matching gloves. "No, he's a *total* pompous ass."

I'm driving in a black limo with Flowers and Bob Pontarelli and Stephen Heighton, co-owners of Leshko, the East Village restaurant where we've just had dinner. Flowers is pissed that Gumbel laughed off a report on CBS that she's looking for a record deal: "He's just mean—and he's from New Orleans!"

New Orleans is where Flowers and her stockbroker husband of five years, Finis D. Shelnutt, live. They own a piano bar there, Gennifer Flowers' Kelsto Club, where the headlining act is Flowers herself. And the 52-year-old daughter of a crop duster is on a mission: She doesn't want to be remembered as the bleached-blonde babe who says she had a twelve-year affair with Bill Clinton; she wants fame as a singer.

Still, this is shaping up to be the season of the Clinton women, what with Monica Lewinsky's HBO special and Paula Jones boxing Tonya Harding on Fox. And Flowers's recent spate of publicity (the *Times* even ran a front-page article about her by Rick Bragg, whom she calls "an angel") coincides with a defamation suit she's filed against James Carville, George Stephanopoulos, and Hillary Clinton.

Pontarelli and Heighton have booked Flowers for one night at Barracuda, their gay bar in Chelsea, and I've agreed to do a Q&A at the show.

"I love playing gay bars," Flowers tells me over dinner. She says she's in talks to buy a gay watering hole in New Orleans, and dreams of building a franchise: "I could go from bar to bar. I could have six Gennifer Flowers impersonators—you know, like drag queens—be my backup singers."

When offered tuna tartare, she doesn't miss a beat: "I don't eat raw meat anymore." That's when (against my better judgment, but on the advice of many friends) I ask if I can ask her anything. "Yes," she says. "So how big is Bill?" Flowers just smiles—but tells me to ask her again onstage.

The next night, she starts off by teasing the crowd of about 300 with a snippet of Laura Nyro's "Wedding Bell Blues"—". . . marry me, Bill"—and then answers the question, sort of. "Well, Arkansas is a small state."

Flowers is no Streisand, but the evening is a success. Spurred on by drag queen Flotilla DeBarge, fans line up for her $10 self-produced five-song CD. "I'm happier than a pig in shit," says Seth, a 23-year-old in a Mickey Mouse T-shirt. "I love Madonna, but Gennifer, Monica, Heidi Fleiss, they're so much better."

MARC S. MALKIN

Real Estate

At Stuy Town, the Wait Is Over

"I was so excited when I got an envelope!" says Barbara Leone, an attorney who applied to the wait list of Peter Cooper Village several years ago. "I thought my number had finally come up." It was an urban tradition: New Yorkers on the list for Peter Cooper and its sister development, Stuyvesant Town, waited the better part of a decade for an eternal cheap deal. But 5,000 people like Leone got a different letter recently. "It said there would be no more regulated apartments," she said. New leases start at over $2,000. "I asked for my application money back," she recalls. "If I could pay market rate, why would I want to live on Avenue C?"

The closing of the list is just one of many changes. Opened in 1947 by Metropolitan Life, Stuy Town was home to civil servants—teachers, firefighters, cops. Now MetLife and its managers, the Insignia Residential Group, are upgrading and renovating, allowing vacant apartments (under a 1997 law) to be deregulated. "It looks like MetLife is moving out of the life-insurance business and into the real-estate business," says Rose Del Castillo, a 28-year-old TV producer who has gone to court to renew her lease. "They want to get as many of us out as possible." Tenants'-association president Al Doyle says he hears of a new challenge to renewal or succession rights—that is, trying to end a lease that might go to an heir—every two weeks, eight times more often than before. The group's lawyer, Jack Lester, adds that he's representing five times as many tenants. Proving such a case can cost $20,000, so it may not even be worth winning. (MetLife refused to comment for this story.)

And the new tenants are different from the old. "I've already noticed the changes," says Del Castillo, adding that it's becoming "a building for people who have no connection to the place. My bicycle was stolen, and now there's graffiti in the building."

"They destroyed neighborhoods to build this place, but they promised decent housing," says SUNY professor Barbara Joseph, who's lived in Stuy Town for 35 years. "I'll be forced to leave if the rents keep increasing. My pension isn't." Others are even less accepting. "There's no way I'm handing my apartment over to some rich man's kid," says nine-year resident David Cohen. "There's a new deregulated tenant moving in on my floor, and if she's some fat cat I may have to trip her on her way off the elevator."

DENISE MAHER

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, MARK PETERSON/COBIS SABA; ANNIE SCHLECHTER.

Going Live With Penny Crone

Before it had *Cops* or *America's Most Wanted,* Fox had Penny Crone—the tough-talking, microphone-thrusting fixture of the local news. In her fourteen years at Channel Five, she terrified politicians and pedestrians alike with her infamously raspy voice—but she also earned something of a cult following. Earlier this month, Crone moved from Fox to CBS, and after years of hearing her unrelenting questions—"Sir, do you realize that you're jaywalking?"—we decided to ask her a few of our own.

Why the move to CBS?

Everybody's saying that I followed the Yankees there. I haven't seen Derek yet, but I *will* be calling him—we always have this thing that we're going to go out.

How has your job changed since September 11?

You know, I lost a lot of friends, so it's difficult for me to talk about it. You never want to forget it, but you still have to cover every story. [*Crone begins to cry.*] Anyway, let's hope the food comes soon, so we can talk about something else.

You were a big Giuliani supporter. What do you think about Mayor Bloomberg?

I give him a year before he quits.

You think Bloomberg's going to quit?

Yeah, I think he hates it. He goes away on the weekends, he likes playing golf. Did you see that mansion in Bermuda? Forget about it! And who's living in Gracie Mansion?

Let's talk about Greta Van Susteren—and the pressures on women in TV news to look a certain way.

I won an Emmy for a five-part story called "The Fountain of Youth." At the end, the audience had to vote on whether I should get a facelift. The vote was, like, 51 to 49 not to do it. They said they got more phone calls on that than on the Gulf War. But will I do it eventually? Probably. Why, do you think I need it?

You're known for some of your on-air faux pas . . .

I guess the worst was Yogi Berra. It was the day when Billy Martin died, and I went to Yogi Berra's house in New Jersey. I said, "I'm sitting here with the great Yogi Bear." I walked into the newsroom and everybody was going, "Hey, Boo Boo! How's Jellystone?"

So, tell me about your relationship with one of your favorite interview subjects, Howard Stern.

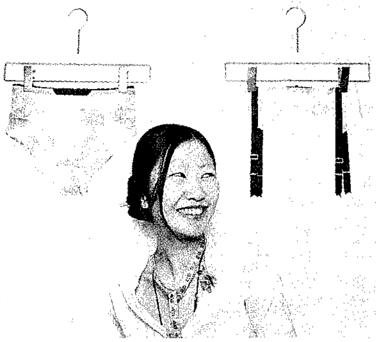
After he wrote his first book, I asked him, "Howard, if you're so smart that you can write a book, how would you get David Koresh out of that Branch Davidian compound?"

And he said, "Penny, I'd pipe your voice in there, and they'd all run out on their own." And we hit it off. With Howard, you either hate him or love him. Kind of the way people think of me.

EMILY GITTER

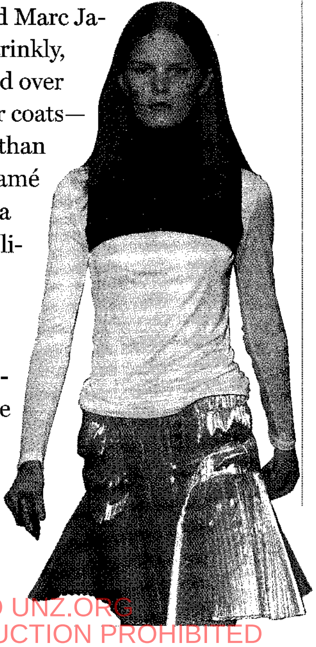
Style AMY LAROCCA

Fancy Pants



You might not find 37=1, a new store at 37 Crosby Street, if you aren't looking very carefully. And you might not realize how extraordinary it is if you don't spend some time examining the well-edited selection of beautifully constructed silk dresses and, more unusual, the made-to-measure underwear and garter belts. "These are Good Clothes," designer Jean Yu explains, "in the old-fashioned sense." Yu's designs are an antidote to endemic dressing-down, a couture experience for those who can't make it to Paris. The lingerie here has no elastic and is made from the most delicate fabrics—cotton, silk, chiffon—and secured with subtle hooks and garter belts to accompany the stacks of antique silk stockings. (A note for the squeamish: The hose are antique, yes, but not previously worn.) And the dresses are tailored, too, according to each client's body and tastes. "I wanted it to feel like a real atelier, like Vionnet's or something," explains Yu, whose minimalist boutique is decorated with a coffee-table book on Yves Saint Laurent. "Like dressing is an experience."

Solid Gold



Looks like the heavy gold lamé that covers much of Prada's spring collection will carry you right into fall, after all. Lamé—once the sad domain of disco gals and Miami retirement communities—has become, evidently, fabulous. For fall 2002, Helmut Lang's runway models wore foil miniskirts so bright you could apply your makeup in their reflection, and Marc Jacobs showed soft, crinkly, grunge lamé layered over sweaters and under coats—more Kurt Cobain than Donna Summer. Lamé also popped up on a trench coat at Carolina Herrera, a miniskirt at Wink, and *Dynasty*-style evening gown at Jeremy Scott, to name a few. So lavish it on! Just go easy on the jewelry.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, COURTESY OF CBS; KAREN PEARSON; FIRSTVIEW.COM.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Peace Pipe

Tom Friedman says he was merely the conduit for the Saudi peace plan, but the *Times* columnist has quietly, purposefully turned himself into our leading ink-stained statesman.

THE INVITATION, TOM FRIEDMAN SAID JUST BEfore he left for what may now have to be officially described as his historic trip to Saudi Arabia, was a P.R. thing. The Saudis would try to use him, he understood, as part of their charm offensive.

And it is possible that they've used him brilliantly.

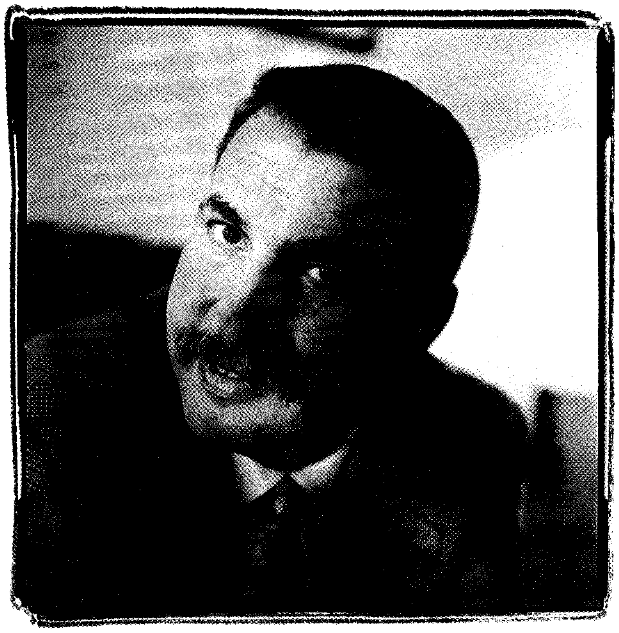
A week into the trip, Tom Friedman seeded his *Times* op-ed column with the Saudi peace plan and became the agent for elevating the Saudis to the Middle East high ground, for making the Saudis (*the Saudis!*) look like reasonable men.

It was, many people (especially competing news organizations) believe, a historic snookering.

Or not. Rather, Friedman may be the dupe who swallowed the canary.

HE HAS SCOTTY RESTON'S SWEEPING wall map in his office in the *Times*' Washington bureau—with the Soviet Union as still the most prominent piece of the map—but he goes out of his way to disavow any similarities in their roles. Reston, whose column ran in the *Times* at the height of the Cold War, facilitated a conversation at the grandest levels; Reston was a Washington aristocrat. Whereas Tom Friedman, in his columnist job for seven years now, is, as he tells it, just your basic Everyman.

This is not only about his personality (bland) and lineage (from St. Louis Park, a suburb of Minneapolis) and style of dress (brown corduroys) but also about the realities of being a columnist, even a *Times* columnist, at this point in time. Nobody carries Reston's kind of weight anymore. And Tom Friedman, munching on a takeout tuna sandwich, would have you know he's comfortable being lesser.



MR. SMITH GOES TO RIYADH: Everyman columnist Friedman.

What's more, Friedman is a foreign-policy columnist in an age—even post–September 11—when foreign policy is the most hapless beat. In the entire U.S. media, Friedman points out, there are only three columnists dedicated to foreign policy: Fareed Zakaria at *Newsweek,* Jim Hoagland at the Washington *Post,* and him. (Given that there are other columnists at various other smaller papers and specialty journalists writing on foreign affairs, he is really saying there are only three columnists worthy of note.) He loves his job, he says, but seems to place himself, in the greater scheme of things, only slightly above the Bridge columnist (shucks).

He's just a schmo who's been lucky enough to land a good expense account (he estimated the cost of his trip to Saudi Arabia at twenty grand). He really doesn't want to be talking to world leaders, he says; nor does he want to be "a conference rat"—he doesn't want to hobnob with the experts. He wants to be talking to the people ("I don't care what the prime minister feels—I'm interested in the grocer in Beirut or in Jerusalem"). He wants to get down and "smell the Gulf."

But this is, I think it's safe to say, nonsense. It's winning, but it's bullshit. There may never have been a columnist with a greater sense of his grand mission.

I wonder, too, about his personal affect—whether it could be for real.

"I'm a lot of Middle East and a lot of Middle West," he says often (it's a practiced line).

Although he lived in Beirut for five years at the height of the violence—when *Beirut,* as a word, meant breakdown, anarchy, urban death—you can't detect any bit of angst, or seen-it-all-ness, or existentialism, about him. He's all cheerful white bread.

Possibly this is just artful compensation. He's a Jew covering the Middle East for the New York *Times.* He's the first Jew the *Times* ever let cover Israel (Abe Rosenthal thought Friedman's predecessor in Jerusalem, David Shipler, was Jewish—but he turned out to be a Protestant). His sister, he points out, is a Lubavitcher with seven children in Miami Beach.

The Friedman picture, though, is perfectly suburban. (His wife, he mentions several times, teaches the fifth grade—and while, he lets on, she isn't doing this right now, he obviously likes the image.) There is nothing urban, intellectual, New York, or even particularly *Times*ian about him. In fact, he's been to New York, and the 43rd Street *Times* building, only twice in the past year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS HARTLOVE.

He's the opposite of the sophisticated, cultured, world-weary foreign correspondent. He's a Boy Scout of such seeming earnest cast and optimistic countenance that you'd do a lot not to disappoint him. I can see how Crown Prince Abdullah might have been moved to offer Tom a peace plan.

"This is the greatest country in the world," he says, apropos of nothing, or everything. "That's my philosophy.

"I told my daughters," he adds, "they could bring home anyone of any size, shape, and color—but only if they love this country!"

He's Ronald Reagan. Actually, while his manner and language are Reaganesque, his ideas—an emphasis on the practical and logical and doable—tend to be Clintonish. The ideas, however, are not as important as the sentiment. It's how you say it. To be simplistic is okay (not only okay but virtuous). Right and wrong are clear to him and should be clear to all men of goodwill. He's won two Pulitzer Prizes and a National Book Award, but he's much more proudly a drum-beater than a writer (saving himself from pedantry and eggheadedness). His basic literary device, which he uses in almost every column, is the rhetorical rep—a speechwriter's thing: "You say America liberated Afghans from the Taliban; they will say we bombed innocent Afghan civilians. You say Saddam Hussein is evil; they will say . . . You say American is a democracy; they will say . . . " And so on. (He finished this particular column, about the wall that divides America and the Arab world, with a formal bow to Reagan: "Hosni Mubarak, George Bush, tear down this wall.")

He's naturally anti-analytic. In a sense, he's anti-*Times*. He's evangelical.

It's all about expressing enthusiasm for the good, and taking umbrage at the bad. He means to convince not by information, or by argument, but by example of good heart. Which, as it happens, is not ineffective.

FRIEDMAN IS, HE NOTES, THE FIFTH FOReign-affairs columnist in the history of the *Times*, taking over the column after his stints as a correspondent in Beirut and Jerusalem. But *foreign affairs* is a bit of a misnomer. He is really, and exclusively, a Middle East columnist. "Since that moment," he says of the first trip he took to Israel at 15, "I have never really been interested in anything else." (He did briefly step out of his Middle East focus and write a book about globalization, *The Lexus and the Olive Tree.*)

But it's the Arab world, more than Israel, that truly interests him. Indeed, the Israelis tend to see him as another American Jew to be handled. Whereas the Arabs seem to have a keener appreciation of his shtick (and of his usefulness). He's a Hollywood character—Mr. Smith goes to Riyadh.

He readily acknowledges that he is more influential in the Middle East than he is here, more famous in the Arab world than he is in the U.S. By way of the Internet, he's become, he says, even something of a *local* Arab-world columnist. While his prose is slathered in all-American sentiment, "I know who my real audience is," he says.

His is a singular mission—and it's a long way from classic *Times*ian foreign-policy analysis. His approach is holistic, therapeutic, and, one must add, very much about him. It's the Tom Friedman Middle East desk. He's the only person in the nuthouse who is sane; he's the only honest broker left.

His is a **singular mission**—and it's a long way from classic *Times*ian foreign-policy analysis. His approach is **holistic, therapeutic**, and, one must add, about him.

Steven Weiss, a Friedman watcher at Yeshiva University, singles out Friedman's comments on "Tom's Journal," a new feature on *The News Hour With Jim Lehrer* (Friedman is certainly not above a little branding): "At *Okaz*"—a Saudi daily—"they were saying to me, 'Why don't you call Sharon a terrorist? . . . I said, 'Let's make a deal. Let's have a contract right now. I, Tom Friedman of the New York *Times*, promise to evermore call Ariel Sharon a terrorist in my column if you, the *Okaz* newspaper, will call Palestinians who blow up Israeli kids in a pizza parlor terrorists, too.' Do I have any takers? No takers."

Ergo, as Weiss notes, this must mean that Friedman considers Sharon a terrorist, or no one a terrorist, and, more important, that he is the only one who can call the game with any fairness and balance.

Since September 11, Friedman's mission has become even more righteous. He's determined to have it out with the deep contradictions in the Arab world (one of his subjects last week: More Muslims are killed by Muslims than by Israelis). His is a one-man argument with the famously logic-resistant "Arab street." There is a sense that he believes he can evangelize the Arabs into peace.

There is, too, Friedman's obvious frustration with, or distaste for, the Bush administration. Unlike the Clinton administration, nobody from the Bush White House talks to Friedman anymore. This is not just an affront but, much more bothersome for Friedman, a possible indication that they aren't talking to *anybody*. And hence, that they have no idea what's going on—much less how to fix it.

But Tom Friedman does, and he has the column and the credit card with which to do it.

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE FEBRUARY 17 COLumn (in Arab-Israeli and larger diplomatic circles, it is now known simply as the "February 17th" column).

The language in the column is not just calculated; it's a photo op in prose. Friedman, in what he explains was an over-dinner, off-the-record conversation, lays out his plan for peace in the Middle East (it is the same old withdrawal-to-the-pre-'67-borders scheme that has always been the basic peace plan), and then Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdul Aziz al-Saud says—and we can assume that at this point, he clasps his breast—"Have you broken into my desk?"

Indeed, the "plan" is what Friedman had outlined in his column of February 6, before he even left for his trip—so it is not even two great minds thinking alike. It is rather some odd, ritualized, after-you-Alphonse bit.

You can feel the rehearsal here. This isn't journalism. (Friedman could, and probably should, be telling us who's washing whose hands. What's more, the back story must be fabulously rich. But the point about Friedman, for better or worse, is that he can resist telling it.) It's stage management. They were acting out the column. The transparency of it all overrides the manipulation.

As peace plans go, it's a dumbed-down approach (the Arab-Israeli peace Establishment seems flummoxed by its dumbness). It offers nothing new except the way it's been presented—from the Saudis via the New York *Times* (the world could do worse than having the *Times* pump for a peace plan).

And yet it's compelling, too. It's a bid not just for coexistence but for a happy ending.

It's morning in the Middle East.

And why not? It might even work with Jimmy Stewart at the barricades. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com. Michael Wolff's columns can be read at newyorkmetro.com/archive/wolff.

Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Talking Trash

No one wants to grapple with the city's garbage crisis, least of all the mayor, who seems willing to sacrifice schools and libraries rather than ruffle feathers in Staten Island.

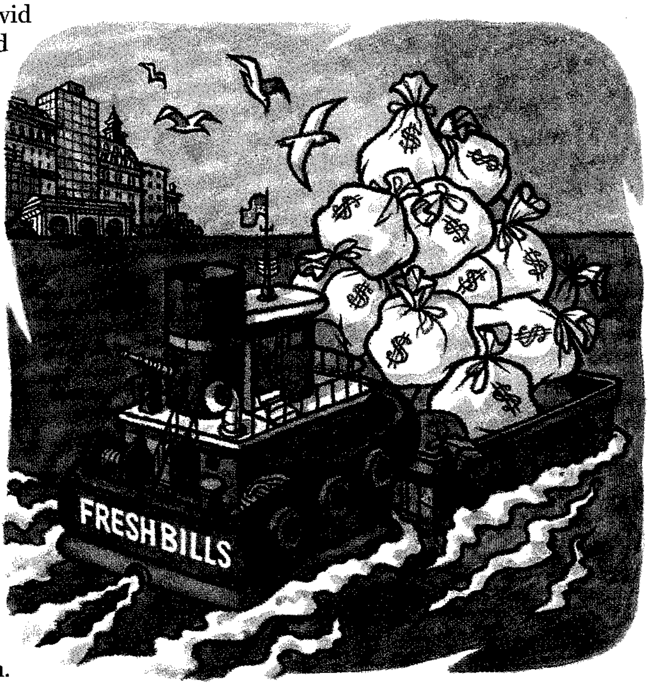
LET'S PUT THE MATTER DIRECTLY. WE'RE spending at least $200 million a year to send our garbage out by barge to Virginia and Kentucky. Meanwhile, the Fresh Kills landfill on Staten Island, to which trash can be hauled at around two thirds the cost per ton of shipping it to Virginia, and which still has room for twenty or so more years of garbage, sits there closed. And now Mayor Bloomberg is cutting another $350 million from the public schools, curtailing weekend library hours, closing a few senior centers, and ending a recycling program that, while it may be costing the city money if Bloomberg's calculations are correct, is nevertheless obviously the right thing to do and should be fixed, not defenestrated.

This makes no sense, which some people are beginning to recognize. Within the past week or so, both the *Times* and the *Daily News* have editorialized in favor of reopening Fresh Kills, which the Giuliani administration closed last year.

You can't get people very worked up about garbage. It's like water in that respect, although I would argue that New Yorkers are actually far less mindful of issues like these than most people, probably because, living as we do with the concrete and the clay beneath our feet, we have no connection to the physical world around us. In California, a drought on par with the one we're experiencing now would be a civic crisis; here, few know and fewer care. So I'll only say the following: The city's waste-management plan is in crisis, too. In the *Daily News* on February 25, Michael Blood reported for the first time that the plan "has essentially collapsed."

But if I can't get you that interested in garbage, maybe I can get you interested in politics, because the garbage crisis is chiefly about that.

We've had two mayors in a row who, arguably, won the office because of Staten Island. In 1993, when Rudy Giuliani was first elected, he beat David Dinkins by around 88,000 votes on Staten Island, where the turnout was vastly higher than usual that year because a referendum was on the ballot asking Staten Islanders about seceding from the city. Those 88,000 votes were more than Giuliani's overall margin of victory. Last year, Bloomberg won, of course, for a whole host of cosmically aligned reasons, but Staten Island was pivotal: He beat Mark Green there by 62,000 votes, which, again, was greater than his citywide margin over Green. Furthermore, Staten Island played a vital role in Bloomberg's Republican-primary victory over Herman Badillo. Bloomberg did much of his primary campaigning on the island, and Guy Molinari, the outgoing borough president at the time, was one of his earliest Republican backers. Molinari turned out a big enough vote on the island to ensure that Bloomberg would thump Badillo. So, if there were no Staten Island, there'd have been no Mayor Rudy and no Mayor Mike; and consequently, no more garbage will be deposited there.



"IT'S HARD TO MAKE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND this, but this has been a very grave failure of public policy," says John Sabini, who until this year was a city councilman from Queens and has been a leading critic of Giuliani's waste-disposal policies. "You can't ask New Yorkers to quit making garbage for six years until we come up with something else."

Sabini is not sold on the idea of reopening Fresh Kills. He told me a story of how he went out to Staten Island for a public hearing on the landfill in 1992, which lasted until nearly 2 A.M., and when he got in his car to drive away, his eyes were burning so badly he nearly had to pull over. He says that the city needs more options, and if it turns out, after study, that Fresh Kills is one of those options, "then so be it," but he doesn't just blithely say dump it on Staten Island.

Neither do I. If I lived there, I wouldn't want it reopened. I understand the class-cultural conflict inherent in a bunch of liberals from somewhere else telling Richmonders that the scraps of our lamb shanks braised in red wine are their problem. At the same time, however, Staten Island is a part of the city. It has libraries and senior centers and schools, too, that are going to face cuts deeper than they might

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN KELLY.

otherwise be precisely because of the extra millions spent hauling garbage down South. Besides, in politics things are always negotiable. If Fresh Kills were to be reopened, all of the rest of us would owe it to Staten Island to see that it gets something very good indeed in return. The option of reopening Fresh Kills should at least be on the table, and that it is not tells us something about our new mayor. (Governor Pataki would have a role in this process as well, but this is dynamite he obviously won't play with in an election year.)

Bloomberg won on the strength of two main promises. The first was that, because he was financing his own campaign, he came in free of political debts and owed no one anything. The second was that his administration would be completely non-ideological and would seek only the most rational, technocratically sound solutions to the city's problems. This is the man voters put in City Hall.

So far, Bloomberg has been pretty good about keeping those promises. But garbage is the one issue on which he's broken them. He broke the first one because it turns out that he owed Guy Molinari. And he broke the second because considering Fresh Kills a closed case is clearly *not* a nonpolitical, rational, technocratic decision. Even his own sanitation commissioner, John Doherty, was quoted in that *Daily News* piece as saying that "Fresh Kills was closed without an awful lot of thought, you know, if the story be told," which is kind of an astonishing thing for a commissioner to say on the record (though I suppose we should be thankful that, post-Rudy, we are now in an age when commissioners are free to say astonishing things on the record).

Trash is exactly the sort of issue—long-festering, seemingly intractable, politically knotted—on which Bloomberg has to exercise the apolitical, corporatist leadership style he advertised during the campaign, and the shared-sacrifice principle he invoked when he presented his budget. A reasonable long-term solution will require some barge shipping, maybe Fresh Kills, and probably some incineration. These last two are poison pills politically, although, at least with regard to incineration, technological advances have made it a more attractive option than it was some years ago.

Still, incineration, and all these options, will be tough sells. But Bloomberg may have a freer hand than most pols—he has the backing of the political class, broadly speaking, and the good will of voters, who don't regard him as a nakedly political animal. He can do this, if he wants to. ■

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Amy Sohn NAKED CITY

Adult Education

At a class on how to make a porn video, our writer picks up hints on camera angles and choreography. But try as she might, she still can't learn how to *like* it.

TO ME, PORN IS KIND OF LIKE FOIE GRAS: expensive, overrated, and it always makes me feel a little sick. I have watched about an hour of it in my lifetime, and never an entire film—usually just snippets, and always at the behest of a boyfriend. Yet all my boyfriends who liked it were the sweetest, most doting guys. I hate porn but love the men who love it.

Which is why I decide to attend the Learning Annex's new class "How to Shoot Your Own Adult Video." The catalogue description said the class would feature a "live scene enactment" and I want to see just what kind of men (and women) will show up—who for kicks and who for the solid information.

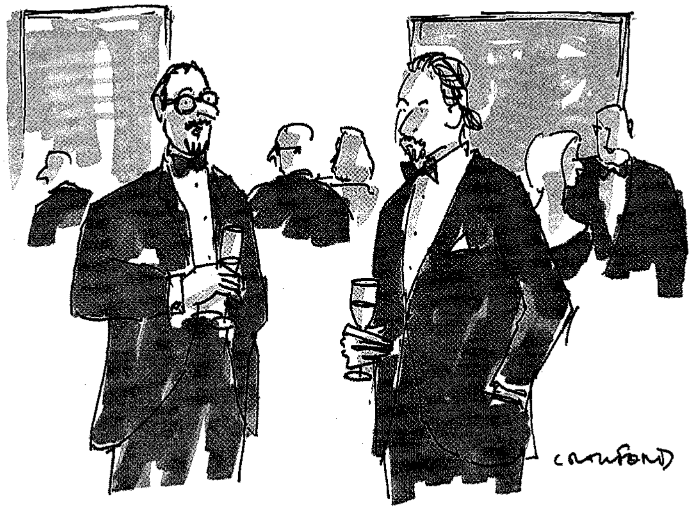
When I walk into the classroom, a few minutes late, I bump right into a blonde woman by the door. At first I'm relieved not to be the only chick, but then I notice that she's wearing a schoolgirl outfit: a short plaid skirt with knee-high white socks and black Mary Janes. She's no student; she's *talent.*

I find an empty seat and remove my coat, feeling self-conscious in my red scoop-neck. But when I look around, I see 40 men intent on the lecture. They are racially diverse, from early twenties to mid-fifties, and they seem disappointingly square. If I didn't know it was the adult-video class, I might have thought it was "How to Buy Foreclosed Property." The only other female students are an attractive brunette with thin eyebrows, and a coiffed twentysomething whispering into her cell phone, "You won't *believe* where I am right now."

The lecturer, Joe Gallant, is a buff guy in his mid-forties with a husky voice, and he's standing next to a blowup mattress. "This class may seem a bit free-form," he says, "but we're going to touch on everything. Some of you might want to start a serious business, while others might want to tape their significant other. I'm in it for a life journey."

The men nod pensively, appreciatively. Gallant started making movies two years ago. He used to date porn star Trinity Loren, who died in 1998 of a brain aneurysm, and he decided to produce films to raise money to support her daughter. "I've shot a hundred scenes and acted in about fifteen," he says. "Maybe you recognize me from *Toe Tales* or *Smothering Bitches.*" There are some nods of recognition. "My approach to filmmaking is guerrilla. I like to shoot in public places." He pops in a video. "This is from *Times Square Trash Vol. 2.*" The camera, up on a balcony, holds on musicians playing jazz in a downtown performance space, then pans to a woman doing a performance on a male companion, unbeknownst to the audience below. To distract myself I stare at Joe's chest. His pecs are bulging like the Hulk's.

Sex Appeals By Michael Crawford



"I wonder who's kissing her ass now."

A guy in the front raises his hand and asks, "What are the going rates?"

"New York rates are much lower than L.A.," says Joe, ejecting the video. "A solo girl is about $300. Girl-girl, $350. Boy-girl, about $400. Anal or double penetration, $500. That's per person."

"What about men?" a voice calls out.

"Men are *always* cheaper."

Someone asks about HIV tests and a discussion ensues on STDs, proof of age, and DV cameras. Then Joe says it's time for the scene, and everyone shifts in their seats.

He brings up a stocky guy holding a video camera; the schoolgirl; and a Michael Bolton look-alike with a saxophone.

"Jeff's going to tape Dana doing a solo scene to music," Joe says. "I asked my lawyer what we could get away with, and he said no penetration. It could be perceived as pandering." The room collectively groans, and Dana winces as if she feels guilty, too.

Michael Bolton plays the opening notes to "New York State of Mind" as Jeff tapes him and a live video feed appears on both monitors. Dana slowly removes her uniform and rolls around on the mattress doing things that would qualify her for detention. "I always try to walk in for the close-ups instead of zoom," says Jeff, demonstrating.

I look around. No one's writing in their notebooks anymore. After a little while, Dana stands and faces us, smiling. Every-

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CRAWFORD.

one applauds lightly, like at a tennis match.

"Now I'd like to bring up Penny Lai and Ice Cream," Joe announces. I turn to the back and see two petite girls in teddies and leopard-print heels who have arrived on the sly. They parade to the front and stand side by side, like porny Vanna Whites.

Joe takes the camera, and the girls lie down. Michael Bolton's music sounds familiar, and I'm reminded of synagogue. Then I realize it's "Miserlu." Penny has a tattoo of a dolphin, and I watch it bob and spin.

"Have either of you been in anything we might have seen?" someone asks after they finish.

"I just shot a Max Hardcore," says Ice Cream, pulling her teddy on.

"What was Max like?"

"I don't think he likes women much."

"How much do you make?" I ask.

"Last year, I made eight grand a month," says Ice Cream, "but I forgot to pay my taxes."

They sashay out, and Joe thanks us all for coming. Students approach one another, exchange cards, inspect the equipment. It's like a Tupperware party for boys.

I go up to the brunette, Nikki, 26. She's a dancer at a club in New Jersey. "I want to be a featured dancer," she says, "and one of the ways to break in is by doing porn. But now I'm thinking of directing my own films."

I corner a stocky black guy in a Las Vegas cap, William, 35, and ask if he liked the scenes. "You can see girls anywhere," he says. "But I got to learn about start-up costs, how to use a camera, and put out material. Maybe someday I could build an empire."

Just then Joe sees me scribbling in my notebook and asks what I'm doing. I say I'm a journalist, and when I tell him my name, he exclaims, "You're the girl that has sex on the first date! We're going to do a shoot tonight—come watch!"

I pile into the elevator with him and his entourage. The guys are goofy and remind me of the nerds I hung out with in high school, who called themselves the Boner Crew. I almost feel at home.

The elevator doors open and we go outside. "Say you'll come with us, Amy," says Joe. "You and I could even do a scene together. How 'bout it?"

I look at Joe and his bulky arms, and for one split second I can see it happening. He seems so earnest, the kind of guy who would do a sex scene with you and then take you out for a burger.

The Boner Crew is panting, waiting for my answer. Joe and me together is one thing; Joe and me with these guys watching is something else entirely. "I'm sorry," I lie, "but I have a date." They walk off shaking their heads. I duck into McDonald's, buy a Big Mac, and eat it on the subway home. ■

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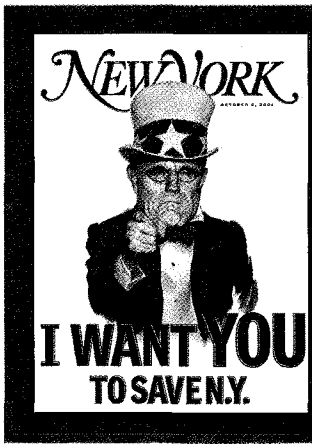

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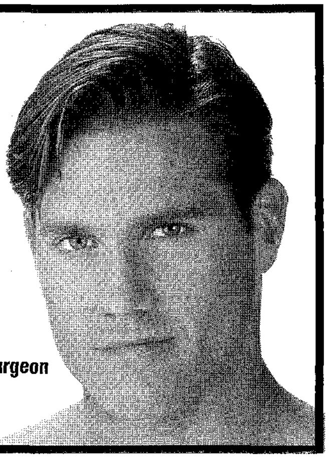

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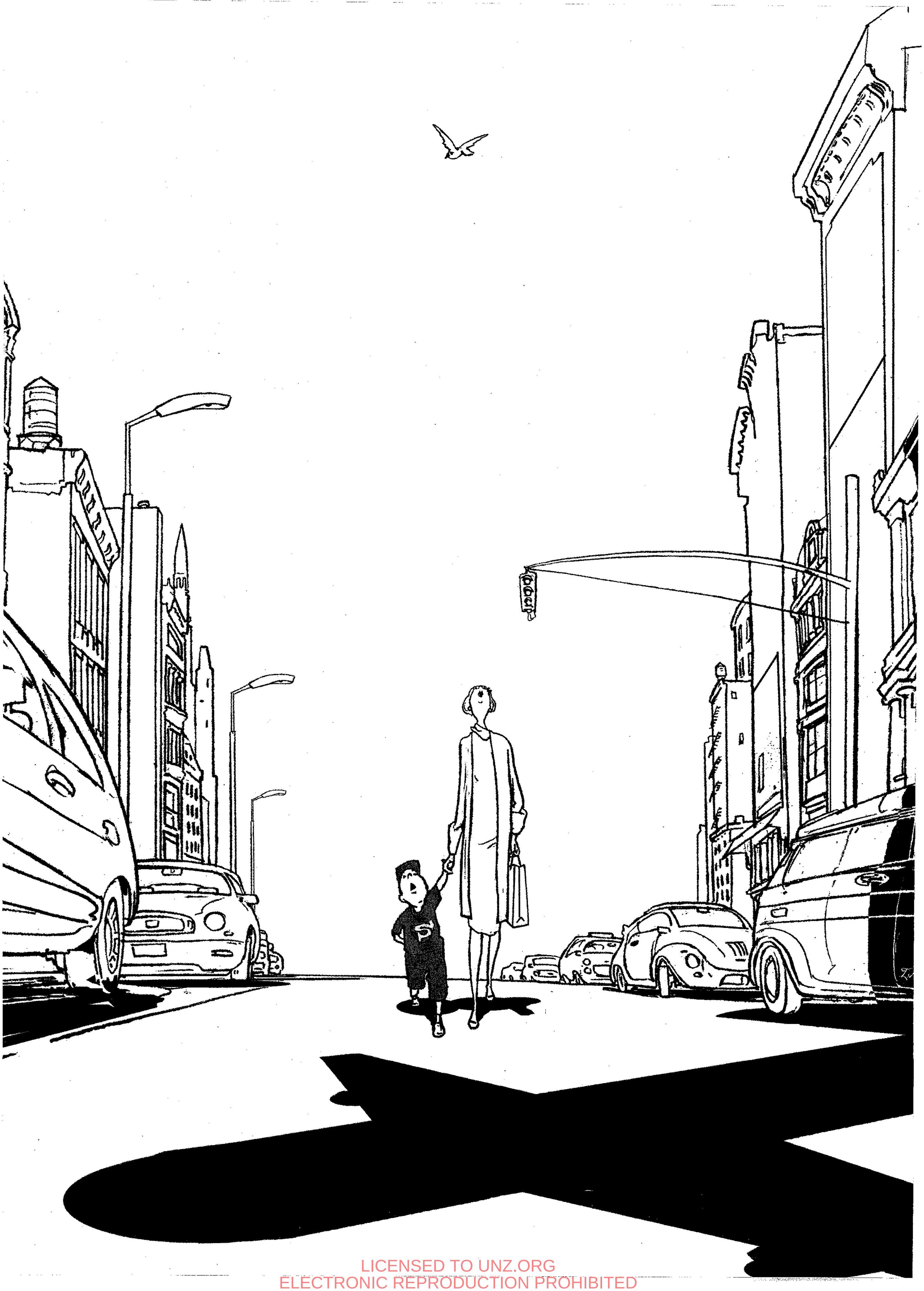


LIVING IN THE SHADOW

Nightmares, psychosomatic illnesses, marital troubles, depression—unprecedented numbers of New Yorkers are suffering from emotional problems related to 9/11. And if you're feeling worse now than you did last fall, you're not alone. By Meryl Gordon

THE OFFICES OF LIFENET, THE CRISIS HOTLINE, are tucked away on the second floor of a converted industrial building in the East Village. On a February afternoon, seven staff members are seated at metal desks taking calls, but one voice stands out amid the din. Francine Durant-Wernham, an imposing African-American social worker, speaks in such soothing and melodious tones that folks linger on the line just to keep hearing her reassuring voice saying—as she tells caller after caller—that everything will be okay.

But it's not okay . . . not for the callers who are still having horrible nightmares or finding it hard to drag themselves to work or to be kind to their kids. "People were laboring under the assumption that they'd be traumatized this fall," says Durant-Wernham, "but then they'd feel better." Yet it's hard to recover when your daily sense of safety is continually shattered. "People hear a report on TV about the threat of another attack, and they're afraid to take the bridge or the tunnel again," she says. "What I hear again and again is the same thing: 'I thought I'd be over it by now.' "

Not yet. Not even close. The initial numbness that followed September 11 may have worn off, but the seismic shock to the city's collective psyche is still producing new and surprising symptoms. A second wave of grief is now hitting the city, a trend dramatically underlined by LifeNet's log of anguished calls. As expected, they soared from 3,000 a month before September 11 to 5,100 by December, but the surprise came in January. No sooner had the ball dropped in Times Square than an astonishing 6,600 people reached for the phone. And the numbers just keep climbing. Now they're getting 250 calls *a day*. "We're bracing for a spike as we head toward the six-month anniversary," says John Draper, the psychologist who heads LifeNet. "The farther we get from September 11, the support that people depended on to get through the crisis has faded," Draper says. "No one's knocking on the door and bringing over food anymore. People who think they're the only person out there suffering are scared to death."

Draper worries that even more New Yorkers will go into the fetal position after watching Sunday night's CBS special, with its graphic new footage of the attack, along with all the other six-month-anniversary broadcasts. "This will reopen wounds," Draper says, and Spencer Eth, a psychiatrist at St. Vincent's, agrees. "Seeing that damn scene of the towers falling again," Eth says, "will reactivate symptoms."

The truth is that we are living in the largest psychological laboratory in modern

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISTVAN BANYAI

history. Specialists in post-traumatic-stress disorder concur: Something unprecedented seems to be happening here. It's not just those who lost family members or fled for their lives who are having a terrible time; the collateral damage to the entire tri-state region has been brutal.

Reuven Gal, former chief psychologist for the Israeli Defense Force, has flown to New York twice since September to offer his expertise. His fellow Israelis, embattled for decades, have become inured to terrorism. "But what has happened in New York, which in my life experience is extremely rare," he says, "is that people who weren't anywhere near the Trade towers are developing traumatic reactions."

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED here, which is extremely rare, is that people who weren't anywhere near the Trade towers are developing traumatic reactions."

"I've had patients come in complaining of chest pains, or saying they are having trouble breathing, and there's no evidence of illness," says Elizabeth Beautyman, a Madison Avenue internist. People are afraid of elevators, of driving over the George Washington Bridge, of riding the subways. "I'm spending a fortune on taxis and I don't care," says Pamela Workman, a 30-year-old artists' manager. As for flying, forget the major carriers. "I only fly jetBlue," she says, "because I feel like no one knows about it."

Marriage counselors report an epidemic of stressed relationships. "I'm getting three or four new referrals a day," says Mikki Meyer, a Manhattan and Chappaqua marriage therapist. "All of a sudden, couples are feeling like something is missing in their relationship. What's missing is that feeling of safety." Similarly, Evelyn Moschetta, a therapist with offices in Manhattan, East Hampton, and Huntington, says, "I'm seeing people who have decided that maybe they don't want to stay in a marriage that was 'good enough' before."

And in a city where people usually love to brag about how incredibly overworked they are, it's now acceptable to admit you're slacking off. "No one's working until nine at night anymore," says Rance Piatt, a content manager for a downtown Internet company. Coming out of the subway on September 11, he was caught in "this cloud of debris, with people running like a Godzilla movie." After that, Piatt says, "it's a different atmosphere; people are out the door at six. Work only goes so far. And half the office has a deep cough. We can't help but worry about what we're breathing."

Day by day, week by week, the city's mood shifts, and not always for the better: Families who thought they were home free are belatedly feeling the aftershocks. A teenager left his parents a distraught note on Valentine's Day, suddenly overwhelmed by sights he'd witnessed firsthand five months earlier at the Trade Center. "He started having flashbacks. He's consumed with anger, he just wants the buildings back," says his worried father, noting that his son had been fine. "I didn't see this one coming at all."

"We're seeing a turning point right now," says Jane Barker, a vice-president at Safe Horizon, which is providing counseling to employees at many downtown firms. Survival guilt has kicked in, she says. "Folks who were deeply affected but didn't lose a family member didn't feel right about calling for help earlier. They're calling now. People are realizing, *If I still feel terrible, maybe I should talk to someone.*"

THE HIGH SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS and Finance, a well-regarded public school that draws students interested in Wall Street careers, is located on Trinity Place a block from what used to be the World Trade Center. On this brilliantly sunny late-February Tuesday, the boisterous freshman class of several hundred students—back in the building for the first time since they were evacuated on September 11—noisily fills the eighth-floor cafeteria.

Many of the kids, who are predominantly African-American and Hispanic, race immediately to the window to look directly down at ground zero, a maze of trucks and earth-moving equipment. Other teens avert their eyes, making a point of sitting at tables with their backs to the view. It's like watching a Rorschach test in action.

"Our kids are resilient, but they saw more than they should have," says principal Patrick Burke. "They saw bodies falling. We evacuated after the second plane hit, and weren't that far when the towers fell." An affable mustached public-school veteran, he's presided over the chaos of recent months as his students crammed into the already-full Norman Thomas High School, attending classes on a reduced 1 P.M.-to-6 P.M. schedule. "We lost a lot of students who dropped out or transferred. Our enrollment's down by about 100 students."

After a free lunch of tuna and turkey sandwiches, the students head down to classrooms for group sessions with therapists, a trauma-prevention program funded by the New York Times Company Foundation. "I zoned out when I first came down here," says social worker Donald Thoms, trying to coax the kids to talk. At first, his remarks are greeted with restless silence. But a few questions later, the stories begin to pour out. One girl shyly admits that she felt uneasy in the cafeteria, and had stayed away from the windows: "I didn't look because I imagined the towers were still standing."

Other kids chime in with their nightmares—one had dreamed of being pulled out of class, brought to the basement, and confronted by men in masks—and others talk about how they still have flashbacks of running from the school as the towers collapsed. "Whenever I hear a siren," one boy says, "I think about that day." Then another teen in the back raises his hand and boldly announces: "This city deserved the terrorist attack. You can't treat other countries badly and not expect consequences." The class erupts into pandemonium as an angry girl yells, "Nobody deserves to die!"

After the students have filed out, a sober-looking Thoms turns to Burke and says sympathetically, "You've got your work cut out for you."

"I'VE NEVER BEEN BUSIER," SAYS JANE FARHI, A cardiologist with a Park Avenue practice. "People are more concerned about their health. Every single person who's walked into my office talks about the World Trade Center, even now. I have seen some people with blood pressure off the charts."

Farhi, like so many other Manhattan

M.D.'s, fears New Yorkers are now more vulnerable to physical-health problems. "There's definitely been more people with respiratory problems," she says, adding with a sigh, "This has affected us so much more deeply than anyone expected."

Elizabeth Beautyman says that when she examines some patients who complain of symptoms like stomachaches or exhaustion, she now often discovers nothing physically wrong, and suggests they see a therapist. "People don't want to hear it," she says. "It's more frightening for them to think it might be their brains, that they're causing these severe symptoms themselves."

Children in the city have developed psychosomatic illnesses, too. "I've seen five kids who have complaints—abdominal pain, headaches, tightness in the chest—for which I could find nothing physically wrong," says Max Van Gilder, a West Side pediatrician. Van Gilder has a deeper worry, however, noting that March is traditionally one of the peak months for suicide. "We are now in the midwinter depression-and-suicide season," he says. "My fear is that we're going to see adolescents who were in school near ground zero having delayed psych responses. I know the schools are worried, and I'm a little terrified."

NEW YORK PSYCHIATRISTS AND PSYCHOLOGISTS are well equipped to treat patients troubled by unfulfilled ambition and loneliness, but a whole population radically traumatized by a single violent event is a new kind of challenge. At Rockefeller University's campus on York Avenue, so many researchers and clinicians turned up on a recent Tuesday evening for a free seminar called "Stress in the City" that organizers had to open up a second room to accommodate the overflow crowd.

As Joseph LeDoux, a neuroscientist at NYU, showed slides of the brain's structure and explained the body's physical freeze-fight-flight reaction to a traumatic event, many people jotted down notes. Rachel Yehuda, who directs Mount Sinai's Traumatic Stress Studies Division, got a lot of knowing nods as she methodically listed the symptoms of post-traumatic-stress disorder: "distressing recollections . . . emotional numbness . . . avoidance of reminders of the event . . . "

But the biggest response came by accident. Marylene Cloitre, director of Payne Whitney Clinic's Anxiety and Traumatic Stress Program, was having trouble at the podium with her computer's PowerPoint slide presentation, silently pushing different buttons as a technician tried to help. Suddenly, a huge photo flashed on the screen of the Twin Towers on fire, and people gasped loudly, a collective moan of shock. "I was rattled; I had meant to introduce that photo before I showed it," Cloitre says three days later in her office at Payne Whitney, overlooking the 59th Street Bridge and the East River, still abashed by the presentation. "But this does show how raw people still are."

A strawberry-blonde psychologist with an empathetic manner who sounds southern ("Nobody believes I'm from Queens"), Cloitre specializes in treating PTSD patients such as rape and incest victims, and worked with family members of victims of TWA Flight 800. But dealing with the shell-shocked survivors of September 11—Cloitre met with numerous traumatized people right after the attack and consulted for several months for Marsh & McLennan—has been a searing and worrisome experience.

In the early weeks, Cloitre said her goal was to offer education and reassurance, to tell people it was normal to have bad dreams or be fearful or jump at a loud sound. "Everyone wanted to know, 'What should I expect? When will it go away?' " But by March, anyone still suffering from those severe symptoms is not likely to recover without therapy or medication. "At six months, whoever is going to get better is better," she says. The problem, of course, is that no one wants to admit to being the odd person out; if everyone in your office saw the same horrors you did and seems fine, how come you can't handle it? "This is the big divide," she says. "If other people can go back to life as normal, those who are deeply affected feel abandoned."

Her program has seen a 20 percent jump in new patients in recent months, but many people don't come in complaining about reactions to the Trade Center attack, talking instead about other anxieties—panic attacks, fear of committing to marriage, depression. "Their problems aren't obviously related to 9/11," she says. But what's happening is that people who have seemingly overcome a previous trauma—death of a loved one, being a crime victim, a frightening illness, long-ago childhood abuse—have been, in the clinical term, "re-traumatized" by this new shock to the system.

For all the work she does with the severely distressed, Cloitre is in many ways an optimist; she's seen a lot of people get better. But she thinks we're going to be living in a sad city for some months to come; there's no quick fix for this New York state of mind. "When I see people suffering from PTSD, I know it's just the beginning of a long journey."

RECOVERY COMES SLOWLY, NO MATTER HOW hard people try to cope. It's not a simple take-a-pill, move-away, see-a-therapist formula: Everyone reacts differently. For those who lived closest to ground zero, it's impossible to escape, or pretend it never happened. As Sandra Harper was racing out of her TriBeCa apartment on September 11 with two daughters and a dog in tow, she took the time to roll up towels and place them on the window sills to keep out the dust. Now, although she and her husband, Hamilton Fish, the president of the Nation Institute, have been back home for many months now, the towels are still there, a mute reminder of that day.

Sitting in a rocking chair in the family's homey, loftlike living room, Harper, who looks exhausted, says she was walking her daughters, Eliza, 11, and Sophia, 8, to P.S. 234 that morning and had reached Chambers Street when "we heard a loud, clattering sound and felt a shadow of the jet and looked up and saw the plane hit. Eliza said, 'Oh, my God, it looks just like a movie.' " Sandra ran home with her daughters to their second-floor apartment. The family doesn't have a TV, and when neighbors invited her to the roof to see what was going on, she and the children went upstairs—just in time to see the second plane crash into Tower Two. "It exploded and the heat hit us in the face. My little one began flipping out, she was really scared, she thought we were going to die."

The family was able to return to its apartment, but Sandra could not bear to live so near the smoking wreckage. She decamped with the children to the safety and clean air of a rented country house in Garrison, enrolling them in the local school; the trio returned to lower Manhattan to rejoin her husband in mid-November. "I missed my friends," says Eliza, the oldest daughter. "I had to tell my story twice a day there."

Sophia has been seeing a therapist since the fall and is doing infinitely better, but this dreamy girl who wants to be a writer still seems fragile. "Can I ask you, where were you on September 11?" she inquires. When I tell her that I was at home and my husband was at the airport, she visibly panics, saying, "He could have been on that plane!" But he wasn't, I reply; he's fine.

"Let me tell you about some other terrorist things," she confides. "The Grand Union burned down in Garrison, and my friend's mother died of cancer." I ask how her life has changed since September 11. "Everyone's acting different," she says. "Kids at school go home crying. I used to be friendly with everyone in my class. Now I'm not. What's different? Everything."

AT CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE IN midtown, attendance has jumped from 350 to 600 people on Friday nights. "I'm not hearing a lot of people wrestle with 'Why did God do this?' " says Rabbi Peter Rubinstein. "Instead they're asking, 'How do I find a spiritual center or connection with God that will help me in this time of loss?' "

In the synagogue's bereavement group for parents who have lost a child, many longtime attendees are in worse emotional shape since the terrorist attacks. "The event re-created for them that sense of mindless, out-of-control loss," he says. As for the rest of the congregation, he says, many people seem depressed, and they muse aloud about changing their day-to-day lives. "I'm seeing people rethinking their careers."

At the Unitarian Church of All Souls, the Reverend Forrest Church says his counseling load has doubled as people pour out their confusion and describe exacerbated tensions in their marriages or jobs. "This has provoked a real crisis for people," he says. Five hundred fifty people attend regular Sunday services now, up 120 since September. "Some people are seizing the opportunity to turn things around, to go into marriage counseling or stop drinking. Whatever problems existed before, I'm much more aware of them now."

Not all the stories he hears are sad ones. He refers me to one of his parishioners, Anne Bradley, a 47-year-old business consultant, who has found a new sense of purpose by becoming a charitable volunteer. "I was a typical New Yorker, highly driven to do better and move up the corporate ladder," says Bradley, a single Upper East Sider who has an enviable six-figure salary. After September 11, her priorities changed. "I wasn't motivated anymore," she says. "Work didn't excite me as it used to. I wasn't interested in putting in the hours."

Bradley quit her job in January, arranging a three-day-a-week position with a previous employer to keep enough income coming in to pay her mortgage. Now she works two days a week as a volunteer with two charities, Lighthouse International, an agency for the blind, and Heart & Soul, which helps the underprivileged and homeless. "I absolutely love it," she says. "Some of my friends think I'm crazy, they just don't get it, and others are jealous: 'Why didn't I think of that?' "

After September 11, the entire city stopped for a moment to ask: *What am I doing with my life? And should I keep doing it here?* While Bradley vowed to stay in town, others feel their emotional ties to New York have been so permanently frayed that moving on means moving out.

After 28 years as an announcer for the classical-music station WQXR, June LeBell has taken early retirement and is moving to Sarasota, Florida. "I feel wonderful about going," she says. "I've always been good at getting the best out of the worst." LeBell, 57, had been fantasizing about starting a new life, but her feelings crystallized in those numb September days after she fled her Battery Park City apartment just after the towers fell, carrying only her toy poodle, Lili. "I went back to work, and I lasted for a week. I couldn't stand it. I kept bursting into tears. Anytime I heard a garbage truck hit a grate, I'd freak out. I'd get so tense my gums would hurt. I know it'll never happen here again. But I don't feel safe."

It may take a long time for many New Yorkers to feel completely safe again. But Manhattan, both magic and tragic, leaves a lasting mark on those who leave to try life in other Zip Codes. Murro Van Meter, a 25-year-old Wesleyan grad who moved here in 1999 and became a stockbroker at a small Times Square firm, was already feeling disenchanted with the city and his not-so-brilliant career by the end of last summer. "The NASDAQ was dumping, I was paid 100 percent on commission, and you can't sell in a bear market," says Van Meter. He married his high-school sweetheart, Sophia Fox, a photo researcher, on September 16, and upon returning from their honeymoon, the newlyweds chose to bail out of sad city life and head for Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Van Meter coached high-school basketball this winter and is now trying to make a living as a woodworker, while Sophia is an office manager at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. "It's nice here, but it's boring as hell," Van Meter says. "We've been back to New York eight times already." ■

THE LONG GOOD-BYE

Losing friends and family, seeing the horror of the World Trade Center disaster firsthand, changed lives in myriad, unpredictable ways. Here are 15 personal stories.

Mary Maciejewski

MARY MACIEJEWSKI

A clerical worker, Maciejewski, 41, lost her husband, a waiter at Windows on the World.

Jan's normal shift was lunch, so he'd get there at 10:30 A.M. But the Friday before, his manager called and asked if he could work breakfast. My office is about ten blocks away on Water Street. The minute I got to my desk—I work on the forty-sixth floor—people were screaming and running to the windows. Then my phone rang, and it was Jan. He told me that there was smoke, awful smoke, and that they were in touch with the Fire Department, who told them not to move, that they were going to come and get them. I told him to go wet a napkin and put it over his face so he could breathe. He told me there was no water anywhere so he was going to go get some from the flower vases. Then at that point, the second building was hit, and they decided to evacuate my building. Jan told me to hang up and get out, so I would be safe, and to call him back on his cell phone when I got outside. But there was no connection.

Jan wanted kids right away. I kept saying, "Let's wait till we can afford a house." Now I really regret it. I see mothers with their children and I think, *I'm never going to hear somebody call me Mommy,* and Jan never had the opportunity to have someone call him Daddy. I meet once a week with a group of women who lost their husbands at the World Trade Center. It's what gets me through the days. There are two of them who have children, and I tell them how lucky they are because they have a part of their husbands left.

Every day, the subway I take passes under the Trade Center, and I'll talk to him or say a prayer. I can't bring myself to go to the site, so this is my way of being there.

In the beginning, I slept at my sister's, on one of those blow-up mattresses. I just couldn't go back to the apartment. Jan had an identical twin and he lives upstairs, and seeing him was excruciating. Now I'm home, and Jan is everywhere. But I need that. I have his shirt that he wore the day before and the shorts that he wore around the house. And on one hanger I have about ten of his shirts and I'll just take the hanger out and hug it. They haven't found Jan. And I don't want

CPI. PRODUCTION BY JENNIFER STANEK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MELANIE DUNEA

Chuck Platz

them to find him, because my biggest fear is that he suffered. I'd rather think that it happened fast and that he was in the air when the buildings fell. I dread that the doorbell will ring and they'll tell me, "We found the remains of your husband." LISA DEPAULO

JESSICA TRANT

A 19-year-old freshman at Pace University from Northport, New York, Trant lost her father, Daniel, a bond trader at Cantor Fitzgerald.

I was waiting for my business-law class to start when two of my friends told me about the World Trade Center. I got up and ran to my room. My phone was ringing; it was my mom. She was like, "Daddy called. He said he was gonna make it out; everything's gonna be all right." She called a Town Car for me. I came home to see my brother, Daniel, curled up in a ball, crying. Then my mom told me what my dad had really said: that a plane had hit the building, there was fire everywhere, the smoke was unbearable, and he probably wasn't going to make it but he was going to try. And that he loved her and he loved the children, and to take care of the children for him.

March 2 would have been the thirteenth anniversary of the day my dad adopted me. That was a day he always had just for us. My mom took me shopping and we went to dinner. I had this really weird dream. My dad called me on the phone saying that he forgot who he was, but he finally remembered and he made it out. He's like, "I made it home for our anniversary." And then he's like, "I gotta go now." And I started crying and I was like, "Don't go, Dad!"

My mom is having the roughest time; they were so in love. That's the hardest part for me. Not a day goes by that she doesn't cry to me on the phone. Sometimes she looks like she's wasting away; she has to drink Ensure.

I told my friends they can ask any question they want. They asked what it's like not having his body. There's nothing left of him; there's nothing left to bury. It's just not a way to go. I know they've found body parts, like bones, from some people. I sure don't want that; I want my father, so I can go somewhere and have my own time with him. ETHAN SMITH

CHUCK PLATZ

An investment banker, Platz, 24, needed to find a new roommate after his friend Welles Crowther died.

Welles was always out the door early. He was an equities trader at Sandler O'Neill. We met in '98 in Madrid—partners on an internship, learning how the international markets worked. We hung out all day at work and had sangria and cigars at night. We'd talk about how Spanish women were the most beautiful in the world.

After I graduated and came to New York, we agreed to share an apartment in the West Village. Welles said it was perfect, it was No. 19—he said that was his lucky number, his lacrosse number.

Living with Welles was an honor. It was always an adventure. He'd burst into my room and say, "Come on, we're going out!"

His room was untouched for the longest time. His glass of water was still on his dresser. Not that I was scared—it was just that maybe I was nervous it would set in that he wasn't coming back.

I looked and looked for someone. The problem I ran into was that people were worried about their jobs and not sure about moving into a room in a $2,600 apartment. Welles's family tried to help.

I met Kara in December. She was supposed to move out of New York to get married, but the night before leaving, her boyfriend called the wedding off. So she moved in.

The apartment's pretty different now. Kara brought in the Speed Racer poster, the lamp, the leopard chair, and the cat. But everything else looks the same. The aquarium was Welles's. It's in pretty bad shape. We bought pH test kits but we couldn't keep a fish alive for more than three weeks.

I was really nervous about living with someone I didn't know well. I told Kara I was really lucky, because living with her was a nonadjustment. She smiled and gave me a hug. ROBERT KOLKER

DR. ROBERT KLITZMAN

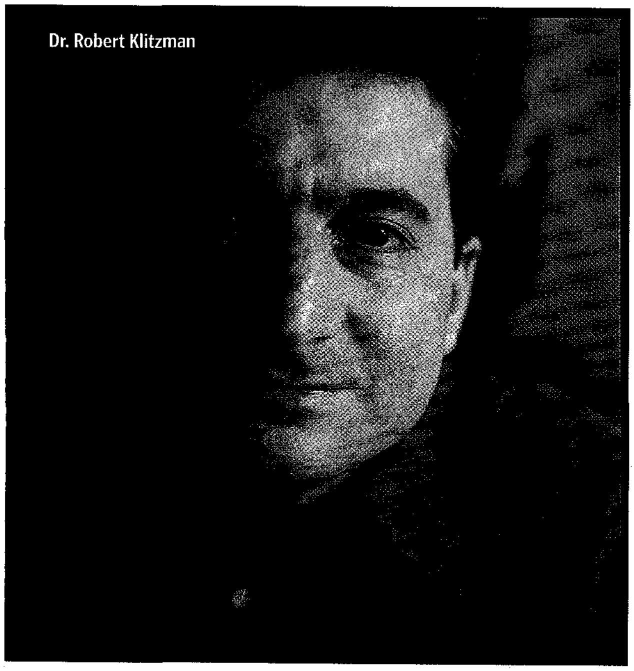
An author and assistant professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia University, Klitzman lost a sister who worked at Cantor Fitzgerald.

I got a call from my mother at ten to nine as I was walking to a meeting. Even though my sister Karen worked at Cantor Fitzgerald, I thought the odds were good that she'd be okay. But then I passed a security guard who was watching TV. There were torrents of black smoke coming from the World Trade Center. I thought, *Are we going to have to set up a memorial? Are we going to have to sit shivah?*

Sitting down for bagels and coffee at the meeting, I felt like I was already sitting shivah. We didn't have the meeting, of course; the entire psych department, almost 300 of us, watched TV. When the towers fell, there was utter silence. I was the only one at the time who knew someone there, and the rest of my family, my mother and Karen's twin sister, Donna, were stuck outside of Manhattan, so it was a lonely feeling.

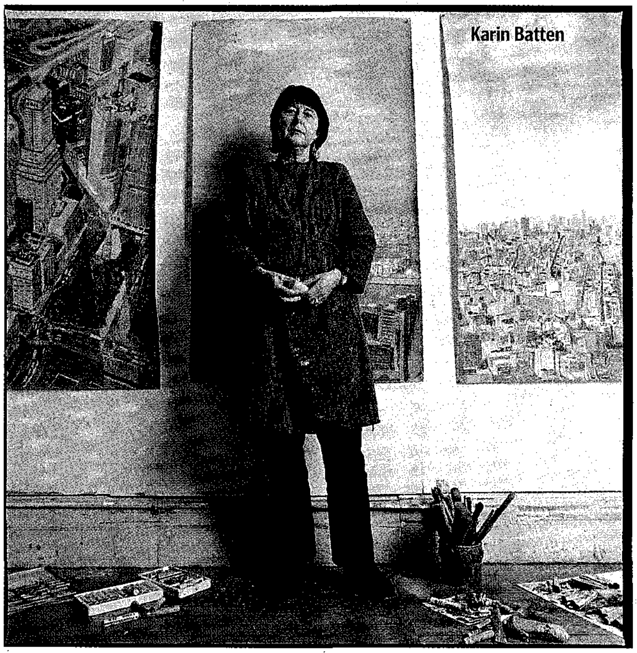
I called St. Vincent's and said, "I'm a physician, and my sister worked in the World Trade Center." They said, "If you're coming down to look for your sister, don't bother. We're mobbed with families. But if you want to come as a physician, we could use you." I went anyway and offered my services. Then a doctor, covered in soot, burst into the hospital. He said that everyone had been vaporized. I thought, *How do I tell my mother that my sister has been vaporized?* The memorial was scheduled for the following Sunday and it went well, even though I was so nauseous that I'd shared a bottle of Extra Strength Tylenol with the cantor and my sister Sue in the elevator.

It's been very difficult for the families of people who worked in the Trade Centers. The press focuses on the cops and firefighters, but you don't hear much about families like ours. The groups representing the families seem very ad hoc, so I don't feel like there's a real sense of community there. But I don't feel like I need a support group; I'm suddenly talking to everyone in my family once a day, which didn't happen before. And I've reestablished a lot of friendships. But I don't feel a sense of closure—there's no body, there's no grave site. Every step—disconnecting her phone, turning the cable TV off, packing up her books, cleaning out her bathroom—hammers another nail into the coffin. But there isn't one. ETHAN BROWN


Dr. Robert Klitzman

KARIN BATTEN

Batten, 54, is an artist who had a studio on the ninety-first floor of Tower One.


Karin Batten

I got a grant from the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council to paint for four months, from June to October. I've done aerial views—paintings of New York—since the late eighties, so I was so happy to get this grant. But I'll tell you, every time I went up there on the elevators, it was always in my mind that if anything happened there was no way you could get out.

That morning, I'd gotten my son off to school—I.S. 89, by the World Trade Center—and decided I'd better go vote at Westbeth, where I live. The voting went so slowly, and when I was finishing up, we started hearing sirens going by. Once I found out what happened, I knew I had to go get my son. Luckily, I found him, and all the kids told me they saw the plane coming by their classroom and hitting the tower and they saw people jumping from the building. Then we all turned around and Tower One—where all my work, my supplies, everything, was—was coming down. Several children whose parents worked at the World Trade Center just screamed.

I was in shock for six weeks, I couldn't do anything. An artist I was supposed to meet up there walked down ninety-one floors and made it, but she's never been the same, she's in bad shape.

A friend of mine convinced me, because the air quality was so bad and my family is young, that it made sense for us to leave for the weekends at least, and so every weekend I went away until shortly before Christmas.

At the end of November, I knew I had to really force myself to do something, that if I went back to painting it would make me feel better. I started painting views from my studio at the World Trade Center, from photographs and from memory. I thought that's maybe how I would get the sadness and the fear out of my system. But sometimes I just stand there and start crying. ARIC CHEN

ANDREA REFOL

The owner of a vintage-clothing store in Park Slope, Refol started having contractions when she saw the second plane hit.

It was our 4-year-old Jordan's first day of pre-kindergarten. We left our house at 8:22 A.M.; I was on my way to a doctor's appointment, the radio was on, and we heard the news report. I had my first contraction. We were driving down Sackett Street in Brooklyn, and we watched the second plane make contact. My first thought was, *Oh, my God, my appointment—I'm supposed to have a baby!*

We went home. I was going nuts. I told myself this is just one baby, one child, compared with the worst thing to happen in American history. But it was my baby. My doctor called from New Jersey and told me he could get in the next day and that I should get to the hospital any way I could.

I didn't sleep that night, because I was having contractions. The next morning, they really started coming. We left Jordan with a friend because they'd canceled school. There were roadblocks everywhere. At the Manhattan Bridge I said to this cop, "I'm in labor! I've got to get to the hospital!" He said, "Are you sure?" I said, "I'm pretty sure." As we were going over the bridge, there was smoke coming up so you couldn't see lower Manhattan. My husband asked, "Are you crying because you're in pain?" I

David Fitzpatrick
POLICE
TARU
Nikon

said, "No. I'm crying because they fucking blew up my city." When we got to the hospital, people were starting to post pictures. My blood pressure skyrocketed so my doctor said, "Let's do this now—in an hour, my team may not be available. Let's get this show on the road." They did a C-section.

We sent an e-mail around to say Griffin was born, but it was hard to show joy or elation—the term we used was *hope*. Hope seemed right.

Six months after, it's almost unimaginable to me that the shadow of this event will ever dissipate. I am thinking more globally than I ever have before. I don't remember thumbing through the paper in the same way when Jordan was a baby. When she was born, I was focused on just her; I was fully absorbed in her care and well being. Now that Bloomberg and Pataki are talking about possible threats to the city, I am very fearful for my children. ARIEL LEVY

ADA ROSARIO DOLCH

Principal of the High School for Leadership and Public Service on Trinity Place, Dolch lost her sister Wendy, who worked for Cantor Fitzgerald.

I was about to head over to the World Trade Center to buy a battery for my watch when the first plane hit. I was in the lobby, which became an instantaneous command center, trying to make decisions, with no real understanding of what was going on, trying to create a sense of calm, with hordes of people running in looking for safety.

We had 500 kids upstairs, our teachers, our cooking staff, and our security officers. I remember I said a prayer because my sister was there, but I didn't think about her again until I got home at 4:30 P.M. I just couldn't, because if I'd stopped, I wouldn't have been able to concentrate on my kids.

After the second plane hit, there was an interlude—I realize now it was only 40 minutes, but it seemed like hours—we were planning, thinking, wondering: Where do we go? How do we move them out? What do we do about our girl in a wheelchair? Our girl who's blind? Our girl who's just had heart surgery?

We made it to Battery Park. As we were entering, the buildings collapsed. Some people remember a roar; I remember a snapping, must have been those girders, just in my face, *loud*. I see the tsunami wave, as tall as those buildings. The black cloud came, we sucked in that stuff, then it became gray and then this white snow.

We planted bulbs in the park, and it's very therapeutic to go back there because that was our refuge. We spent four and a half months at the High School of Fashion Industries, and that was a very difficult journey. It wasn't our home. Every day that we couldn't return created a greater loss. All the gifts and therapy in the world weren't helping us move ahead. Moving ahead meant that we had to go home.

The kids are phenomenal. They wanted to come back to school—because we all experienced this together. Their families at home weren't ready. I keep saying, "We're moving forward." That's my mantra. I tell them, "You are history-makers. People will look to you and ask you to tell the story." And I tell them, "If you fall apart, you will never be able to help this world be rebuilt."

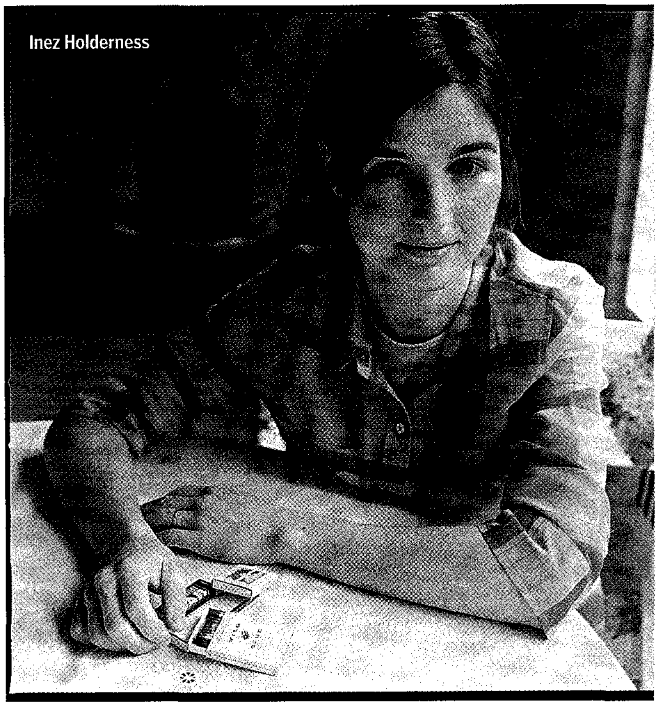
Are we moving ahead quickly? No. We have lost a lot of the academic year. Will we be able to recover? Yes. Just not right now. LOGAN HILL

DAVID FITZPATRICK

The most senior member of the NYPD's Technical Assistance Response Unit, Fitzpatrick photographed the burning towers from a police helicopter.

I went up in a copter just after the second plane hit. As soon as a chopper would land for fuel, I would jump in another one.

We couldn't believe what we were seeing. Our pilot had heard that there were



two more jumbo jets unaccounted for and that we should be on the lookout, so our eyes were peeled in all directions, looking at the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building, waiting for another plane. The copter we had was incapable of rescue, but we didn't see anyone on the rooftops at all. When the first tower came down, it was just horrible; we were just above the building, and we felt so helpless.

I spent eighteen days documenting ground zero, and not a day goes by when I don't relive it. One strange thing: I was in the cemetery near Trinity Church, and I took a picture to show the relationship between the church and the World Trade Center. Two weeks later, I picked up my loop and looked at it. I saw that in the back of one of the tombstones there's an American flag sitting in the dirt. And there's something about the tombstone, either a crack or some dirt, that makes it look like a silhouette of George Washington's face looking at the flag. I showed it to people, and even without my saying anything, they say that's what it looks like. It was like a positive thing, you know?

I still go down to Zero periodically now just to do aerial and ground photos. There's still a sense of camaraderie there—police and firefighters, of course, but also the construction workers and volunteer workers. But the site, it's never lost its feeling of devastation. Even though I go there so often. That never goes away. ROBERT KOLKER

RICHARD "FLASH" POLATCHEK

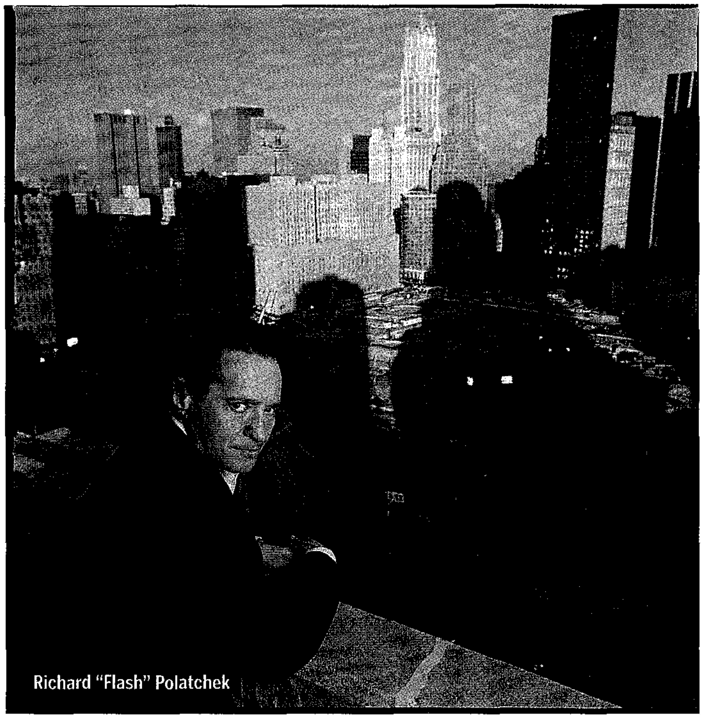
President of the options-trading firm Heights Partners, Polatchek works on the floor of the American Exchange and, until September 11, lived on the thirty-fourth floor of Gateway Plaza in Battery Park City.

I had just flown back from Italy on September 10 and was still jet-lagged. When the first plane hit, I was in the shower. I pulled on some jeans and rushed out onto my terrace, which looked right out over the Trade Center. Then I heard this terrible roar, just over my right shoulder. The plane was so close I could read the BOEING 767 painted under the cockpit window. Then all of a sudden, the pilot cut the engines. That's what no one talks about. He just glided in for the last couple hundred yards. There was this weird, horrible silence right before that plane hit.

I ran outside, just in my jeans—no shirt, no shoes, no wallet, no keys. That's when I saw all these firemen come running out of Tower Two, screaming to get away, the building was imploding. When the building came down, it wasn't a "cloud of dust," it was just this *wave* of debris—concrete, wire. It was knocking people off their feet.

There was a fireboat docked next to the promenade, so I just jumped onto the deck. Some people near me were jumping into the river. By that point, though, other boats were coming in, sending out these really big wakes, throwing our boat up against the promenade. I'll never forget, I looked down right next to the boat and saw this one woman, maybe 45, wearing business clothes. She had jumped into the river, and she just vanished.

I've been renting in SoHo, and now I'm looking to buy there. It's a real neighborhood, with the restaurants and the shops. It's very emotional to try to go back home now; I don't want to be in that space anymore. They've done so much cleanup work there in the last few months, it looks like a parking lot now. To me, it's like looking out at a graveyard. My ex-wife and daughter still live in the area, but if I do anything more than go down and pick up my daughter, it brings that whole day back. I just don't need that.


Richard "Flash" Polatchek

Going to work is better now. It's still emotional, but I don't know, when you're at work, it's like you block a lot of it out. Business is back; last month was one of the best months we've ever had. For a long time, we were pissed off about the tourists who came down. Why do people bring children down here? I guess you used to come to New York, you'd look out the top of the Trade Center. Now you come to look at what was there. ALEX WILLIAMS

INEZ HOLDERNESS

The beverage director at Windows on the World, Holderness, 24, was out of town on September 11.

When I left work on Tuesday, September 4, I had cleaned the office and given everyone my phone numbers and a "what to do" list in case anything went wrong while I was in North Carolina for my sister's wedding. The previous week, I had just promoted Steve Adams, one of our assistant cellar masters, to beverage manager, so I was also nervous about leaving him, since he was so new to the job.

I woke up at 9 A.M. on Tuesday, the 11th, to find my mother standing over me and crying. I am very blessed not to have been there, and I'm blessed that Stephen, my boyfriend and the restaurant's sommelier, wasn't due in to work until noon. He doesn't like to talk about it; I could talk about it every minute of the day, but only to him.

I miss Windows so much. I miss the people and the 63-second elevator ride to the top and the cafeteria and my desk. Stephen and I were convinced that if we got back into the swing of things, we would return to normal. It was obviously the wrong approach. Stephen often has nightmares, and I cry more than I talk. I found another job as a beverage manager in midtown, but going to work is a chore now, and I have trouble finishing anything I start. We have finally decided it's time to leave New York. We both feel like we have to. I want to be near my family. Then we're going to France to pick grapes.

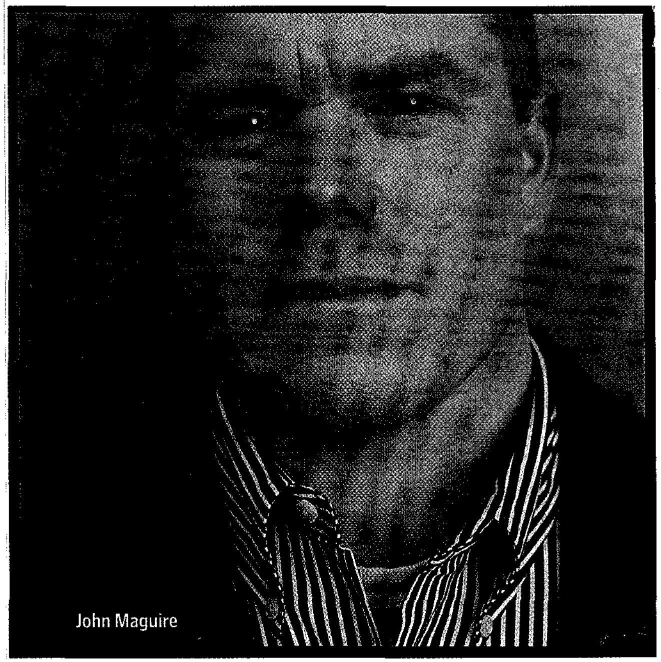
Stephen and I got engaged. It's so helpful having the closest person to me understand my feelings of the past six months. My parents are concerned that the foundation of our relationship is this tragedy, but I know that we love the same things and have the same ethics. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

DR. JEFFREY BURKES

Burkes is the chief dental consultant to the office of chief medical examiner.

You always have to have a "what if" mentality. For years, we always talked about "What if a jumbo jet hit another jumbo jet?" We were thinking 500 people; that's what we prepared for. So far we've issued over 740 death certificates; more than 460 were dental I.D.'s. The tooth is the body structure that's most resistant to pressure, fire, heat. We still don't have a complete set of antemortem records for each victim, though. It's the families. A lot of people are in denial. They don't want to say, "Well, let's get the dental records, he's probably dead."

The biggest problem I had was that people would want to work eighteen-hour days, come back in, and get burnt out. It sucked you in like a black hole. One guy's wife called and was very upset; she hadn't seen him in two days. I had to put the guy in a car and drive him home myself.



John Maguire

Now it's more routine, less frantic. Four or five dentists at a time, seven days a week from 7 A.M. to about 8 P.M. Around Christmas, one of my daughters wrote me a note saying, "We miss you, we want you to come home, but we know what you're doing is important." I missed their basketball and softball games, but I made it to the final cheerleading competition.

Other parts of the country think we're okay. But we're not okay. It's taken its toll on me. My income is down for the first time ever because I'm not in my office. I'm sure I lost patients who couldn't wait.

But I don't want any relative ever thinking, *Well, it's not* his *sister, what does he care?* I would like to see everybody identified. The United States is a country of law; we have to settle estates, probate wills, and we need a positive identification to do that. I'm still shooting for 100 percent. We're not down to the bottom yet. I don't assume that anybody was so badly burnt, vaporized, that we're not going to find remains. If someone disagrees, I would like to know what they base their opinions on, because I know of no other jurisdiction where two 110-story buildings, an acre apiece, collapsed. It's never happened. This is something very special. SARAH BERNARD

JOHN MAGUIRE

A 28-year-old finance associate with Goldman Sachs, he helped carry Father Mychal Judge.

I served as a tank officer in the Army after graduating from West Point in 1995. From my office at Goldman Sachs, I learned pretty quickly what was happening, and I wasn't going to sit and watch as my country was being attacked.

I made my way up to City Hall Park when the south tower crashed down. At the escalators at the WTC, I saw the firemen carrying a man I later discovered was Father Mychal Judge in a chair. I offered them a hand. It took five men because the ground was shifting on top of the debris, which made it difficult to walk. We carried him to a street corner and laid his body on the sidewalk. I pushed on his chest with a thought of starting CPR. No response. We folded his hands and covered his face with a jacket.

I went back and helped evacuate another man, with blood coming from his ears. Then I heard a huge roar. My Army instinct took over and I dove for cover under a truck. With all the material bearing down on me, I thought I was going to die. I saw an injured guy on the ground, and with a firefighter who had a headlamp, we dragged him to an office building. I took his dentures out, cleared his mouth of ash, and helped him into an ambulance.

I had problems breathing weeks after it happened, and in the first few weeks it was hard to focus. I didn't talk to any professionals; I decided to go the informal route, to talk to people who I knew and who knew me. Are things more difficult now? Yes. My commute is longer, and life seems a little more stressful. But that is a small price to pay in light of what others lost.

I find it hard to relax. The source of the stress is not something you can put your finger on now. Seeing fire trucks racing down the street, when the plane crashed at JFK—those things brought it back right when I thought I was getting over it.

I think my way of dealing with it was just getting back to work. When you have too much time to think, that is when it overwhelms you. I've had nightmares, and I have not been able to throw away the clothes I wore that day. If I have children some day, I want to be able to show them the torn clothes. JONATHAN KAPLAN

CHRISTINE BENNETT

Bennett's fiancé, Danny Rosetti, was installing office furniture at AON on the 105th floor of Tower Two.

We met at Scores five years ago. I was a bartender. He was a regular. We were going to get married, but the baby came along first.

He got into the carpenters union in April. He was happy, finally. They happened to send him to the Trade Center for two days. Monday he came home and he was so excited . . . "You can't believe, Chris, you're so high up," he said. "The clouds are, like, below you." He actually said he felt like he was close to heaven. And then, uh, Tuesday . . . He always said he wasn't going to live past 35. He was 32.

I ended up going in to ground zero that night. His brother-in-law was a police officer in Jersey. I wish I hadn't. Every day I can still smell the fire, the smoke, I can still hear the sirens and the rescue workers, like I just walked away from it.

We got all of him back. I tried so hard, but they wouldn't let me see him. There was so much damage they were iffy on the identification. The clothes they sent him back with weren't his. And of course, I was like, "It's not him."

About a week after the wake, I got up and I just hated the whole world. Especially because of the baby. Mad because he doesn't have a father now, and his father couldn't wait to take him fishing and get him on the little kid's softball team. Justin's so young, he had no idea. Every day I show him the picture and say, "Where's Daddy?" And he points and kisses it.

Once a week, I can get through a whole

day without crying. I can fall asleep now, but it's still an everyday struggle to get up. But I'm a single mom now. I have to.

I haven't touched any of his things yet. His dresser still has all his clothes in it. I don't want to move anything right now. I'm still on the same side of the bed.

I know I'm young and everyone tells me I'm going to have to start dating. But I couldn't even imagine dating. I mean, I was spending the rest of my life with him. He was the rest of my life. JADA YUAN

AMY TING

An actress who had just finished her first film, *Miss Wonton*, Ting was working at the Marriott World Trade Center.

I was sitting at the concierge desk in the lobby, on the first floor, when I heard a noise like a piano crash, then saw pieces of building come flying down onto the street; they looked like meteorites. I helped answer the phones; guests were calling from upstairs, you couldn't see what was going on, the fire alarm was ringing. By the time the guests were evacuated, the lobby was filled with firemen; I was trying to pass them water from the bar. Then one of the fireman came running in through the revolving door, yelling, "The building's coming down!" And it did; I flew from the middle of the lobby to the corner. It lifted me up in the air. I couldn't see; all I could hear were things crashing—it was like death had just passed you by. My manager, who was ten feet away from me, didn't get out; debris fell on top of him.

To get out, we climbed up stories of debris and fallen beams; it was like hiking up a mountain of metal pieces. My shoes were caught, so I was in bare feet, I was bleeding, my whole body was Jello. Climbing down was another obstacle—a fireman fell and dropped into this black hole. When we got out, we couldn't breathe, it was a ghost town, everything was white.

I spent the night on Staten Island, where one of my colleagues fed me and bathed me, and I called my mom and said, "I can't believe I got out, I almost died, I love you, I love you." Afterward, I was scared to come out of my house in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and had nightmares every night, and loud noises made my heart jump.

In mid-November, I went back to New York and was passing through Times Square when I saw the recruiting office for the United States Air Force. Before the 11th, I would never have thought about going into the military—that would be crazy—but my perspective changed. Now it's reality. I wondered what I was going to become. What my goals were. Now I know I want to get into medicine and help the armed forces. Last week, I finished basic training in San Antonio, Texas. I did obstacle courses and mental- and physical-endurance tests.

My mom didn't want me to enlist; she wants me to go to college in Europe. But this is what I want to do. When I tell people I'm working for the Air Force, that's the proudest thing I can say. BEN KAPLAN

JAMIE GELORMINO

A 16-year-old high-school student in Long Island, Gelormino lost her stepfather, FDNY Lieutenant Geoffrey Guja. He was running toward the World Trade Center when it collapsed.

Nothing's the same. Nothing. Not even sitting here eating dinner is the same. He was a fireman, and all firemen are crazy—they do nothing normal. Wherever we'd go, we'd always be the family that stuck out, the loudest, the ones that got noticed. Now we're the same as every other family and the world is so much quieter now.

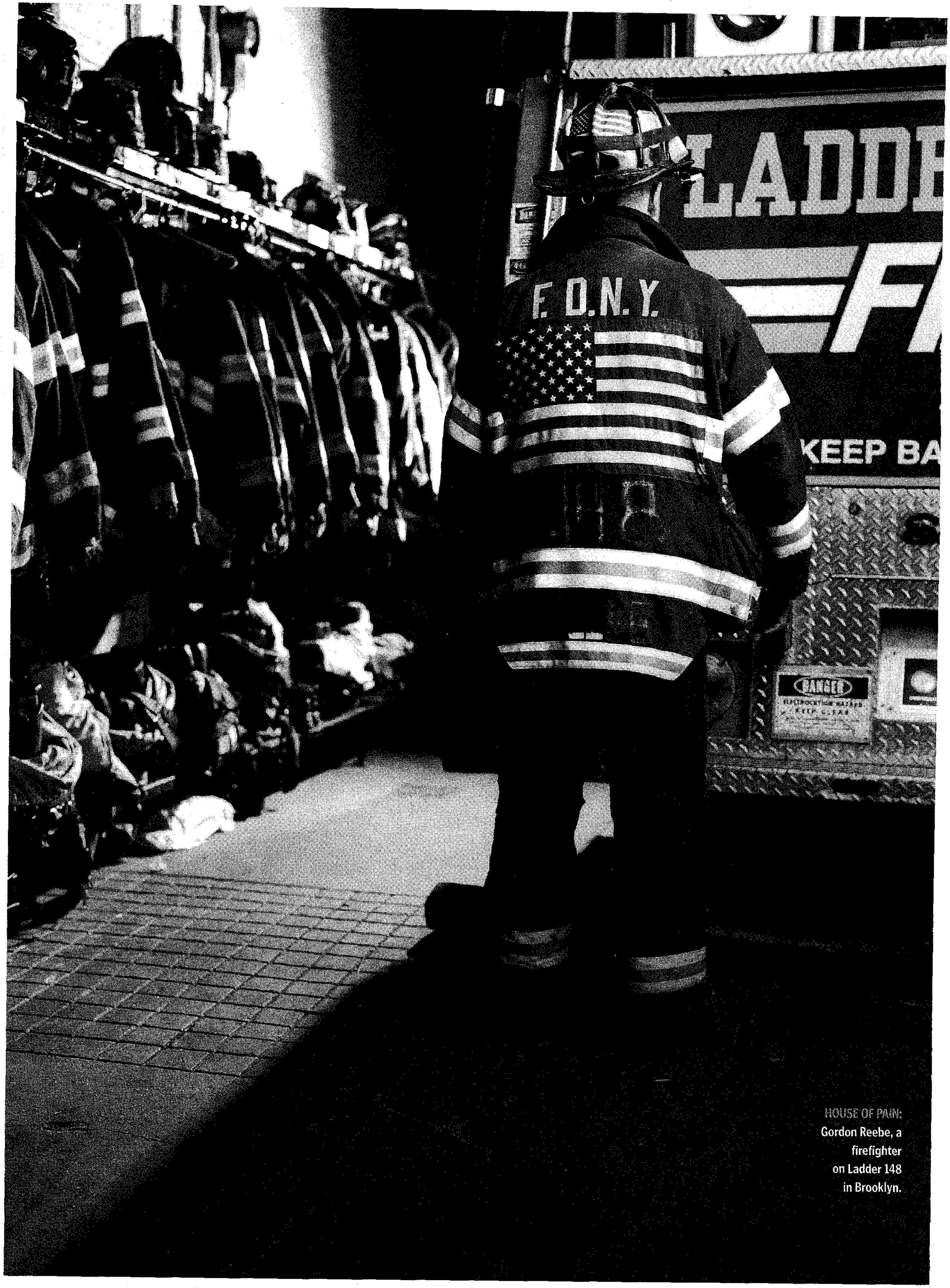
I don't really talk to my friends about it. I was the only one in my school who had a close family member in there. One time in December, we were talking about it in my English class, and some kid said to me, "Don't you think you should be over it by now?" He wasn't affected by it whatsoever. I said, "That makes me so mad, because my father was jumping in there for people like you."

For a while, when I went to sleep, I would cry every night. I felt so guilty, you know? I felt like he didn't know that I loved him. I thought I didn't appreciate him, and that he died thinking I don't love him. There's no way for me now to let him know how much I really did.

Four years ago, while he was already a firefighter, he became an R.N. I remember how hard he was studying in the dining room. Geoff's birthday was two days ago. It was snowing. Me and my sister and my mom went to the cemetery for a little while. We sang "Happy Birthday" and we talked to him and we let balloons go in the air. The headstone just got put in this week. It says WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD.

It has definitely gotten harder. The other day, I was wondering if I'd ever forget what he looked like. I was passing the Manhattan skyline and trying to picture him in my head. I won't forget what he looks like or his voice. I won't forget any of that. I can't. ETHAN SMITH

Jamie Gelormino


F.D.N.Y.
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HOUSE OF PAIN: Gordon Reebe, a firefighter on Ladder 148 in Brooklyn.

THE SMOLDERING FIRES OF 9/11

Six months after that terrible day, the FDNY's struggles—with budget cuts, union leaders, intrusive tourists, health and emotional problems, and the painful work of recovering the dead and caring for their families—require a different kind of heroism. By Chris Smith

THE WORLD DOESN'T GET DREARIER THAN A late-February weekday afternoon on Roosevelt Island. Then John Norman, sitting in a tiny cinder-block Fire Department office, flips open his Toshiba laptop. Instantly, the battalion chief is back in the middle of hell in the financial district.

"Do you want to see what I saw that morning?" Norman says. On September 11, he was on vacation, sleeping late in his Long Island bedroom, when a firefighter called, shouting about a total recall. Norman switched on his TV. The south tower of the World Trade Center plummeted.

Firefighters are trained to stay cool in a crisis, of course, and Norman is one of the coolest: a former captain of midtown's elite Rescue 1 who'd been promoted to battalion chief. So on September 11, Norman had the presence of mind to pull a digital camera out of his pocket and begin shooting as he raced across the Manhattan Bridge on Engine 264.

In Norman's pictures of the disaster scene, the soot is palpable, the twisted steel menacing, the raging flames surreal. They're good pictures. But they don't include the look on Norman's face when he learned that his younger brother, David, a cop with the Emergency Service Unit, had last been seen on the thirty-first floor of the north tower. Or Norman's expression when he heard that his buddy Dennis Mojica was gone. Or the growing gloom as the word spread: 200 . . . 300 . . . 400 firefighters missing.

Norman stares at the laptop slide show and pain ripples across his brow. He is 50, lanky, soft-spoken, his hair a thatch of gray. He looks away from the computer. Staring at Norman from the wall next to his new desk is the *Times* obituary of Ray Downey. As September 11 dawned, Downey was chief of the FDNY's Special Operations Command and a charismatic national legend in rescue circles. He'd created the urban-search-and-rescue system adopted by FEMA and fire departments worldwide. Downey's team in Oklahoma City recovered more bodies from the bombed federal building than any other group.

Special Operations Command—or SOC, pronounced to rhyme with *rock*—provides the shock troops in a disaster. At the World Trade Center, SOC lost 94 men, including five chiefs. Including Ray Downey. And Downey wasn't just Norman's boss. He was Norman's rabbi in the department and a close friend off-duty.

An assistant walks in carrying a fax. "The updated list," Norman murmurs, reading. "We're still missing almost 50 people in the command. We know that there are people there. We can smell them. We just have to get through the debris and get them out."

Ray Downey is still among the missing. Late that first week, Norman was promoted to fill Downey's job. He's replenished the ranks of the units who make lifesaving runs to car crashes, construction cave-ins, and subway accidents, but Norman is still begging people to fill the fifteen open HAZMAT slots. "Wives threaten to divorce guys who consider doing it," he says.

As Norman struggles to rebuild, he's been dragged back into the rubble. "Our urban-search-and-rescue cache, every item in there, was deployed at the site and either destroyed, lost, or so irreparably damaged that it needs replacement," Norman says. "It's $1.8 million worth of equipment. Back in the fall, we were told, 'We're gonna outfit you with an entire new cache. Don't worry about it.' Well, that's since been revoked. The department told us they're not doing it."

He exhales a long sigh. "The department said, 'Ahright, you guys are gonna have to go back out there and retrieve everything you can. Polish it up,' " Norman says. He shakes his head ever so slightly in disbelief. His men, physically and emotionally ragged, have spent dozens of hours scavenging the site and Fresh Kills landfill for mangled seismic

CORBIS SABA. PRODUCTION BY MARIA AVITABILE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NATHANIEL WELCH

sensors, rain-clogged fiber-optic cameras, and steel-cutting hacksaws worn toothless. The equipment stolen by private contractors has been harder to recover. Then Mayor Bloomberg announced a $60 million cut in the Fire Department's budget.

There's a knock on the door, and an assistant pokes his head in. "Nah, hold the calls," Norman says. "Unless it's my doctor."

For a month, the chief's head has been pounding with searing pain. This morning, he stopped by the FDNY's medical office to try to pick up the results of blood tests he'd taken one week earlier. "I was just dumbfounded," Norman says. "They had boxes of files stacked as high as that TV stand. They put almost 14,000 people through exams in a three-month period. They had to cut off giving the medicals because they had to start entering the data to see if they could pick out a pattern, while it was still early enough to do something about it. Yeah, they're backed up."

How is John Norman feeling? "Not well," he says. "Yeah, I've thought about retiring. But I just couldn't leave. It would be like a deserter in the face of enemy fire. We're gonna do this work until it's done."

Norman shuts off his laptop. If only September 11 could disappear so easily. The phone rings and this time Norman takes the call. It's Captain Joe Downey, one of Ray's sons. "I'm all right, Joe," Norman says. "How are you doing?"

SIX MONTHS ON, THE ENTIRE FDNY looks and feels much like John Norman: vigilant and fragile. Amazingly, FDNY average response times were nine seconds *faster* in January 2002 than they were one year earlier.

"The things that were good about the job September 10 are the things that are, in some ways, better—the camaraderie, the way guys look out for each other," Andrew Serra, 28, says. He was transferred to Squad 1, a SOC unit in Park Slope, to replace one of the eleven firefighters killed. "We're pissed off at our union; we're pissed off at the city," Lieutenant Bill Burke says. "But none of it means you're going to get less than 100 percent out of us on a fire."

Laughter is once again the dominant sound in firehouse kitchens. "We had some extra terrorism training recently," a Harlem firefighter says. "They told us, 'If you see glowing plutonium, stay away from it.' Seriously."

"Yeah," says another firefighter, putting down his steak, "and if Superman is on an EMS run when you find kryptonite . . . "

Yet there is also abundant, simmering anger and sorrow. Retirement-planning seminars are standing room only. Firefighters are facing the cruel joke of exalted status and stagnant wages. And while they're forever grateful for the outpouring of public sympathy, they've wearied of the attention—particularly in Manhattan, where tourists knock in the middle of the night and demand they pose for pictures. "You're like a pet," says a firefighter with Engine 7 on Duane Street.

Lurking out of sight, like asbestos fibers embedded in a healthy lung, is a pervasive anxiety about the long-term physical and psychological damage from September 11. Medical leaves are up 35 percent. Firefighters joke that alcoholism is a requirement for the job; plenty have stepped right up to the national open bar that's welcomed anyone wearing city blues these past months.

Still, it's hard to numb the wounds completely, especially when the scar tissue is constantly being jabbed. The sharpest recent poke was Sunday's CBS documentary on the terrorist attack. The filmmakers had threatened to sue firefighters who circulated bootleg copies of the raw footage. "They have to show this on TV now, while we're still burying people?" spits one firefighter. "They don't think anyone's gonna be interested *next* year?" Norman, who led the first week's search for survivors, is furious that the documentarian duo didn't get him their film immediately. "We wasted time and effort and exposed people to risks unnecessarily," he says.

Compounding the strain for many firefighters is the wrenching job of ministering to the widows and children of their dead friends. "Then there are guys who had a wife *and* girlfriend—and the girlfriend is pregnant," says one Manhattan captain. "Hey, we're human."

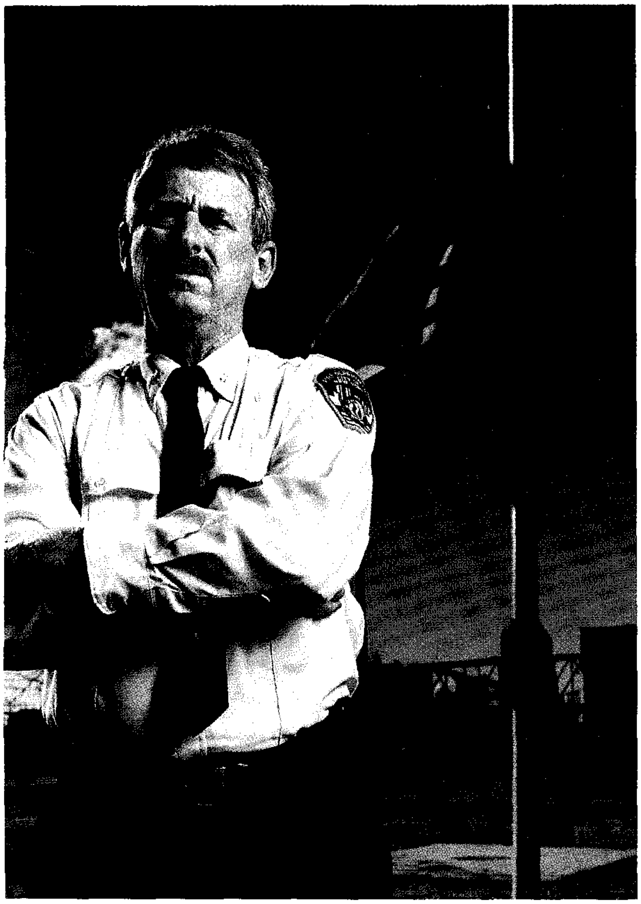
John Norman's brother turned up September 12, in a hospital, bruised but alive. Many other firefighters haven't had an equivalent moment of relief. "I hate to even think about it," Norman says, "but I expect we're gonna have people kill themselves. There's such a sense of guilt. People all around them in four directions were killed, and they were spared. People who had swapped tours with guys who died. There's tremendous, tremendous amounts of guilt."

MIKE CARTER PUT ON HIS SHINY BLACK JACKet with the big FDNY union logo and headed for a polling place in Manhattan to hand out Alan Hevesi flyers. The sun was rising on Primary Day, September 11. Carter is vice-president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, and no union membership more eagerly anticipated the end of the Giuliani administration.

The overriding sourness flowed from a seven-year grievance over money. The firefighters unions endorsed Rudy Giuliani for mayor in 1994 but got scant spoils from the victor. The infamous "zeroes for heroes" labor contract that sparked cop protests also covered the more quiescent firefighters.

Giuliani was disdained, but that was mild compared with the deeply personal reaction to his fire commissioner: outright hatred. Thomas Von Essen had risen from South Bronx firefighter to president of the

LOSS LEADERS: FDNY chief Daniel Nigro; opposite, Special Ops head John Norman.



Uniformed Firefighters Association, which represents the 9,500 rank and filers. In 1995, Giuliani proposed consolidating the city's Emergency Medical Service with the Fire Department. Von Essen, as union president, campaigned for the merger, though it was unpopular with his membership. Two weeks after the merger took effect, Giuliani selected Von Essen as fire commissioner. Firefighters saw his jump from union to management not just as political payback but as a blood betrayal.

Von Essen's style as commissioner—blunt and patronizing, not unlike Giuliani's—further antagonized his firefighters. Some of the commissioner's post-attack comments, even discounted for the agony and sorrow Von Essen was suffering, worsened the friction. "He goes on *60 Minutes* and says firefighters need to suck it up and move on," says Bobby Ward, a veteran Brooklyn firefighter. "Every time you turned on the TV, he had a box seat at the World Series. Why wasn't he in more firehouses talking to his men?"

Von Essen, 56, points to increased training and discipline as the proudest accomplishments of his nearly six-year tenure. But his most valuable legacy, perversely, might be the bitterness he stoked: Since September 11, Von Essen has provided firefighters a convenient outlet for their overwhelming rage. "I understand their pain," Von Essen says, "and if it's necessary that I'm the target to help them get through it, that's okay. But I don't think the firefighters mean a lot of this stuff. They're led by weak people who don't tell them the truth. It's sad."

THE FLOWERS AND CANDLES are gone from the sidewalk outside the firehouse on Lafayette Street. Inside, the bulletin board is papered with offers running from FREE YOGA FOR NEW YORK'S HEROIC FIREFIGHTERS! to seven-day complimentary Disney World tickets for DISNEY'S AMERICAN HEROES®.

These tight SoHo quarters are shared by the firefighters of Ladder 20 and Squad 18 and by the spirits of fourteen departed colleagues. On the white dry-erase board propped by the front door, next to the day's shift schedule, the names of the dead of September 11 are listed in red marker under the heading PRAY FOR THEM. "Their shoes didn't get touched for a while," John Ceriello says. "Manny Mo used to drag his feet when he walked, he kind of waddled, and the bottom of his shoes were not very even. Billy McGinn—you could tell his were a pair of beat-up old black boots. They sat there, all that time, lined up, exactly where they left them when they pulled on their bunker gear to go to the Trade Center. It was kind of weird."

The shoes are gone now, and so mostly is the somber atmosphere. A vivacious woman, said to be Robert De Niro's son's girlfriend, stops in to buy dozens of souvenir hats and sparks appreciative smiles. Lunch today features a guest cook, a retired captain who wanted to drop in, see how the guys were doing, and serve up some chili. As thanks, he's taking abuse about the chili's mix of spices. The noise is a good sign, a sign of normalcy.

Then a man and woman in street clothes walk slowly into the kitchen. Immediately the room goes quiet. The man spots the awkwardness, smiles broadly, reaches out to shake the nearest available hand. He is Joe Pfeifer, a battalion chief downtown. On September 11, in the lobby of the north tower, he talked briefly with his brother, Kevin, a lieutenant with Engine 33 on Great Jones Street. Then the brothers went in separate directions.

Kevin's remains were found four days ago. Joe carried them out of the ruins.

"You having a wake?" someone asks.

"No," Pfeifer says. "Just the funeral on Saturday. That's enough." The woman is Pfeifer's sister, Mary Ellen.

Everyone quickly nods agreement. The Pfeifers excuse themselves to go upstairs and say hello to another officer. Some air returns to the room.

"Our company as a whole is doing pretty good," Ceriello says. "One of our pluses was that we found everybody. The other companies haven't, and they're still in that limbo stage. And they're still talking to the wives and seeing the kids and knowing the bodies are still possibly buried down there. That has tormented guys. You can't fathom how much stress that is."

On quiet nights, the talk sometimes turns to which of the widows is puffy from tranquilizers, which kids are acting out in school since their father was lost. One firefighter can't shake the memory of visiting a grieving family that first week after the attack and hearing a boy screaming at his mother: "The sons-of-bitches killed Daddy!"

NORMAN HAS THOUGHT about retiring. "But I just couldn't leave," he says. "It would be like deserting in the face of enemy fire."

"I've kept up with three of the women, girlfriends or widows," Ceriello says, narrating a common experience throughout the department. "It's tough. What do you talk about? Their husband is dead. Their kids have no father. 'How's the weather? How are you feeling? Do you need anything?' What are you going to say? It sucks. They start crying, whatever . . . " He glances up at the mid-afternoon sky. "Got dark out, huh?" After his shift, he's stopping by to see the mother of one of his lost pals. "September 11 seems like a long time ago," he says. "But it really wasn't."

Some cope by working nonstop. Brian Smith, a Squad 18 lieutenant, has barreled straight from anthrax scares to digging in the pile to training seven new squad members. "As a boss, I can't show any weakness," Smith says. "If I'm taking time off to go to counseling, if I'm gone for two weeks of vacation, what example is that setting?"

Larry Cohen has put on twenty pounds. "I guess it's my way of dealing with the stress," the Squad 18 veteran says with a laugh. "It's better than drinking or killing somebody."

"THERE'S TREMENDOUS amounts of guilt; people all around them in four directions were killed, and they were spared."

VON ESSEN'S REPLACEMENT AS fire commissioner could have been a Dalmatian and firefighters would have cheered. There was mild disappointment that the choice was Nicholas Scoppetta, a political retread who'd run the Administration for Children's Services under Giuliani. "We needed a guy who had Bloomberg's ear and had some pull in Washington, who could compete with Ray Kelly's sharp elbows," an officer says. "Instead, we get a guy who is almost 70 and said he wanted to retire."

But they'll happily take a figurehead, so long as the real power returns to the chief of department.

"Some days, I still think this is Pete's office," Daniel Nigro says. "I turn the wrong way." Then he remembers that he's replaced Pete Ganci, the chief of department on September 11.

At about 9:15 that morning, the two men stood at the command post on West Street. Nigro told Ganci he wanted to quickly circle 1 World Trade Center, to assess the damage. "See you later," Ganci said.

"We were in the middle of Church Street when the south tower started to come down," Nigro says today, slowly. "My aide and I were able to get cover into the doorway of a Starbucks, on Dey Street. It was kind of a deep old doorway. Everything crashed around us and missed us."

He never saw Ganci again. Now he occupies his closest friend's old office in the FDNY's Brooklyn headquarters. Yesterday, Nigro posed with President Bush at a midtown photo op. "Sometimes we tend to think of things in clichés," he says. "The president makes those kind of statements: 'We're wounded and it made us stronger.' I'm not saying the department is stronger, but we remain strong and committed."

Nigro, 53, is tall and austere, with a grave baritone voice. Firefighters regard the 33-year veteran as a bit chilly, but at least he's one of their own, a guy from Bayside, Queens.

"One thing that signaled to me that the department was going to be okay," Nigro says, "is that the next day, September 12, there was a fire on the West Side. Usually that's covered by 54 Engine, Ladder 4. But they'd lost twelve people. And I heard them come on the radio and say, 'We're available.' Instead of sitting in the kitchen thinking, 'Please don't call me.' Our firefighters, they're the best."

He's already late for a budget meeting, and tonight Nigro will be here past dark discussing how to save lives the next time a skyscraper is burning. "Our actual operation at high-rise fires will change very little," Nigro says. "It's based on tried-and-true methods. The only thing that has changed is a heightened sense of alert: Is it something else?"

Nigro and his staff chiefs have drafted a plan for "something else" that is awaiting approval from City Hall. The reforms include reducing the number of firefighters initially deployed to a possible terrorist strike, and a wider buffer zone around the emergency to reduce the number of people in the range of a potential building collapse—and to make firefighters less of a concentrated target for secondary attacks.

Many of the department's brass barely escaped when the north tower fell as they directed operations from its lobby. "We've had high-rise fires since September 11, and we've put our command post in the lobby of that building," Nigro says. "But if we think it might be a terrorist act, we won't put our primary command in the same place. That has changed already."

Nigro says there will be no limit imposed on how high firefighters will climb in a burning skyscraper. How long they stay there, however, is still under discussion. "One of the things we're very well aware of now is the need to conserve our forces. Retreat is okay," one senior chief says. "Rather than find yourself surrounded and cut off, and now the entire force is destroyed, well, we might have to retreat in order to conserve enough resources to do some good somewhere else. But the public is not prepared to see firefighters stand back and have hundreds or thousands of people jumping 100 floors. They would never accept it. It's going to be a very difficult decision."

One weakness that's plagued the FDNY for years, and only became a public scandal at the World Trade Center, is its antiquated communication equipment. Firehouses send messages on ancient teletypes limited to 160 characters. Dispatchers still process large amounts of data by hand. Some firefighters carry radios, the MX330, that were issued during Ronald Reagan's first White House term. "When we go to a call in the subway, we set up a relay, four or five people, so you can talk from the train tracks to the street to the department radio," says a member of one of the FDNY's specialized rescue units. "The police officer standing right next to you pulls out his radio and calls dispatch right there! Bam!"

Von Essen spent $14 million to upgrade from analog to digital radios, but hastily pulled the new gadgets from the field in March 2001, after a firefighter stuck in a Queens basement couldn't speak to his colleagues one flight up. Nigro is scarily honest on the subject. "What's gonna happen, I don't know," he says. "Nobody's said, 'Boston's radios, Chicago's—*that's* the one.' We're doing some tests right now." Last week, a consulting firm, McKinsey & Company, began investigating the department's September 11 operations and is supposed to deliver its report July 1.

And—incredibly—the Fire Department, victimized by the intelligence failures of other agencies, remains in the dark about new threats. "We were getting some notifications back when we were worried about a couple of bridges," Nigro says. "Either there are none now or we're not getting them again. I don't know which it is."

On the wall opposite his desk, Nigro has a framed poster with the photographs of the Fire Department dead. Stuck behind the lower left corner of the gold frame is a sliver of orange construction paper. In blue marker, in a child's handwriting, are the words YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. Nigro plucked it from a stack of inspirational notes sent to the FDNY. "It's a simple message," he says. "This seemed like a good place for it, next to 343 people who did the right thing. I look at those pictures each day. I can't get away from it."

BLOOD BROTHER: A tattoo on a Ladder 148 fireman.

Memory Of My Brothers
9-11-01

THE WALLS ARE COVERED IN CHEAP REC-ROOM wood paneling, and on the paneling hang framed photos from long-ago softball conquests. There's a *chop-chop-chop* of beef being sliced on the grill for today's lunch, cheese steaks. Gundersen is regaling the assembled with the tale of his A.C. blackjack winnings. Alfano is mulling the taste of his new cigar. Aside from the occasional squawk of a disembodied dispatcher's voice—"Second alarm, Third Avenue, East 86th Street, box 1-1-6-3"—this could be poker night at the men's club instead of Saturday afternoon inside the kitchen at Borough Park's Engine 282, Ladder 148.

"Boy's club, more like it," Gerard "Chip" Chipura says with a laugh.

"Boys away at summer camp, with the pranks that go on," Jimmy Urkonis says.

"A lot of wives don't really have a clue what goes on here," Bobby Ward says. "Twenty years, I've kept a lot of it a secret. Every time I come home, I tell her I'm tired 'cause we were out all night at fires. But we earn our money."

Chipura, 35, joined the department in 1991; he's got a gentle voice and a quick grin. The square-jawed Urkonis, 38, wearing his blue knit hat pulled low over his forehead, would have been cast as an *On the Waterfront* enforcer. Ward, 46 years old and rangy, is the company wise man, a skilled craftsman and surfer with two decades on the job. Ward doesn't bluster or impose, but everyone defers to him.

This firehouse was lucky on September 11. Its trucks were tied up on a local run and arrived downtown after the collapses. The company lost only one member, Chris Mozzillo, who was temporarily detailed to Engine 55 in Manhattan.

There will be other, slower departures. One young lieutenant has already quit. Ward is considering putting in his papers, too. He'd just been "relieved" on September 11 and was driving home along Ocean Parkway when the recall came through. These days, Ward's wife is reminding him that twenty years is a long time to be lucky. "I've got four boys, ranging from 20 down to 5," Ward says. "I'm thinking I'd really like to spend more time with my 5-year-old. I'm thinking about possibly going in September."

But saying the words out loud seems to shake him. Ward pauses. "I can't picture myself not coming into the firehouse every day, seeing these guys. I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts I probably won't." Ward and other vets can pass along how to anticipate a fire's path, but more important, says one lieutenant, "is that they can teach the young guys that this job isn't all about death."

Though the overtime accumulated since September 11 provides a powerful incentive for officers and firefighters with twenty or more years of service to retire now—pensions are based on a retiring firefighter's final twelve months of pay, and wages are up $5,000 to $10,000 in the aftermath—no one took this job to get rich. Still, it's galling that there's little permanent bottom-line reward ahead. And the firefighters blame their own union as much as they do politicians. "Our union is a social club, not a labor force," one disgusted firefighter says. "The leadership is a bunch of good ol' boys, and even the Trade Center isn't going to change that."

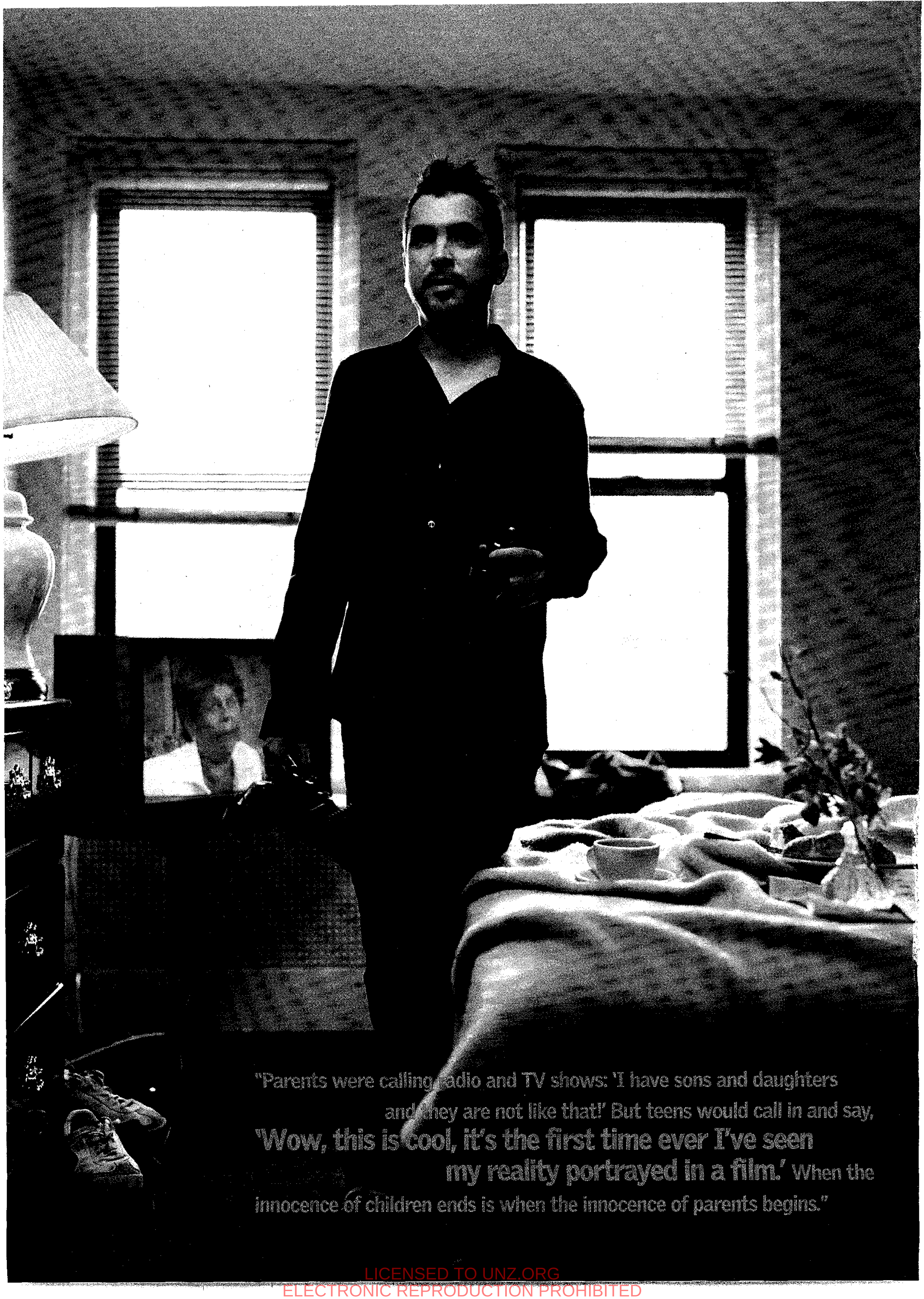
Another firefighter pops in to say hello—and to report that he's flunked the department's lung exam. Already 144 firefighters are off duty with breathing ailments.

Some damage doesn't show up on X-rays. Tuesday morning was Gerard Chipura's turn to stay home with his two small daughters, or else on September 11 he would have rushed to the World Trade Center. His older brother, John, was already downtown, as was their sister, Nancy, who worked on the sixty-ninth floor of 1 World Trade.

Nancy escaped. It was past midnight before Gerard Chipura heard that his brother was on duty that morning with Brooklyn's Ladder 105 and that all six on the truck were missing. It was longer still before Gerard accepted that John, six weeks away from marriage, was gone.

Now, when Chipura speaks, his tone is surprisingly upbeat. "After this happened, I didn't know if I wanted to come back," he says. "A very good friend of mine said, 'You're on the promotion list. You're going to be teaching guys soon how to be good firemen.' So I had to dig down."

Even after all they've been through, the city's firefighters remain inspiringly—almost naïvely—uncynical and true blue. "I'm gonna try to be a good boss," Gerard Chipura says. "For the memory of my brother. He's part of this department's history now. I'm part of its future." ■



"Parents were calling radio and TV shows: 'I have sons and daughters and they are not like that!' But teens would call in and say, **'Wow, this is cool, it's the first time ever I've seen my reality portrayed in a film.'** When the innocence of children ends is when the innocence of parents begins."

Auto Erotica

Don't confuse Alfonso Cuarón's smart and sexy new road movie, *Y Tu Mamá También*, with a dopey Hollywood teen film packed with horny boys and half-naked girls . . . not that it doesn't have plenty of those, too. By George Kalogerakis

ALFONSO CUARÓN IS PROWLING THE LOBBY OF the Mercer Hotel, trying hard to get off his cell phone. Portions of his dark hair spike straight up in a kind of modified Mohawk. It's a new look for the Mexico City–born director, and he's not entirely convinced. "The result of being in Milan with a girlfriend and a pair of scissors," he explains later. Well, what the hell—it's Fashion Week anyway.

But that's not why he's in town. He lives here—has for seven years—and he's gearing up for the opening, this Friday, of his fourth film, *Y Tu Mamá También* ("And Your Mother Too"). It was a critical hit at the New York Film Festival in October, and a huge box-office success worldwide in 2001, particularly in Cuarón's native Mexico, where, he allows, it became "a kind of sociological phenomenon."

Y Tu Mamá También opens with an explicit shot of a gleefully rutting teenage couple, and proceeds from there. On one level, it's a sexy, funny travelogue of Mexico high and low, with settings that vary from upper-class weddings to seaside dives. But *YTMT* is no more a simple teen road-trip sex romp than *Chinatown* was an examination of the water-supply system in Greater Los Angeles in the thirties. Its themes—class distinctions, the politics of modernization, and especially the search for identity—dovetail so intelligently and entertainingly that the 40-year-old Cuarón, after two consecutive Hollywood movies (*A Little Princess* and the Gwyneth Paltrow–Ethan Hawke *Great Expectations*) is being lauded, along with *Amores Perros* director Alejandro González Iñárritu, as a shining example of the rebirth of Mexican cinema.

"For a while, in interviews, I was trying to be diplomatic and say, 'Yeah, yeah,' " the affable Cuarón says over lunch. He's soft-spoken and casual—sweater, sneakers, scruffy beard. "But really, it's based just upon *Amores Perros* and *Y Tu Mamá También*. Alejandro and I are the *exceptions*."

YTMT's protagonists are two 17-year-old Mexico City boys, best friends (played by Gael García Bernal and Diego Luna), and an "older" woman—she's 28—portrayed by the Spanish actress Maribel Verdú. "It's a very honest movie," says Luna, who, like Bernal, is not much older than his libido-crazed character. "There's a lot of sex, but very bad sex, because that's how it is." The film was written by the director and his brother, Carlos Cuarón, and shot by his frequent collaborator, the Oscar-nominated cinematographer Emmanuel "Chibo" Lubezki. Presumably because it depicts drug use and sex—and, Cuarón suspects, because of "the class issue"—*YTMT* was deemed off-limits to Mexicans under 18. "People were calling radio and TV shows: 'I have sons and daughters and they are not like that!' " says Cuarón. "And teens would call in and say, 'Wow, this is cool, it's the first time ever I've seen my reality portrayed in a film.' " He smiles. "When the innocence of children ends is when the innocence of parents begins."

In one sense, *YTMT* is for Cuarón an act of revenge. "Teen comedies I find so patronizing," he says. "They don't have any respect for the characters. They're so moralistic, so simplistic. The big thing is, they want to get laid. And they get laid. And that's it! They've found their identity, and they live happily ever after." There's a lot more going on in his film. Cuarón hopes the themes are "universal," and that despite the subtitles and the foreign setting and the lack of an MPAA rating, it will play "not only to the art-house audience—I would love this movie to be seen by younger people. That was part of the goal, after I had to suffer through all these teen comedies with my son."

It scarcely seems possible, looking at the youthful director, but that son is in college. Jonah, born of a five-year relationship Cuarón had in Mexico in his early twenties, lived with his father in his West Village apartment while attending high school at St. Ann's in Brooklyn and is now a freshman at Vassar.

Cuarón travels regularly—his production office is in L.A. and he's dating an Italian TV journalist he met at the Venice Film Festival last year. New York might be one of the last places on his circuit where he isn't recognizably famous—at least for now. "I lead a very provincial life here," he says.

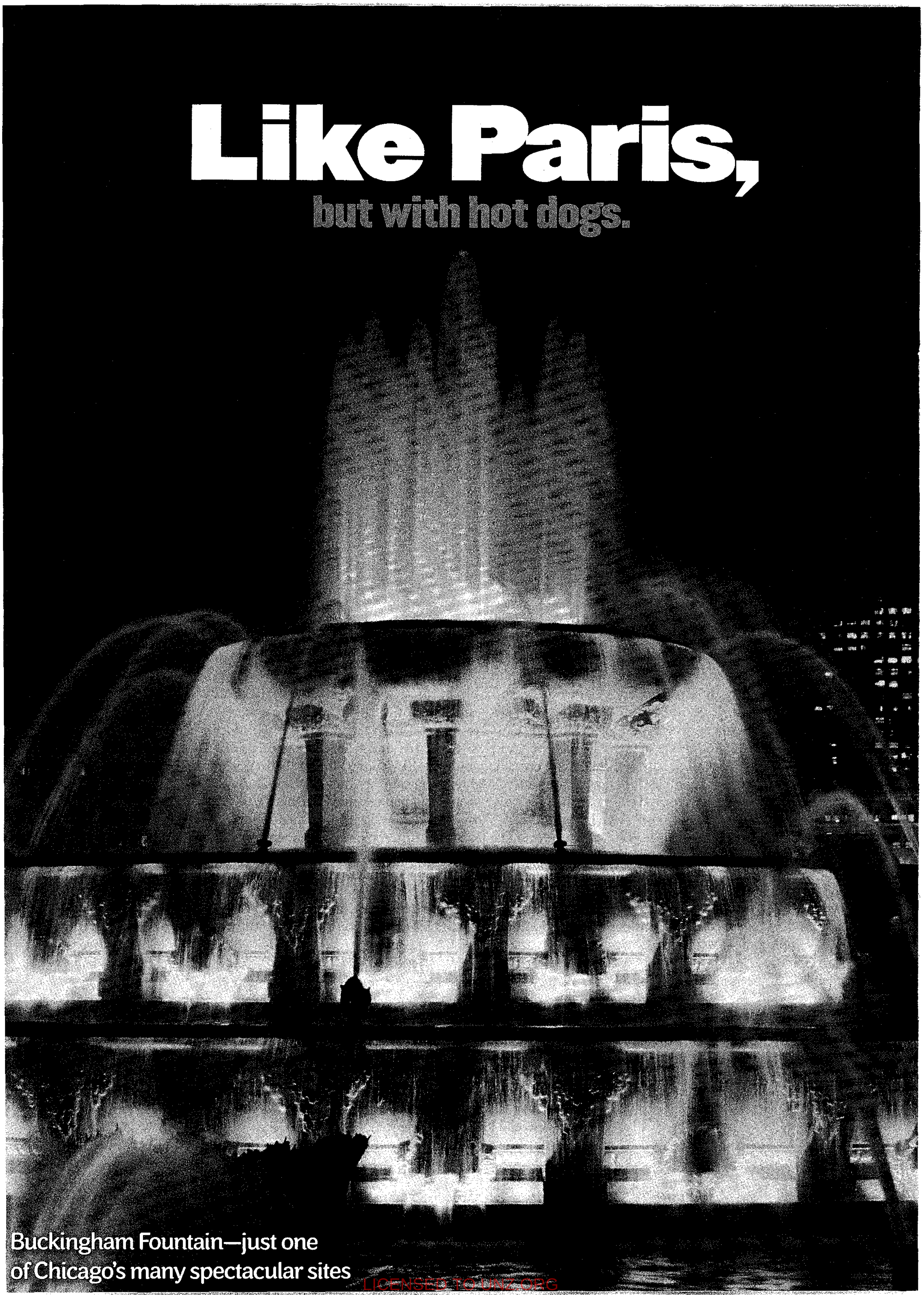
After film school and some work in Mexican television, Cuarón made his first feature in 1992, the dark comedy *Love in the Time of Hysteria*. He didn't leave Mexico till he was 30 and goes back often. "I need to touch holy ground once in a while," he says. "My brothers, my sister and mom, they live there. And my nanny."

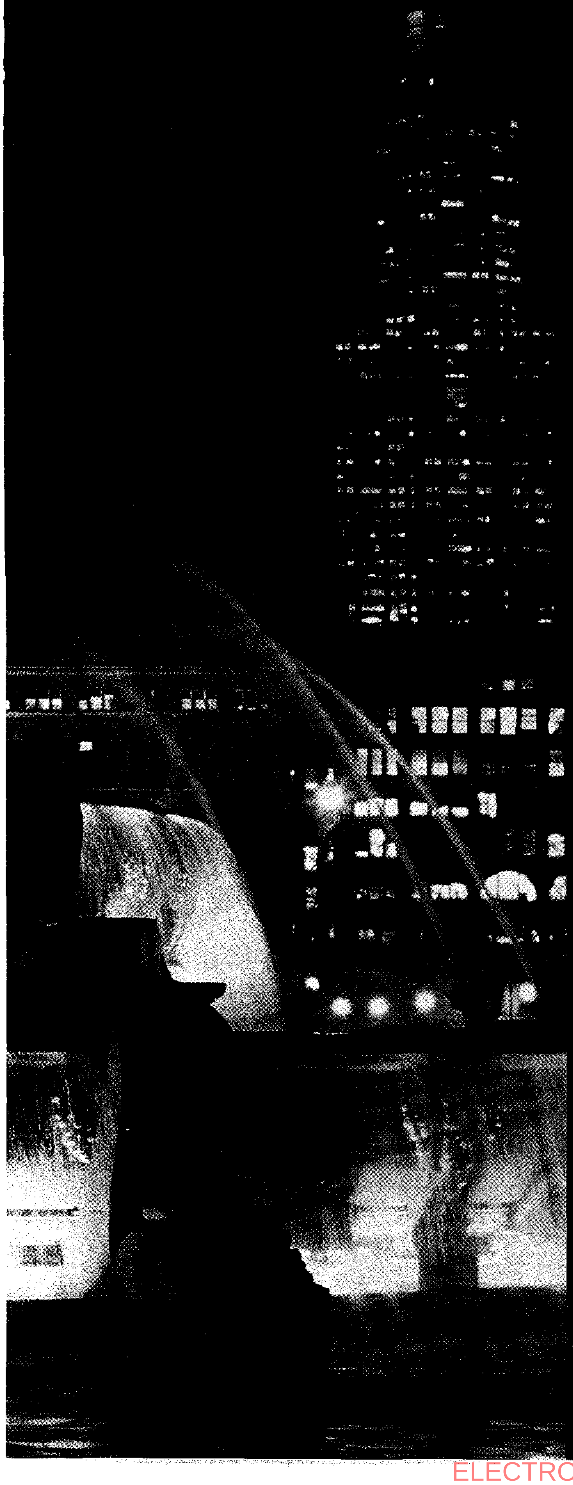
"He thinks internationally," says his friend Iñárritu. "He's not a Mexican director; he's a universal director." Sipping coffee at Le Gamin—where he likes to write at a corner table by the window—Cuarón becomes voluble on the subject of how "preconceptions" can dog a Latin American filmmaker. "If you're entertaining, that means you're superficial," he says. "If you're technically polished, you want to be 'Hollywood.' If your character is middle-class or upper-class, then you're bourgeois. If your film is not about ideology, then you're reactionary. If you work outside of your country, you're a sellout.

"In Venice, during the Q&A, someone asked, 'In a country that has so many injustices, how do you do this kind of movie? You should have made a denunciation about what is going on in your country.' And my answer to this guy was, 'I'm sorry, sir, but I think you're a racist. You're okay with European movies having middle-class characters, but if I'm Mexican, I only can deal with lower-class characters? You're seeing Mexico in a very simplistic way.' " Cuarón's sophisticated little "teen comedy" might make that just a bit harder to do. ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERS OVERGAARD

GROOMING BY AMANDA PRATT; STYLING BY ROMY FRYDMAN/TIFFANY WHITFORD; SHIRT AND JEANS BY HELMUT LANG; SOCKS BY PAUL SMITH.


Like Paris,
but with hot dogs.
Buckingham Fountain—just one
of Chicago's many spectacular sites



CHICAGO

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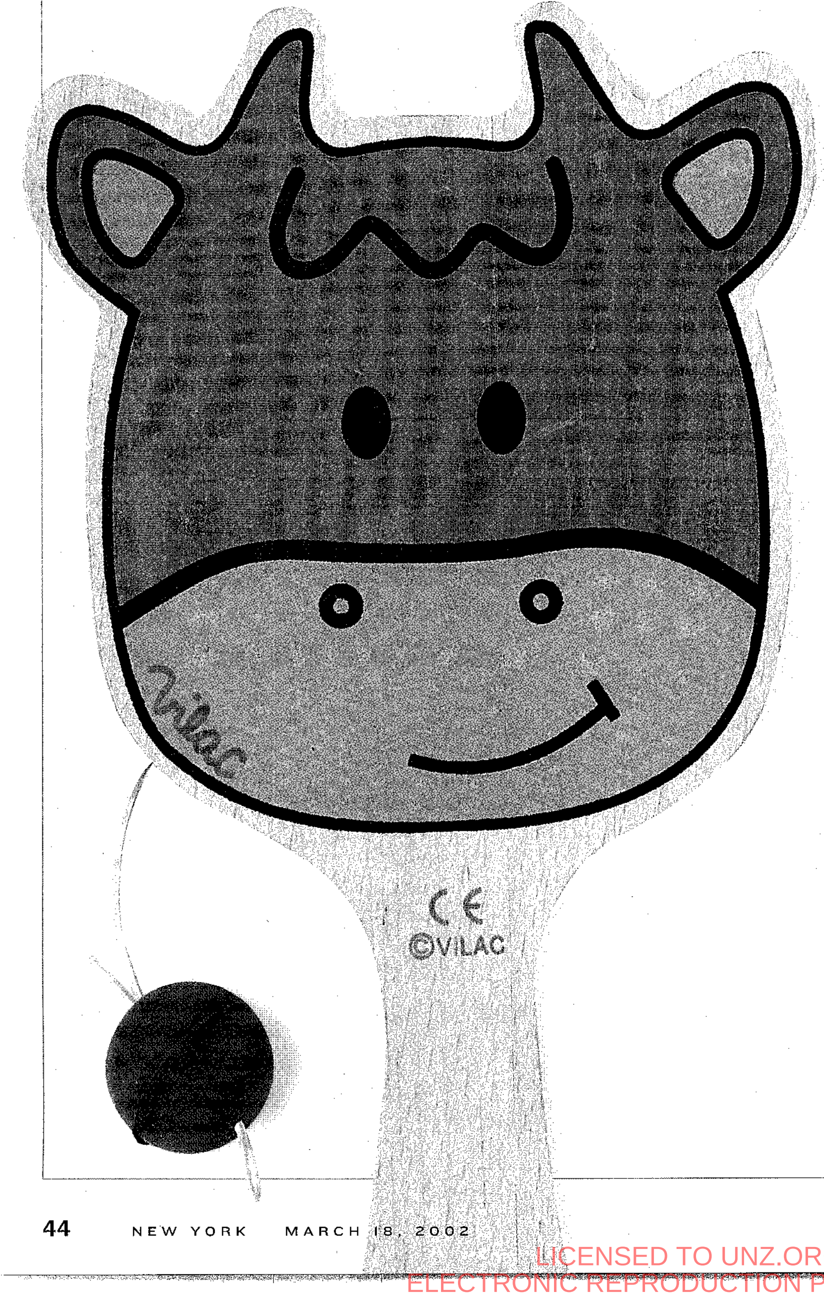
Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

Tap Class We're not sure if anyone can actually master the art of this paddleball game (officially called "tap tap"), but it sure is fun trying. Especially when the paddles feature cute little pigs, cows, or cats ($4).

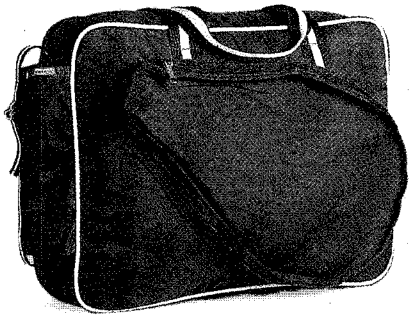
► **SHOOFLY**
42 Hudson Street/212-406-3270

► **WEST SIDE KIDS**
498 Amsterdam Avenue, near 84th Street/877-975-1024



Cotton Picking Charles P. Rogers is known for those iconic iron beds, but the 150-year-old company's new sheet collection could be the best deal in town. There are eight patterns, all made of silky-smooth 450-thread-count Egyptian cotton, available either à la carte or in queen or king sets, which include a duvet cover, flat and fitted sheets, two pillow shams, and two pillow cases (queen set, $399; king set, $499).

► **CHARLES P. ROGERS**
55 West 17th Street/212-675-4400



The Ball's in Your Court Time to start practicing if you want to show off your backhand this summer. LeSportsac's new tennis tote is a light nylon bag with separate sections for your racquet and balls—and plenty of room for the all-important outfit. Available in solid navy, black, or red, and tan plaid ($148).

► **LESPORTSAC**
1065 Madison Avenue, near
81st Street/212-988-6200

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC PIASECKI

Picture Perfect Over the i-Zone? Check out the Mio—Polaroid's latest camera. The Mio takes business-card-size pictures and has a dual-zone telescoping lens as well as the usual features. Film is sold separately ($79).

► **B&H PHOTO**
420 Ninth Avenue, at 33rd Street
212-444-5000

► **WOLF CAMERA**
2400 Broadway, at 88th Street
212-877-8760
1191 Third Avenue, at 69th Street
212-535-3189

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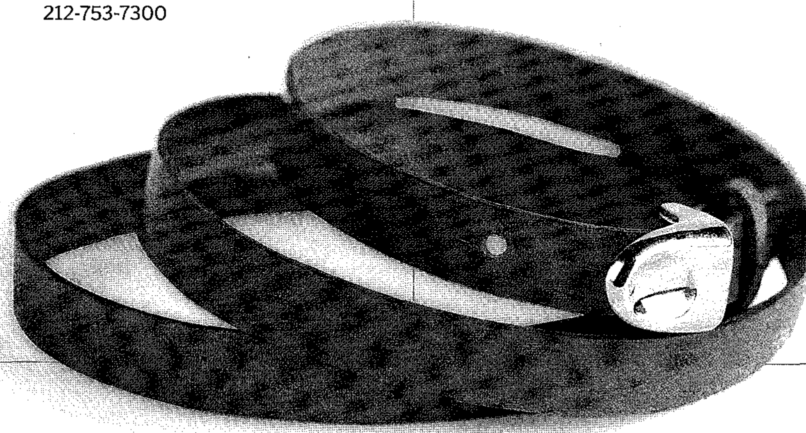
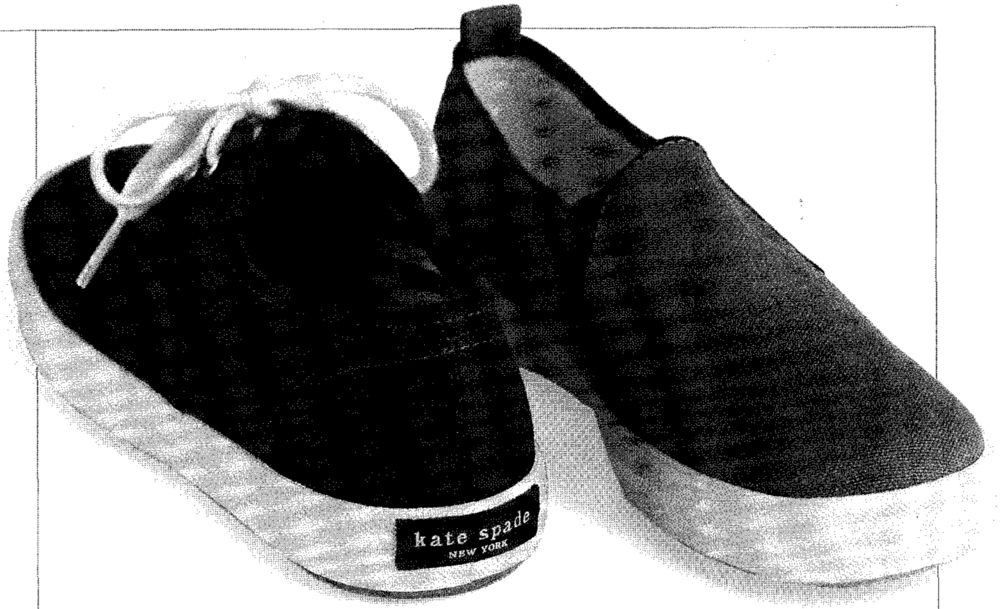
It's a Wrap Colette Malouf's newest introduction is a sexy, two-in-one accessory. The long strip of leather wraps around your wrist as a bracelet or around your neck as a choker. In black or brown leather, with sterling-silver clasp ($100).

► **BERGDORF GOODMAN**
754 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street
212-753-7300





Sneak Preview You can never have too many tennies, especially when they're as stylish as these, by Kate Spade. Wear them with skirts, pants, Capris, or on the beach with a bikini. They're available in slip-on or lace-up styles, in green, blue, and white ($49).

► **KATE SPADE**
454 Broome Street/212-274-1991

Tiny Ties Burberry's new SoHo store is filled with tempting treats, including the cutest baby-swimwear line in town. There are two-piece (shown, $70) and one-piece ($75) versions, available in green, blue, orange, yellow, and red, all trimmed in the company's signature plaid. In sizes for ages 3 months to 2 years.

► **BURBERRY**
131-133 Spring Street
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Sales&Bargains

Gypsy Queen

Rich hippie? Forget it—real hipsters know that spring's grooviest schmattes can be had for a song.

THE CITY'S YOUNG AND stylish are getting dressed for spring, and what they're putting on is a flirty-boho, rich-hippie look: peasant blouses and long skirts, dangly earrings and woven sandals. You could blow big bucks on the season's best (say, an embroidered Ukrainian-style top at Miu Miu), or you could take a walk through the East Village's ethnic shops. You'll come home looking like a hippie and save enough to at least dream about the rich part.

First stop is **Surma: The Ukrainian Shop** (11 E. 7th St.; 212-477-0729). The selection of peasant tops is absolutely unrivaled: There are versions with delicate lace panels on the arm, and others with intricate bloodred embroidery on the front. They all have drawstring necks and loose, flattering shapes, and prices start at $75.

For another take on the peasant blouse, Try **Dö Kham** (51 Prince St.; 212-966-2404). Here, the blouses ($25–$35) are more Indian in style, with a four-button placard and a flurry of white embroidery down the front, in every possible color.

For dangly earrings, try **Himalayan Visions** (for locations, call 212-254-1952), which has three shops (two in the East Village and one in SoHo). There are the ever-popular chandelier styles, as well as enamel versions that are embellished with bits of turquoise (another hot trend this season) and other stones ($25–$45). And check out their selection of brightly colored shantung-silk separates.

For footwear, espadrilles—those inexpensive French shoes with the rope soles that swell up in the rain—are making a major comeback this season. Head to **French General** on Crosby Street (35 Crosby Street; 212-343-7474). Remember—this is the nation that deified Jim Morrison.

And the last stop? Not ethnic at all. Swing by Virgin Records and look for NICE PRICE stickers on Joan Baez albums.

AMY LAROCCA

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PASSANTINO.

Picks of the Week

Todd Hase's modern furniture and lighting is 50 to 75 percent off ($250–$1,500). 261 Spring St. (212-334-3568); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sun. 10–6; 3/14–3/17.

Barkley's stylish leather doggy coats and sweaters are half off ($20–$179.50). 215 E. 76th St. (212-734-9373); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. noon–6; through 3/31.

Tiecrafters is shaving 20 percent off its tie-cleaning services. It used to cost $30 for four ties; now it's $24. 252 W. 29th St. (212-629-5800); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5, Sat. 10–2; 3/11–3/22.

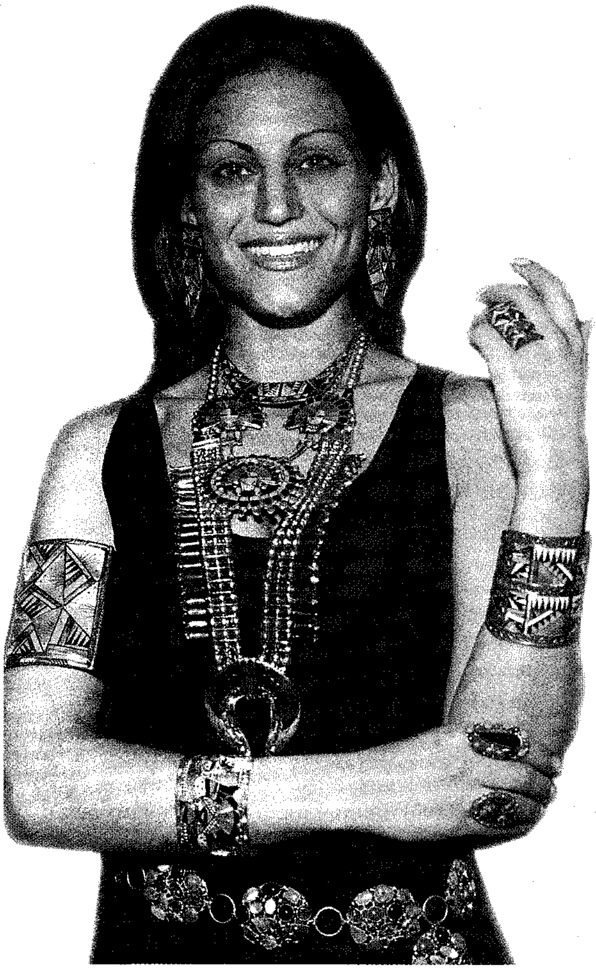
French Connection's and **Nicole Farhi**'s sleek urban basics are up to 70 percent off ($25–$350). 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St., second fl. (212-221-3157); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 11–7, Fri. 9:30–6:30; 3/11–3/15.

Tracy Feith's hip downtown-girl dresses, shoes, and blouses are up to 75 percent off ($15–$130, with an extra 50 percent off during the last 90 minutes of the sale on Saturday). 443 Broadway, near Grand St., Suite 2A (212-966-6390); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 10–6; 3/15–3/16.

Industries Stationery has colorful paper goods from past seasons for up to half off ($2–$35). 136 W. 17th St. (212-620-0300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. noon–7, Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; through 3/24.

Vanessa Noel's chic, preppy women's shoes as well as her fab bridal styles are at least 60 percent off ($50–$150). 158 E. 64th St. (212-906-0054); A.E., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–5; 3/11–3/14. ■

Sign up! We'll e-mail you a new Best Bet and sale alert daily. Go to nymetro.com/signup.



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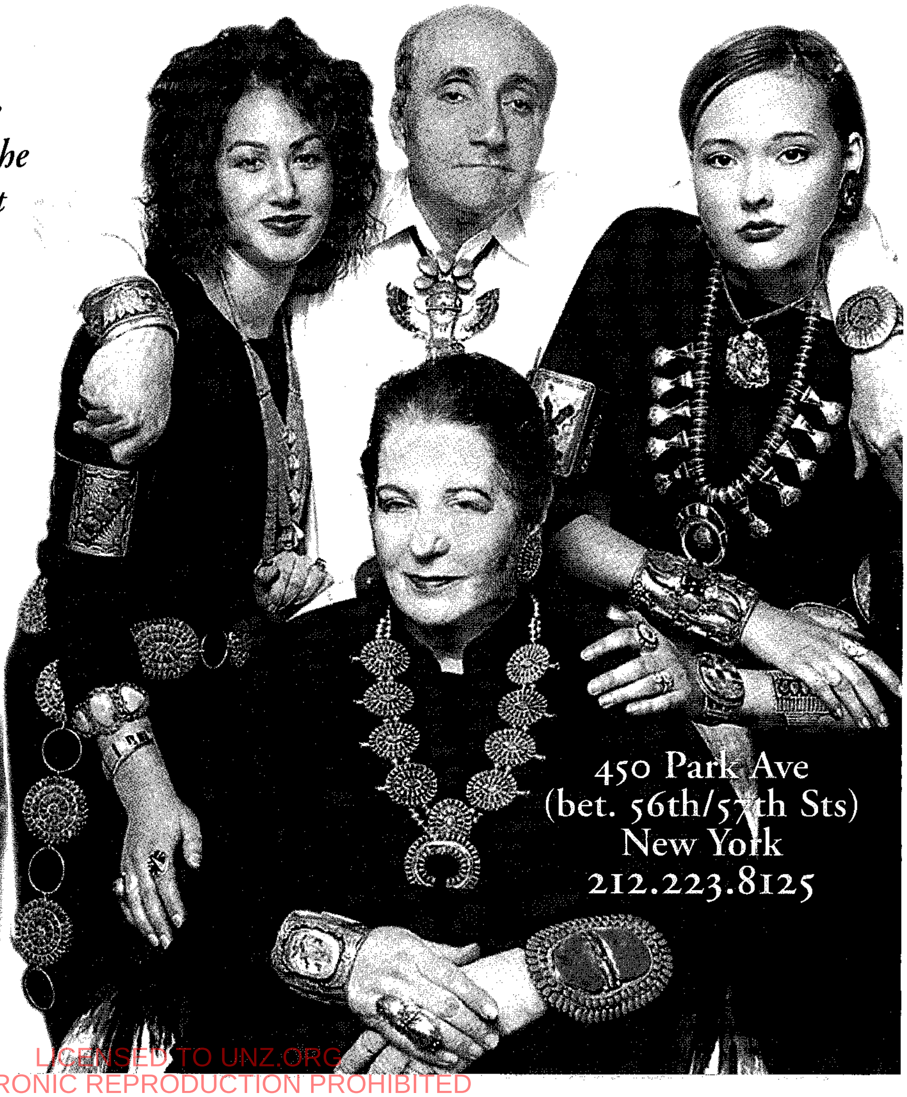
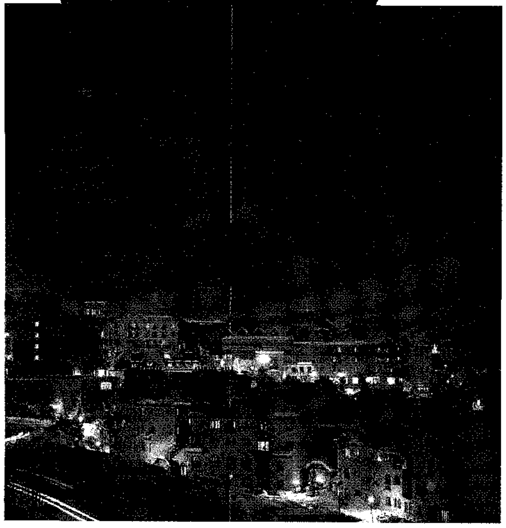


450 Park Ave
(bet. 56th/57th Sts)
New York
212.223.8125

Travel

TARA MANDY



Spring Flings

Despite the Northeast's mild winter, David Dillon, president of the Vermont Ski Areas Association, insists spring skiing in his parts is still an option: "Ninety-five percent of Vermont's trails are open, and we have high hopes for conditions in March." But if you'd rather head west, where you *know* there'll be fine snow even in April, bargains are plentiful: The Pines Lodge at Beaver Creek is offering 50 percent off rooms when you stay at least two nights in April (call 800-404-3535), and Vail's "Mountain Madness" package includes four nights' lodging, a three-day lift ticket, and dinner at either the Wildflower or Larkspur, starting at $399 per person (April 1 to 14; 800-404-3535). "Spring Fling" at Telluride features five nights' lodging and a four-day pass for $384 per person (April 1 to 7; 866-287-5016).

DEAL OF THE WEEK

Next month marks the opening of New York's latest Ritz-Carlton, located in the old St. Moritz building on Central Park South. An introductory rate of $425, down from $680, is available until September 8. *Mention this page,* and get a free room upgrade through the end of May (800-241-3333).

Some Like It Boîte

Traditionally, Parisian nightclubbers have never been as addicted to novelty as New Yorkers or Londoners. Paris's hottest club, Barrio Latino, has been around since 1999—practically a lifetime in club years. But the long drought is apparently over. Pink Platinum, the city's first traditional strip club (meaning no cabaret but plenty of lap dances), just opened in January, and the red velvet lounge is catering not to loudmouth suits on expense accounts but to chic Parisian couples in search of something new (49–51 Rue di Ponthieu; 011-33-158-361-920). Another trendy nightclub, Nirvana, is set to open on March 6 (3 Avenue Matignon; 011-33-153-891-891), and in May, Edouard Corbière and Thierry Bégué, co-owner of Buddha Bar, Barfly, and Barrio Latino, are opening a yet-to-be-named 16,000-square-foot restaurant and bar whose on-site wine caves and attention-getting décor should breathe some life into the sleepy 12th Arrondissement.

Traveling Light

The future of those airport VIP check-ins may be uncertain, but there are other ways to avoid the long lines. Hotels cite a recent influx of luggage-shipping requests: Jeff Klein of New York's City Club Hotel says he had to build a new room to hold all the incoming baggage from FedEx, UPS, and Mail Boxes Etc., while luggage-transport specialist Virtual Bellhop reports that its past few months were the busiest in the company's four-year history. Many travelers are even leaving their bags with hotels for future visits: The Regent Wall Street invites guests to store anything from Pilates equipment to humidors; and a W Union Square regular leaves her Yorkie's Burberry coat. At select Ritz-Carltons (including Philadelphia and Washington, D.C.), the staff will pack your belongings, store them while you're away, and then get it all back into your room before you check in for your next stay. New York's Four Seasons, which also stores full wardrobes, is equally accommodating to guests who've lost their bags entirely: Hapless travelers with missing or delayed luggage will soon have exclusive, round-the-clock access to Bergdorf Goodman. BETSY GOLDBERG

etc.

ICED TEE If next week's Drambuie World Ice Golf Championship in Greenland (pictured) seems a bit too extreme, consider kicking back (on the cheap) at the brand-new Ritz-Carlton Golf Resort in Naples, Florida: From May 19 to September 18, $159 a night buys you a deluxe room and two eighteen-hole rounds on the resort's Greg Norman–designed course (941-598-3300). **BREAKING THE SAUNA BARRIER** On March 25, the Berkshires' Cranwell Resort and Golf Club debuts the largest resort spa in the Northeast, with sixteen treatment rooms and 30 services, plus an indoor lap pool and spa suites with fireplaces and saunas (800-272-6935). **HOLLYWOOD & FIND** Two new guides hit the stands in time for a spring trip to L.A. *Not for Tourists Guide to Los Angeles* ($18.95) provides detailed neighborhood maps and addresses for nearly every spot in the city, from hotels and restaurants to banks, post offices, shops, and bars. *L.A. First Class* ($16.95) highlights high-end services and entertainment. **HIGH STAKES** Next month, Mohegan Sun, Connecticut's sprawling casino-resort, completes its $1 billion expansion with the opening of a 1,200-room hotel on April 23 (rooms from $200; 888-777-7922).

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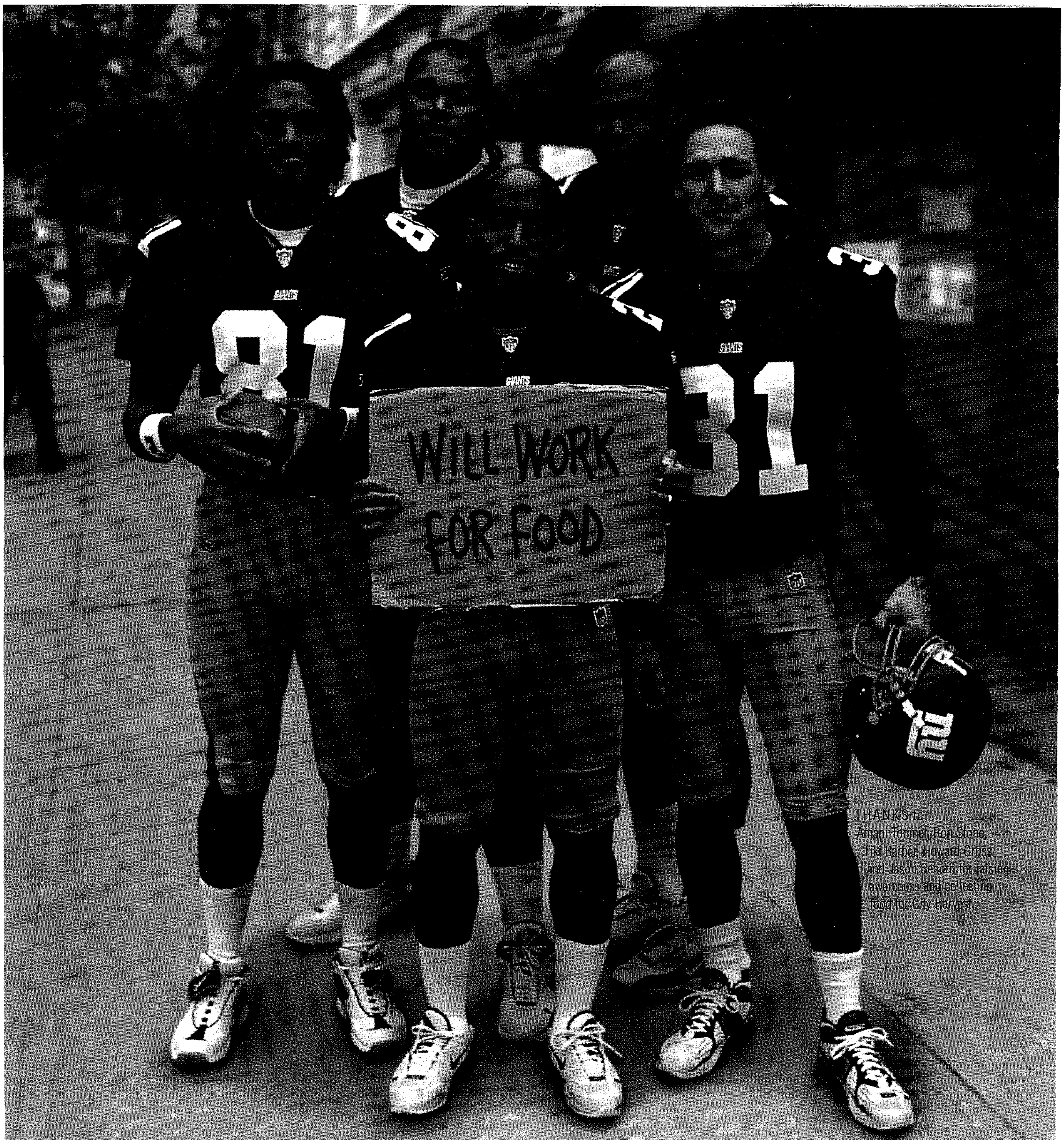

THANKS to
Amani Toomer, Ron Stone,
Tiki Barber, Howard Cross
and Jason Sehorn for raising
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THE GIANTS ARE WORKING WITH CITY HARVEST TO FIGHT HUNGER. YOU CAN TOO.

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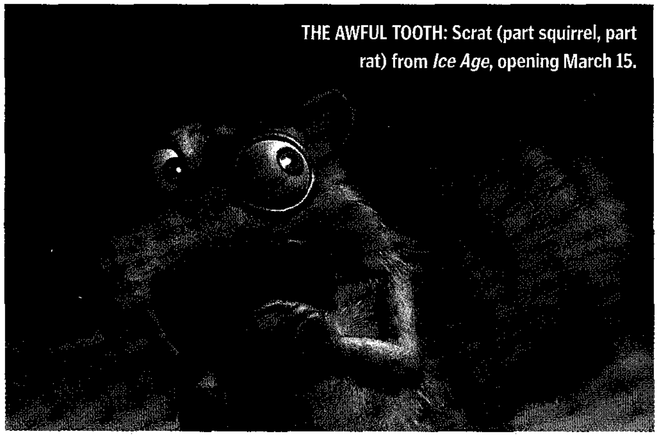
A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos


THE AWFUL TOOTH: Scrat (part squirrel, part rat) from *Ice Age*, opening March 15.

MOVIES

Ice Age

Jack Black, Ray Romano, John Leguizamo, and Denis Leary lend their voices to this animated tour de force, all about prehistoric saber-toothed squirrels, grumpy woolly mammoths, and slothful sloths—it's an unapologetic attempt to out-*Shrek* *Shrek*. **(Opens March 15; see listing, page 60.)**

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Frankenstein!!

Described as a "neo-gothic-pan-demonium," this deliciously macabre piece for voice and orchestra includes H. C. Artmann's creepy children's rhymes and music conducted by Sir Simon Rattle. It's still as fun and evil as it was in 1978. **(March 19 at Carnegie Hall; see listing, page 84.)**

THEATER

The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?

Animals, be they lizards (*Seascape*), dogs (*The Zoo Story*), or porcupines (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*), often show up somewhere in an Albee play, but usually not in quite so charged a role. His latest stars Bill Pullman as a successful architect who makes a confession to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) on his 50th birthday. And no, it's not "Our son is dead." **(See listing, page 68.)**

NIGHTLIFE

The Allman Brothers Band

Catering to the public's seemingly unquenchable thirst for whisky-soaked vocals, the notoriously psychedelic Allman Brothers Band will pack the Beacon Theatre with baby-boomer fans for a nine-night gig. Game for the evening: Keep track of how many mushroom-shaped temporary tats you spot. **(Starts March 14; see page 86.)**

BOOKS

Poker Nation

Andy Bellin, journalist and sometime player in the World Series of Poker, tells tales from the green baize in this engaging, funny portrait of the men and women—but mostly men, with names like Huck Seed and Amarillo Slim Preston—who live to win big. **(HarperCollins, $23.95; in bookstores now.)**

RESTAURANTS

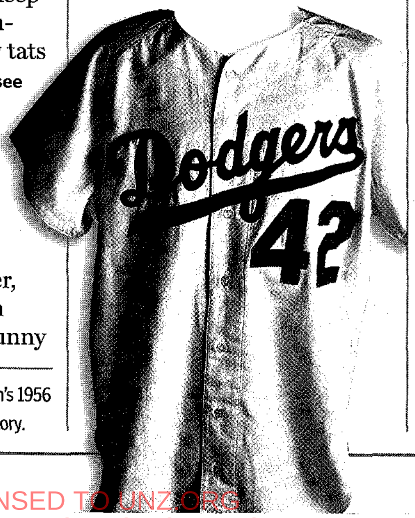
Estiatorio Milos

Owner Costas Spiliadis is once again throwing a Clean Monday celebration to mark the start of Greek Orthodox Lent. While no meat, butter, eggs, or cheese is permissible, the seafood's going to be flying thick and fast. Be brave and order the octopus, which is world-class. **(March 18; to order tickets, call 609 683-0800.)**

ART

Baseball as America

The Hall of Fame has lent 500 of its most precious artifacts to the American Museum of Natural History for this exhaustive exhibit—from vintage bats and mitts to Ebbets Field's cornerstone to the mythic Doubleday Ball from the first baseball game (maybe) in 1839. Best of all: "Shoeless" Joe Jackson's shoes. **(Begins March 16; see listing, page 73.)**



FLATBUSH'S FINEST: Jackie Robinson's 1956 jersey, at the Museum of Natural History.

TOP five

Sober St. Patrick's Day Activities

Seeing green is a lot better than feeling green, but staying straight doesn't have to mean opting out. Below, our St. Paddy's Day answers to First Night.

1. ***The Kings of the Kilburn High Road***

Gabriel Byrne helped bring Jimmy Murphy's dark play—five Irishmen mourn a friend at an English pub—from London, where it played to acclaim. **(Opens March 17; Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st Street; 212-757-3318.)**

2. **Irish New York Tour**

You can see Hell's Kitchen on your own. But historian Francis Morrone knows where Old St. Patrick's Cathedral is (Mulberry Street), not to mention the long-gone Five Points and other Irish-culture hotbeds. **(March 17 at 11 A.M., 212-415-5500; $20.)**

3. **"Beyond the Blarney"**

Novelists Colm Tóibín and Emer Martin, the *Observer's* Terry Golway, and *Irish America* author Maureen Dezell try to smash a few stereotypes in a spirited panel. **(March 13 at 6:30 P.M., New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street; 212-930-0855; $10.)**

4. **One and One**

Former Tramps owner Terry Dunne's spot offers a special Irish breakfast packed with sausage and two puddings—don't think about it, just eat. For dinner, it's fish and chips, cabbage, and more. If your day isn't *completely* dry, this place is famous for a perfect Guinness. **(March 16 and 17, 76 East 1st Street; 212-598-9126.)**

5. **Film Fleadh**

The following weekend, this annual festival has documentaries about Shane McGowan and Father Mychal Judge, and a political movie made by a 13-year-old. **(March 21 through 24; NYU Cantor Center, 36 East 8th Street; 212-966-3030, extension 405; $7–$20.)**

BORIS KACHKA

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, COURTESY OF 20TH CENTURY FOX; BOTTOM, COURTESY OF NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

PETER RAINER

Mexican Express

Packed with erotic adventure, Alfonso Cuarón's arty Bill-and-Ted-style *road movie morphs into an emotional atlas of modern Mexico.*

MANIC IN MÉXICO: Gael García Bernal as Julio, Maribel Verdú as Luisa, and Diego Luna as Tenoch in *Y Tu Mamá También.*

ALFONSO CUARÓN'S **Y Tu Mamá También** (*And Your Mother Too*) is the funniest and most emotionally charged erotic road movie since Bertrand Blier's *Going Places*. Like that film, it's both ribald and lyrical; the sexual prankishness is enclosed in a continuum of alienation. Cuarón, who co-wrote the script with his brother Carlos, doesn't censor his imagination, and so the film has a wonderful let's-try-it-on quality ranging easily from sadness to slapstick and back again. We've all seen (or consciously avoided seeing) plenty of Hollywood comedies about horny teens, but the two Mexican 17-year-olds in this film, Tenoch (Diego Luna) and Julio (Gael García Bernal, of *Amores Perros*), are perhaps the freest and most closely observed of their species to ever grace the screen. *Y Tu Mamá También* is like a Bill-and-Ted movie made by a true artist, and this in itself is a great joke.

The son of a corrupt upper-class politician, Tenoch says he wants to be a writer, but in truth, he doesn't look or act much like one; he has the pinched face of a spoiled-brat scion. His best friend, Julio, the son of a single mom, is from a far more meager background. He moves wide-eyed through Tenoch's orbit, tickled by the erotic possibilities lying in wait for him in all this easy affluence. (In the class war, sex is the great leveler.) Left alone for the summer without their vacationing girlfriends, the boys practically jump out of their skins. They're in heat. Then Luisa (Maribel Verdú), the beautiful 28-year-old Spanish wife of a philandering cousin of Tenoch's, takes up their offer to drive with them to a secluded beach called Heaven's Mouth, which in fact does not exist. The boys made it up as a lure, and now they can't believe their luck. As the trio moves through the flat landscape of cows and peasants and fishermen and police, the wide-open spaces seem to both isolate them and expand their sense of play.

Y Tu Mamá También
Directed by Alfonso Cuarón; starring Diego Luna, Gael García Bernal, Maribel Verdú.
See Movies listings for details.

Cuarón captures the way a confining car trip can bring out a person's true mania. Cooped up, these three get high on the rarefied atmosphere. (They get high on other things, too.) Luisa is a dream princess to the boys, but she's also flagrantly slutty, and her duality makes them gaga. Tenoch and Julio (wonderfully played by Luna and Bernal) bounce off each other with the practiced ease of goofball comics, and they don't clean up their act for Luisa; on the contrary, they crank up their adolescent dirty-mindedness. What they don't quite comprehend is that she is using this road trip to unshackle herself. In one radiant scene, she awakes in the early morning and leaves the car to stride into the surf, and her sense of abandon, of liberation, is palpable. With her long, liquid face, Luisa has a sorrowing prettiness that gives the film a resonant undertow. After she makes the mistake of having sex with Tenoch and Julio, one at a time, she feels almost devoutly obligated to restore the balance between the friends she has inadvertently set against each other. She's the temptress as angel of mercy.

The dolorous note in this comedy comes through in the intermittent, omniscient voice-over narration filling us in on these people's lives and futures, as well as the lives of the people around them. (Godard and Truffaut did something similar in their films.) In his own digressive way, Cuarón is showing us the whole murmurous world of modern Mexico, and you get the feeling he could have taken off with any of the other people in this movie and created an odyssey that was equally mysterious and embracing. The trio in *Y Tu Mamá También* are seeking out a beach that does not exist, and yet they find it anyway. The vividness of the actual is the real magic in this movie. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

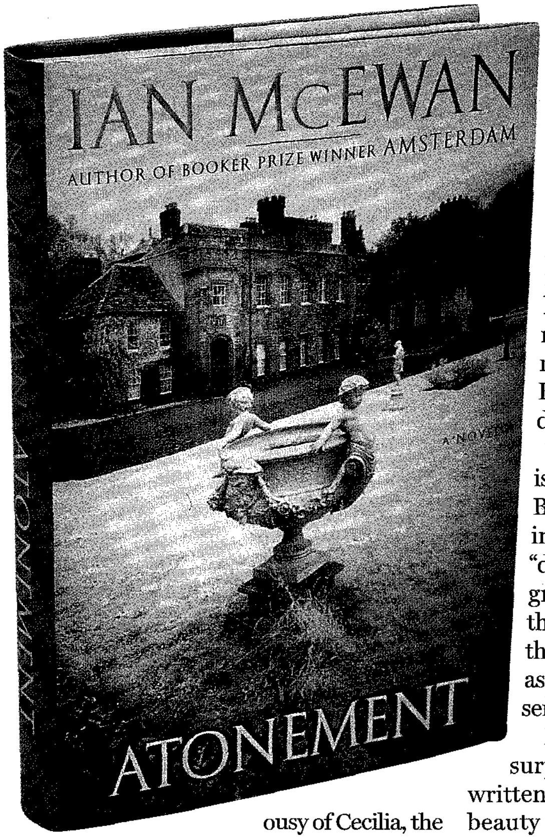
PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL DAZA.

Unforgiven

Ian McEwan unleashes a masterpiece of moral inquiry—a six-decade-spanning saga of false accusations, class conflict, and the intimate illusions of art.

IF YOU KNEW FOR A FACT THAT you'd ruined someone's life—two lives, really—how would you make amends? That's the question the stark title of Ian McEwan's beautiful and wrenching new novel refers to. **Atonement** is about a crime and its consequences over the course of six decades: In the mid-thirties, a precocious young girl with an overactive imagination helps to wrongly accuse an innocent man, and it is not until 1999 that she finds a kind of absolution. But this book, McEwan's grandest and most ambitious yet, is much more than the story of a single act of atonement.

In his compact and clockwork-precise earlier fictions, McEwan (whose previous novel *Amsterdam* won the Booker in 1998) liked to show how relationships and people can disintegrate in ways that manage to seem both shocking and inevitable. (*The Comfort of Strangers*, which became a film starring Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett, starts out with a holiday in Venice and ends with a murder.) The new book, too, begins innocuously enough, with a deceptive, Merchant-Ivory languidness. On the hottest day of 1935, the wealthy Tallis family—Emily, the migraine-prone matriarch, and her three children, Leon and Cecilia, both in their twenties, and 13-year-old Briony, the would-be writer—are preparing for houseguests. Among these are the children's cousins, the Quincey kids, whose parents are divorcing; a chocolate-magnate friend of Leon's named Paul Marshall, who goes on to become a war profiteer; and the Tallis children's oldest friend, Robbie Turner, the son of the family charwoman—a brilliant young man whose education the absent Tallis patriarch, Jack, has paid for. (Class is inevitably a big preoccupation here.) Briony has written a play, *The Trials of Arabella*, in honor of the occasion.



Atonement
By Ian McEwan.
Doubleday/Nan A. Talese;
368 pages; $26.

It never gets performed. Like small atmospheric disturbances, private tensions and agendas—the pubescent Briony's jealousy of Cecilia, the attention-starved 15-year-old Lola Quincey's burgeoning sexuality, Emily's subtle but deep-seated snobbery—come together to create the perfect narrative and moral storm. When, at the climax of the evening, a young girl is assaulted (or is she?), it's almost inevitable that the wrong man goes to jail—largely because of Briony's testimony, which has more to do with what she wants to be true than with what she knows to be true. The ongoing conflict between "the passing silliness" of our inner fantasies and "the hard mass of the actual" is a major theme in this novel, which is as much about the nature of fiction as it is about the nature of guilt. (Briony is meant to represent literature; no accident, then, that her victim is someone who has given up studying literature for a career in medicine—someone who naïvely believes in facts.)

In what follows, McEwan shows how accidents of history can elevate private shame and error to the world-historical plane. In the second part, the man Briony condemns ends up as a soldier who takes part in the British Army's botched retreat at Dunkirk in 1940 (his undeserved fate largely determined by the fact that he's not an officer, thanks to his prison record); in the third, a guilt-ridden Briony becomes a nurse in a London hospital during the Blitz.

But McEwan is too good a novelist, and too subtle a moralist, to let Briony off that easily; if anything, the information that Briony has been "delivered from introspection" by the grueling hospital routine suggests that her real atonement won't take the form of anything as mundane, or as easy, as hard physical labor in the service of the less fortunate.

It isn't, in fact, until you get to the surprising coda of this ravishingly written book that you begin to see the beauty of McEwan's design—and the meaning of his title. In 1999, Briony, a well-known author, returns to her childhood home for a family reunion. The climax of this occasion is the premiere, after so many years, of *The Trials of Arabella*—whose plot, you now realize, influenced the confused girl's long-ago betrayal. But if fiction can destroy, it can also redeem. This is made clear by another piece of "creative" writing that you discover at the end of this book, one that combines truth and fiction in a way that is both shocking and satisfying; I can't reveal what this is, but trust me, *Atonement*'s postmodern surprise ending is the perfect close to a book that explores, with beauty and rigor, the power of art and the limits of forgiveness. Briony Tallis may need to atone, but Ian McEwan has nothing to apologize for. ■

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/mendelsohn.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIZ STEGER.

Regional Dishes

One Mo' Time joyously replicates a swinging New Orleans vaudeville, circa 1926; Liam Neeson and Laura Linney lead a *Crucible* revival as chill as a New England spring.

IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING THAT the spunky Off Broadway musical **One Mo' Time**, given its title, should reappear, this time on Broadway. More surprising is that Vernel Bagneris—its writer, director, and male star—should not have aged a whit in 23 years. As ageless as the show, he still has the same rubber legs, serpentine body, conspiratorial grin, and laid-way-back delivery. He plays Papa Du, beleaguered manager of a tiny traveling troupe of entertainers appearing in 1926 at New Orleans's Lyric Theatre, home of black vaudeville.

The plot is pretty makeshift, but it allows Papa Du and three singing actresses—young and frisky Thelma; middle-aged and savvy Ma Reed; oldish, tubby, and supremely sassy Bertha—to trade wisecracks and insults, sometimes involving the despotic white theater owner (Wally Dunn). But it is mostly about performance by a blissfully explosive five-piece band, and four canny actor-vocalists—Rosalind Brown, B. J. Crosby, Roz Ryan, and the ever-nimble Bagneris. They all delight.

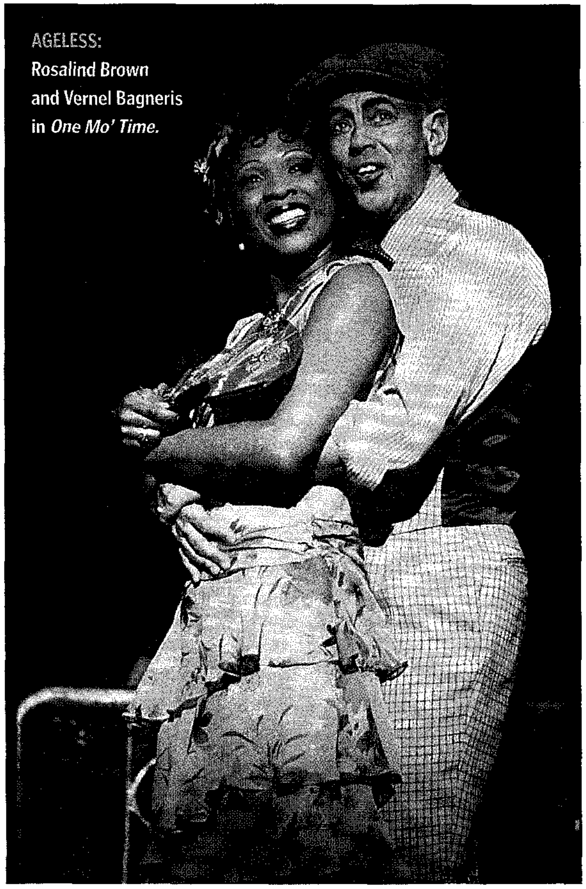
One Mo' Time
Staged by Vernel Bagneris.

The Crucible
Revival of the play by Arthur Miller, starring Liam Neeson and Laura Linney.

The Dazzle
New play by Richard Greenberg.

The Last Five Years
Musical by Jason Robert Brown, staged by Daisy Prince.

The show was created by Bagneris and the Norwegian jazz expert Lars Edegran, who together chose and arranged the funny, wistful, sexy, or rousing musical numbers, ranging from the justly famous to the deservedly rediscovered. It now has further expert input from Orange Kellin, clarinetist and band leader, for musical arrangements; Topsy Chapman for vocal arrangements; Eddie D. Robinson for choreography; Toni Leslie-James for costumes; and several no-less-deft others. Simply put, this is the most engaging new-old musical on Broadway. Its ecstatic audience participation can be matched only by *Mamma Mia!*, but there with much less justifiable material.



AGELESS: Rosalind Brown and Vernel Bagneris in *One Mo' Time*.

AS LONG AS IT IS TAKEN AS historical melodrama, **The Crucible** strikes me as Arthur Miller's best play. But when viewed, as intended, as an allegory of McCarthyism and exaltation of the author's heroic alter ego, it is on shakier ground. As many have noted, communists, unlike witches, did exist; and Miller, who refused to name names, was in no danger of hanging. Language, never a Miller forte, is particularly troubling here: modern, but with a light dusting of archaism, which rings artificial.

Though the play moves inexorably forward, it has just enough shrewd twists, and it gets here a generally cogent revival, with imposing sets and persuasive costumes by Tim Hatley, and stark lighting by Paul Gallo. Liam Neeson gives one of his dependably rock-solid performances (can this actor play anything but rock-solid?) as John Proctor, and Laura Linney is fine as his tormented wife. As the screaming Abigail, Angela Bettis scores for nastiness, but not for the also required sexiness. Tom Aldredge is the essence of New England crustiness as Giles Corey, Christopher Evan Welch is exemplarily spineless as Reverend Parris, and Helen Stenborg is an idiomatic Rebecca Nurse. Jennifer Carpenter dithers aptly as the tergiversating Mary Warren.

John Benjamin Hickey might make Reverend Hale's transformation a bit less sudden, and Brian Murray is a trifle too British as Deputy Governor Danforth. The rest of the large cast stand their ground. There is a final coup de théâtre that strikes me as needlessly flashy; otherwise, Richard Eyre has directed tautly. Why, then, was the highly imperfect 1996 movie version nevertheless more moving?

ADMITTING THAT HE KNOWS "ALMOST NOTHING" about the Collyer brothers, Richard Greenberg has in **The Dazzle** reinvented the lives of these legendary pack rats in a way that sheds no light on their bizarre story. The few known facts are far more dramatic than this spurious dramatization. Nothing here explains why the brothers Langley *(Continued on page 89)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL ROSEGG.

ART MARK STEVENS

Irony Lives

This year's polite, eclectic Whitney Biennial—featuring less painting than ever—demonstrates that those post–September 11 reports of the death of irony were greatly exaggerated.

AT EVERY **Whitney Biennial**, I think of the poet Randall Jarrell's waspish definition of the novel: a work in prose of a certain length that has something wrong with it. And yet if it's inevitable that the Biennial "has something wrong with it"—and we would be strangely disappointed if it did not—the exhibition regularly displays certain prosy virtues. Every two years, the Biennial, like a novel of manners, holds up a mirror to the fashionable subjects, approaches, and attitudes of its day.

The 2002 model carries on this tradition. Organized by a team led by the Whitney's new curator of contemporary art, Lawrence Rinder, the show includes work by 113 artists and collaborative groups from across the country. It fills three floors of the museum; five of the artists have pieces in Central Park. Many forms of contemporary art are on display—notably, extensive collections of Internet-based work and sound and performance art. While browsing through the galleries, you will come upon flickering TV and computer monitors; hear various whines, buzzes, and snatches of music; and walk into rooms where something, you know not what, awaits.

MIX AND MATCH: Julie Moos's *Friends and Enemies, Will & Trey.*

My overall impression was one of fluency—of artists in comfortable command of certain prevalent ideas of the moment. Foremost among these ideas is the conviction that artists should cross-fertilize their work; they should mix and match elements of high and low culture, juggle historical periods, and combine different forms, genres, and technologies. Their lens is wide-angle and absurdist; they relish a mongrel vitality. For example, Luis Gispert depicts cheerleaders (of various ethnicities) in poses that evoke many sources, from Bernini to Buffy the Vampire Slayer; he also makes objects that he calls "a mix of ghetto style and Danish modern design." Using a computer to help with the three-dimensional-design process, Robert Lazzarini can stretch the perspective of a familiar object—a New York City pay phone—until it resembles a sharply planed work of high-modern abstract sculpture. In another era, many of these artists would have been landscape painters. Today, their "landscape" is not mountains, valleys, and towns but the cacophonous environment of pop culture and its efflorescent media.

2002 Biennial
At the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 5/26.
See Art listings for details.

Finding a perspective point in the mishmash of modern American society is not easy. Many young artists choose to focus their art with ethnic facts. On the outskirts of San Juan, where luxury beachfront development is displacing the local population, Javier Cambre has cut into two pieces a shack that sells food and then brought one half to the Whitney. He then rejiggered it to echo both the museum's eccentric modernist window and his childhood bedroom. The result evokes what the catalogue calls "the persistence of memory in dislocated space." One of the wittier works in the show—witty because it plays against expectations—is a collaboration by Sanford Biggers and Jennifer Zackin that contrasts home movies from middle-class Jewish and African-American families; they are almost equally dull, suggesting that class is becoming more important than race in modern America.

For many artists, the childlike provides another focal point. Some use cartoonish imagery and the props of childhood, such as skateboards or crayons; frequently, their art has a slapdash, homemade air. Critics have often complained—rightly—about the infantilism of contemporary art. However, the better work does more than just reflect some larger regression in American society: It lampoons or darkens the cartoon. Raised on the mother's milk of the media, some class clowns know exactly how to satirize the phony gravitas and absurd cadences of the talking heads on the tube. Others take the childishness to a tantrumlike extreme. In almost daily performances in a sequestered room over four years, Hirsch Perlman has endlessly built, destroyed, and rebuilt crude figures made from the same duct tape and trashy cardboard packing materials—creating what the catalogue calls "a grotesque apotheosis of the archetypal Romantic artist: tortured, alone, and struggling with the brute materials of his craft." The other side of this messy childishness is the obsession that many artists here have with techno-toys, contraptions, and special effects. In much Internet art, you can create make-believe worlds with mouse play.

Compared with some models, the 2002 has few rough edges. Nothing disgusting or outrageous is on display. There is no

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART.

confrontational gender-bending, no disturbing exploration of the sexual margins, no furious political attacks on the power structure of Western society or arcane meditations on the aesthetics of deconstruction. Some critics may blame Rinder for assembling too polite a show, but his selection more likely reflects the general lowering of art's temperature. Despite the new technological means, artists today are mostly elaborating upon the known rather than making particularly original work. (In the catalogue, Rinder himself wonders what effect September 11 will have on the sensibility of the time, the implication being that it may well transform the scene.) The most surprising absence in the show is that of painting: It's hardly there at all. In fact, paintings do not live well with the kind of all-over-the-place art that Rinder specializes in. However, if the Whitney is going to snub painting in its Biennials, then it has the responsibility occasionally to survey contemporary painting in other shows, perhaps using its light-filled galleries on the top floor. The institution could even divide the contemporary job, hiring a curator of contemporary painting and a curator of—what would you call it? Contemporary eclectics?

A survey like the Biennial invites generalizations but comes to life only in the details. The works have been thoughtfully juxtaposed in Rinder's spacious installation, which helps create some unexpected connections. There are a surprising number of visionary works, for example, although irony remains important. Using a darkened and spotlit stage, Christian Marclay has replaced musicians with their instruments, which seem to have come to life: A guitar bends its neck, an accordion ripples like a snake, and a drum set is climbing the stairway to heaven. On a white table, Anne Wilson has fashioned a landscape of pins and delicately cut pieces of dainty black lace that simultaneously evoke town and country, the astral and the microscopic, old-fashioned reserve and fiber-optic zip. Not far away are the lacy spiderwebs of Vija Celmins, another world entirely unto themselves. And within steps of each other are Lauretta Vinciarelli's radiant watercolors of geometric forms, which create an architecture of light, and Stephen Dean's swirling images of ecstatic worshipers at the festival of Holi in Uttar Pradesh, India. The last two offer a particularly striking juxtaposition, one rarely found in contemporary art—Apollo, meet Dionysus. ■

Mark Stevens's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/stevens.

Television | John Leonard

- **The Shield** (MARCH 12; 10 TO 11 P.M.; FX), a new cable series in which *Homicide* meets *Dirty Harry*, stars Michael Chiklis as an L.A. cop so corrupt that he guns down a member of his own strike team, CCH Pounder as a detective who's seen it all and wishes she hadn't, Walton Goggins, Catherine Dent, Kenneth Johnson, Benito Martinez, nudity, profanity, and pedophilia. Darker than Wambaugh and bluer and meaner than Bochco.

- **Guilt by Association** (March 13; 9 to 11 P.M.; Court TV) is a well-done agitprop TV movie in which jail time for Mercedes Ruehl, whose boyfriend, Alex Carter, was dealing drugs, is used to argue the case against mandatory minimum sentences imposed on everybody in the vicinity of a crime by judges whose discretion was taken away from them in 1986. Also featuring Alberta Watson.

- **Eugene O'Neill: A Haunted Life** (March 16; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) talks to Edward Albee, John Guare, Gabriel Byrne, Zoe Caldwell, Sidney Lumet, and Robert Brustein about the playwright as an abusive personality, not to mention his failed father, morphine-addicted mother, alcoholic brother, and other bad news from the nightmare past.

- **The Believer** (March 17; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) is the exceedingly unpleasant true story of a yeshiva student (Ryan Gosling) who becomes a neo-Nazi skinhead for reasons of self-loathing not even his reactionary mentors in the hate biz (Theresa Russell and Billy Zane) can fathom. A Grand Jury Prize winner at Sundance 2001, and not for the faint of heart.

- **The Execution of Wanda Jean** (March 17; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; HBO) spends three months among the lawyers, family, and friends of a mentally retarded young black woman who, after twelve years on death row in an Oklahoma prison, is executed by lethal injection. That she had been brain-damaged in a car accident when she was a child never came up at her trial and failed to impress her Pardon and Parole Board, which hasn't granted clemency in a single criminal case since 1976. ■

Classical Music | Peter G. Davis

Francesco Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur*

Opera Orchestra of New York at Carnegie Hall

IT PROMISED TO BE AN EVENING THAT OPERA fans hunger for and seldom get these days: a gut-churning verismo Italian opera sung by a cast prepared to savor every juicy tune and heated situation. Yes, conductor Eve Queler and her **Opera Orchestra of New York** were again spreading joy among the faithful in Carnegie Hall, this time with a centennial anniversary performance of Francesco Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur*, a work invariably trashed by superior critics but adored by all true opera lovers.

The title role has long been coveted by sopranos of a certain age, from the sublime (Magda Olivero, the composer's own favorite) to the improbable (Joan Sutherland). Opera Orchestra's diva was Aprile Millo, whose attempts to adopt the grand manner of her legendary predecessors have had only fitful success over the years but who has survived long enough to become something of a cult figure. It's been a while since Millo has had such a prominent New York showcase, and she was determined to make the most of it. Her voice sounded rested and confident as she struck all the studied poses appropriate for a Comédie Française actress poisoned by a jealous rival, and the crowd went wild.

Even so, this veteran *Adriana* enthusiast was not convinced. Millo's utilitarian soprano has never had much individual color or profile, and her singing lacked expressive variety and depth. No doubt her efforts to preserve past vocal traditions are sincere, but the gestures seemed pasted-on rather than truly felt, fatal in an opera where a passionate belief in every melodramatic moment is crucial. And why Millo, a striking woman, would present herself, in this of all operas, looking like Shirley Booth as Hazel the TV maid dressed for her night out is beyond me.

No, the evening's real vocal excitement came from other voices. Marcello Giordani is sounding more and more like the Italian tenor we've been waiting for, and his Maurizio was as ringing and ardently phrased as any I've heard in the role, including Franco Corelli. As the evil Princess of Bouillon, Dolora Zajick rattled the rafters to thrilling effect, and Anooshah Golesorkhi was a welcome calming presence as Adriana's gentle mentor, Michonnet. ■

Hop to Trot

Theo's room is chic—the crowd is tony and talky—but don't get up to table-hop. At this downtown spot, food will keep you happily sitting in front of your plate.

THOSE REALITY SHOWS DON'T scare me. Looking for someone to skin a mongoose, make a love seat out of teak branches and a wild duck, referee a *Real World* house meeting about bathroom privileges? I'm your man. Just don't trap me in a restaurant where everyone table-hops. Adults rarely exhibit more insecurity than when running from table to table, ignoring those they came with in hopes of winning a popularity contest with no grand prize. Of course, there's nothing wrong with acknowledging acquaintances with an air kiss and an inquiry into one's health. But before asking everyone to shove over, ask yourself: "How come I wasn't invited in the first place?" Dying to dish with someone? Call tomorrow and make plans to sit at the same table real soon. Now go back to your own.

BABY GENIUSES: The tiny desserts-in-a-cup from Theo.

And nowhere is table-hopping worse than at a restaurant opening, those suicide missions at which one of the most fragile of service enterprises—a new eatery—is launched by inviting people to pass judgment on a kitchen and wait staff greener than steamed broccoli. Did Susan Stroman invite critics to *The Producers'* dress rehearsal? Of course not. So how did I find myself attending the opening of **Theo**?

Aglow with curved vanilla and caramel walls, the two-month-old bistro hardly looked like hell with banquettes. In fact, Frederique Gormand's design is seductive yet uncomplicated, minimal without the usual boutique-hotel chill. The low-wattage lighting is flattering, the sound level buoyant but bearable. The room does, however, have one big design flaw: An ill-defined waiting area causes unseated arrivals to cluster 'round the central revolving door like passengers waiting for their luggage. Pushing my way in, I found myself breaking up a waiting party of four.

Theo
325 Spring Street
(212-414-1344).

Well, at least they weren't likely to bop over to my table and pull up a chair. Astonishingly, neither did anyone else—and there were seven other people at my table. Had the seats been piped in Velcro? Or could owners Jonathan Morr and Jenny Yip have used their expertise, honed at Republic and BondSt, to curate a clientele that actually *likes* the company they keep? Could it also be that the food being presented was too appealing to walk away from?

Chef Spencer Black's dishes are as ingenious as they are reasonably priced, and his kitchen gets more consistent and confident with each subsequent visit. Duck rillettes slather on bread like chunky peanut butter but have the rough grandeur of confit. Tingly, minted eggplant, spread on flatbread, must be passed around the table regardless of who ordered it. Grilled calamari are skewered like shish kebabs, with densely flavorful cherry tomatoes. Mussels acquire earthiness from chunks of chorizo and an un-shy garlic-and-wine broth. But even if thinness is a deliberate choice, mushroom soup winds up an uncommanding broth.

I deliberately hoarded my beautifully sautéed duck breast and truffled mash. I tried to muffle the wonderful crackle of arctic char adorned with crunchy baby leeks. But others at my table caught on, and the dishes went sailing away. Though chicken breasts sport a lovely *jus*, they need to get out of the oven sooner. Someone is being stingy with the spices for the lamb shank, and veal Milanese seems like an interloper from another menu. But for red-meat lovers, the osso buco and the aged strip sirloin are true pleasers, the latter even more impressive for the price ($24.50). And liver with glazed onions and apples will be what picks me up when March gets me run-down.

Spencer Black has got it cooking! However, pastry chef Sonia El-Nawal is my new goddess. Her desserts are thirteen different, itsy cups of instant happiness. Three layers deep, four bucks a shot, with names like Pear Up, Lemon Lightning, Hot Chocolate, Coffee Bliss. Not a clunker in the bunch. Order a few. I intend to feast on every one till I'm sick of them. So I could be spending too many nights at Theo to attend any future restaurant openings. But should you catch sight of me table-hopping, don't alert "Page Six." I'm no hypocrite. It's because someone I know just ordered a cup of Coffee Bliss. ■

Theo, Sunday through Thursday, 6 P.M. till midnight; Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. Appetizers, $6.50 to $9.75; entrées, $16.75 to $24.50. All major credit cards.

Hal Rubenstein's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/restaurants.

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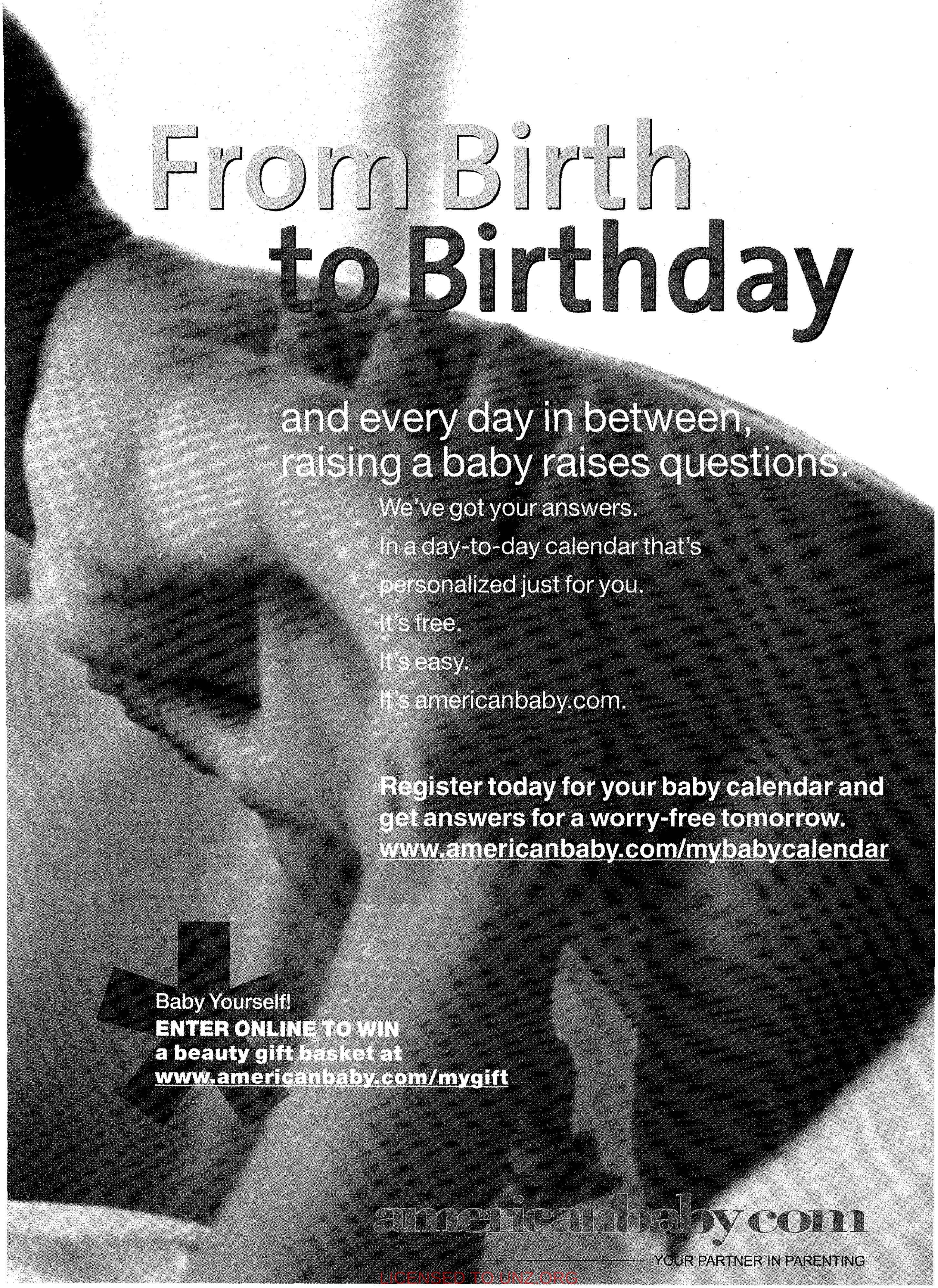
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.



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Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEWTHISWEEK

Harrison's Flowers
Sandwiched between the all-too-predictable opening and closing acts of this film, in which Andie MacDowell searches for her missing photojournalist husband in Yugoslavia, is a pretty harrowing little war movie. Director Elie Chouraqui stages elaborate scenes of chaos and bloodshed with frightening, fluid intensity. Co-starring Elias Koteas and Adrien Brody. (2 hrs.; R) • Opens 3/15.

Ice Age
Ray Romano, John Leguizamo, and Denis Leary give voice to a woolly mammoth, a sloth, and a saber-toothed tiger in this winning animated film set way back when the Earth lay under a big hunk of ice. (1 hr. 15 mins.; PG) • Opens 3/15.

Kissing Jessica Stein
Two very different women experiment with lesbianism in this romantic comedy that makes effective use of its New York locations while conveying a sense of longing most films of its genre can't even touch. Credit the chemistry of writer-stars Heather Juergensen and Jennifer Westfeldt, and the visual immediacy of Charles Herman-Wurmfeld's direction. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • Opens 3/13.

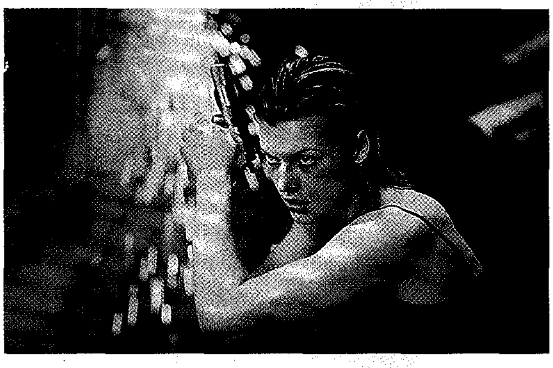
Pauline and Paulette
Pauline, an aging retarded woman, is left without a guardian when her older sister dies. Pauline's younger sisters can't deal with her, but their deceased sibling's will demands that they do. It's as cloying as it sounds, but Belgian acting legend Dora van der Groen's stirring performance as Pauline almost transcends the pathos of the script. (1 hr. 18 mins.; PG) • Opens 3/15.

Promises
A heartbreaking documentary that follows seven children from both sides of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict over the course of four years. Their surprisingly reflective opinions—which run the gamut from extremist defiance to moderate acceptance—is made even more poignant by the knowledge that the film was shot during a period of relative peace. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • Opens 3/15.

Resident Evil
Director Paul Anderson's adaptation of the popular video game is basically a fancy zombie flick, with a cadre of soldiers battling hordes of the undead inside a mysterious abandoned laboratory. But the film has a bleak, sadistic intensity all its own. That, and Milla Jovovich kicking butt in a cocktail dress. Co-starring Michelle Rodriguez. (1 hr. 40 mins.;R) • Opens 3/15.

Showtime
Eddie Murphy and Robert De Niro are mismatched police partners on a reality-TV show (directed by William Shatner) in Tom Dey's buddy-movie spoof. With Rene Russo. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 3/15.

Yellow Asphalt
A trio of simple stories about the tense interaction between Bedouin tribesmen and Jews in Israel's Judean desert. The most gripping one focuses on the consequences of a Muslim maid's passionate affair with her married Israeli boss, but all of the tales benefit from writer-director Danny Veretés expert use of the forbidding desert landscape. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) • Opens 3/13.



FIRE ARMS: Milla Jovovich in *Resident Evil.*

Yugoslavia, the Avoidable War
This long and damning documentary blames the Germans, the Croats, the Bosnian Muslims, and the international press for coaxing NATO into the war in Yugoslavia. Not particularly convincing when it argues that the conflict could have been averted, it nevertheless makes a strong case that the shifting control of the media was key to the war's progression. (2 hrs. 45 mins.; NR) • Opens 3/15.

Y Tu Mamá También
See Rainer, page 52, and story, page 40. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • Opens 3/15.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

New Films

All About the Benjamins
A Miami bounty hunter (Ice Cube) and his wisecracking nemesis (Mike Epps) set aside their differences to pursue a group of murderous diamond smugglers. There's solid comic chemistry between the leads, but a convoluted plot drags this down. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 15; 16; 17; 39; 40; 45; 46; 51; 53; 55; 61; 63; 65; 69; 74; 76.

★ Amélie
Treacle this elaborately inventive deserves some kind of blue ribbon. (Rainer; 11/12/01) (2 hrs.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 17; 27; 29; 43; 47.

A Beautiful Mind
Russell Crowe plays a real-life mathematician and paranoid schizophrenic in this rather conventionalized view of madness and creativity. Ron Howard directed. (Rainer; 1/7/02) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) • 10; 12; 15; 16; 22; 28; 30; 43; 44; 50; 51; 58; 59; 61; 63; 71; 72; 73; 74.

Big Bad Love
Arliss Howard directed and stars in this southern-fried bummer as a down-on-his-luck alky Mississippi writer. Not even the presence of Debra Winger as his wife can lift the picture out of the muck. (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • 5.

Big Fat Liar
When a Hollywood producer turns a student's essay into a hit film, the 14-year-old (Frankie Muniz) road-trips to California to reclaim his work. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) • 10; 17; 30; 44; 45; 46; 53; 58; 61; 62; 70; 71; 73; 74; 76.

★ Black Hawk Down
Ridley Scott's lacerating war movie puts you right into the clamor of combat. But it's so stripped down of political context that it becomes numbing and repetitive. (Rainer; 1/1/02) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) • 10; 12; 22; 43; 44; 51; 57; 63; 71; 74; 76.

Borstal Boy
Peter Sheridan's film stars Shawn Hatosy as the young Brendan Behan in this adaptation of Behan's memoir of being incarcerated in an East Anglia reform school. (Rainer; 3/11/02) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 7; 35.

The Brotherhood of the Wolf
An exhaustingly garish French film about the Beast of Gevaudan, a wolflike creature that ravaged the countryside in the 1760s and killed over 100 people. It's an overlong, overloud mélange. Co-stars Monica Bellucci. (Rainer; 1/14/02) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) • 10; 17.

The Cherry Orchard
Michael Cacoyannis (*Zorba the Greek*) unites a cast of European heavyweights in this adaptation of Chekhov's play about a Russian noblewoman (Charlotte Rampling) returning to her decaying family estate. A long, stagy slog. (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) • 7; 20.

Collateral Damage
This Arnold Schwarzenegger film is a stinker. (Rainer; 2/18/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • 10; 15; 23; 32; 40; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 61; 63; 68; 70; 74.

The Count of Monte Cristo
James Caviezel plays an escaped French prisoner who cloaks his identity to seek revenge on his betrayers. Directed by Kevin Reynolds (*Waterworld*). (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 10; 12; 15; 16; 22; 32; 43; 60; 63.

Crossroads
Three childhood friends road-trip out west after high school, each for her own reasons. This being Britney Spears's acting debut, there are songs, messages, and midriffs aplenty. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • 6; 22; 44; 51; 54; 57; 60; 63; 70; 73; 74; 75.

Dragonfly
Kevin Costner plays a doctor whose deceased wife appears to be sending him messages from the beyond, and the film veers drunkenly between horror and romance, as if it can't decide if its central conceit is scary or reassuring. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 14; 15; 16; 17; 29; 32; 43; 44; 46; 51; 53; 54; 56; 57; 63; 68; 69; 72; 73; 74; 76.

Festival in Cannes
Talkfest auteur Henry Jaglom strikes again, with this vague story shot on the fly at the 2000 Cannes film festival about an actress turned director (Greta Scacchi) and a wannabe producer (Zack Norman) trying to finance a film. Co-starring Ron Silver and Anouk Aimée. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 29.

40 Days and 40 Nights
Josh Hartnett stars as a winsome stud who forgoes sex for Lent. We're meant to understand that life is about more than having sex, but the film indavertantly shows just the opposite. As if we didn't already know. Co-stars Shannyn Sossamon. Michael Lehmann directed. (Rainer; 3/11/02) (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 10; 12; 15; 16; 17; 18; 27; 43; 44; 46; 51; 52; 53; 54; 58; 60; 61; 63; 65; 70; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

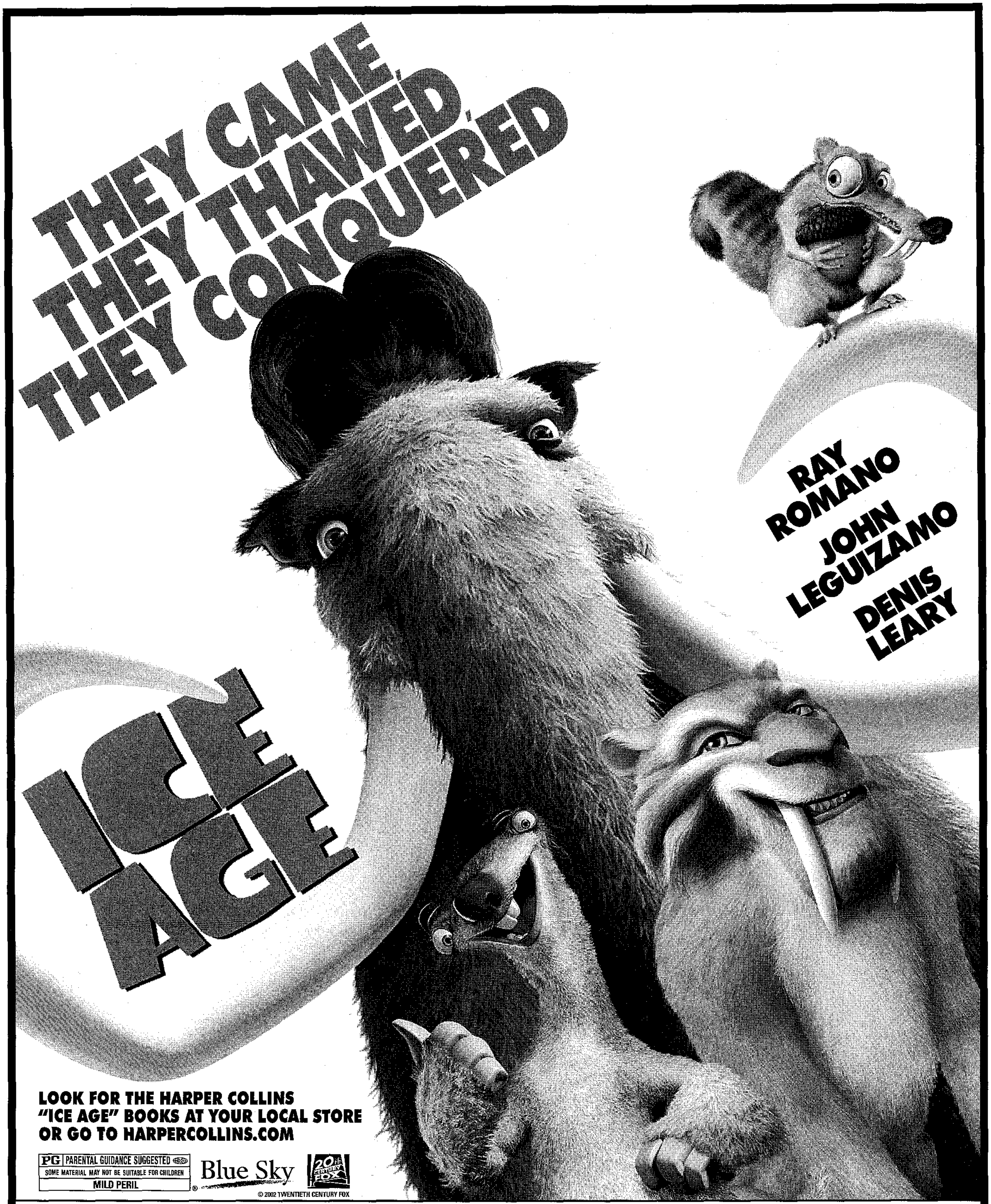
★ Gosford Park
Robert Altman's murder mystery is an artful blend of whodunit and something deeper—a meditation on class and a vanishing gentry. (Rainer; 12/24/01) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) • 10; 12; 15; 16; 22; 25; 33; 43; 48; 50; 57; 64.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone
Chris Columbus's literal-minded, scrupulously faithful rendition of J. K. Rowling's beloved children's bestseller lacks transcendence. (Rainer; 11/19/01) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) • 24.

Hart's War
The production values in this German POW camp melodrama are impressive, but otherwise it's strictly Hollywood and Rhine. It's messagey and clichéd. (Rainer; 2/25/02) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) • 17; 29; 46; 53; 70; 71.

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 63.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLF KONOW.



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777-FILM #791

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
♦PARK & 86TH ST. CINEMAS
86TH ST. BETW. PARK & LEXINGTON AVES.
777-FILM #604

CITY CINEMAS
★MURRAY HILL
34TH ST. AT 3RD AVE.
777-FILM #902

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CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
♦CHELSEA CINEMAS
23RD ST. BETW. 7TH & 8TH AVES.
777-FILM #597

UNITED ARTISTS
★UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14
BROADWAY & 13TH ST.
777-FILM #777

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
♦METRO TWIN
BROADWAY & 99TH ST.
777-FILM #609

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AND AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

★ Hedwig and the Angry Inch
An East German rock-and-roll drag queen (John Cameron Mitchell) winds up in Junction City, Kansas, in a winning film version of the popular Off Broadway play. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 8.

How to Kill Your Neighbor's Dog
A famous playwright (Kenneth Branagh) finds himself faced with an artistic crisis—some subplots work better than others, but they all feel secondhand. Co-starring Robin Wright Penn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • 2; 11.

I Am Sam
Sean Penn plays a single father with the mental age of 7 trying to gain sole custody of his daughter in this mush-minded tearjerker. (Rainer; 12/24/01) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 2; 11; 14; 17; 34; 43; 74.

★ In the Bedroom
Todd Field, in his directorial debut, has made a fine, straightforward film about a murdered son and the parents who slowly writhe for retribution. As the parents, Tom Wilkinson and Sissy Spacek are extraordinary. (Rainer; 11/26/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • 1; 12; 15; 16; 17; 29; 38; 59; 65; 72.

Iris
Judi Dench and Jim Broadbent are Iris Murdoch and John Bayley in Richard Eyre's overly fussy movie about the famous English literary couple and Murdoch's descent into Alzheimer's. With Kate Winslet and Hugh Bonneville. (Rainer; 12/10/01) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • 10; 17; 18; 43; 47; 54; 71; 76.

Italian for Beginners
Lone Scherfig's Dogme 95 film is set at a community-center class, which becomes the social nexus for six Copenhagen thirtysomething singles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 1; 34; 38; 48; 64.

John Q
When Denzel Washington's insurance won't cover a heart transplant for his son, he holds hostage a hospital emergency room. The cast for Nick Cassavetes's howlingly bad movie includes Robert Duvall and James Woods. Did everybody have a talent-ectomy? (Rainer; 2/25/02) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) • 6; 14; 15; 16; 17; 32; 36; 39; 40; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 55; 58; 59; 61; 63; 65; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

Kandahar
Iranian writer-director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's film is about a female journalist who must bypass the Taliban to rescue a suicidal sister in Afghanistan. In Farsi, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 19.

Kissing Jessica Stein
See "New This Week." (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 5; 12; 29; 35.

Lantana
Anthony LaPaglia plays a Sydney police detective whose search for a missing psychiatrist intersects with four unhappily married couples—including him and his wife. With Geoffrey Rush. (2 hrs.; R) • 7; 11; 34; 38; 64; 66.

★ Last Orders
A marvelous movie about lifelong friends who carry out a buddy's last request to have his ashes scattered at sea. The cast of modern-day players, including Michael Caine, Tom Courtenay, Helen Mirren, David Hemmings, Ray Winstone, and Bob Hopkins, is as good as it gets. (Rainer; 2/18/02) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • 10; 29; 38; 48; 64.

The Making and Meaning of "We Are Family"
Documentary about hate crimes in New York after September 11, and the charity rerecording of "We Are Family." (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • 8.

The Man Who Wasn't There
The movie isn't there, either. Billy Bob Thornton plays a near-catatonic barber; the supporting cast, including Frances McDormand, James Gandolfini, and especially Tony Shalhoub, have more of a pulse. (Rainer; 11/5/01) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) • 2.

Maryam
An absorbing, timely portrait of an Iranian-American family and its assimilated teenage daughter (Mariam Parris) coping with gradual isolation in the New Jersey suburbs during the 1979 hostage crisis. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • 1.

Miss Wonton
Ah Na (Amy Ting) comes to America from her Chinese village full of hope, but the demands of work, family, and romance threaten to stifle her dreams. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) • 3.

★ Monsoon Wedding
Mira Nair's giddy movie about the preparations for an arranged marriage in New Delhi is an entertaining pastiche of Bombay movie-musical nuttiness and *Father of the Bride*. Most of the interweaving plots are standard-issue soap, but the pop disposability of it all is very appealing. (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 5; 26; 47; 50; 54; 64.

Monster's Ball
Billy Bob Thornton plays a Georgia death-row prison guard who winds up in a depth-charged affair with the wife of a man he helped execute. As the wife, Halle Berry shows us how unglamorous she can be, but her bracing openness periodically snaps the movie out of its arty dreamwalk. Marc Forster directed. (Rainer; 1/14/02) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 5; 14; 17; 31; 36; 38; 40; 50; 53; 64; 73; 76.

The Mothman Prophecies
Richard Gere plays a widowed newspaper reporter who becomes consumed by paranormal activity in West Virginia. Directed by Marc Pellington (*Arlington Road*). (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • 17.

Mulholland Drive
Naomi Watts and Laura Elena Harring play an ingenue and an amnesiac shady lady making their way through a noirish L.A. dreamscape in David Lynch's latest weirdo fantasia. (Rainer; 10/22/01) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) • 3; 17.

No Man's Land
Three soldiers, two Bosnians and a Serb, are stuck between enemy lines during the Bosnian war in writer-director Danis Tanovic's Golden Globe–winning debut feature film. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 17.

★ Ocean's Eleven
George Clooney and Julia Roberts co-star in this heist movie set in Vegas, but Steven Soderbergh's direction is the real show here: It's an eye-in-the-sky tour de force. (Rainer; 12/10/01) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 17.

Pépé Le Moko
Jean Gabin plays the titular Parisian thief, who longs for France as he hides out in Algiers. Restored print of Julien Duvivier's influential 1937 black-and-white film noir. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • 4.

Piñero
Benjamin Bratt shows the rise and fall of seventies outlaw poet Miguel Piñero in Leon Ichaso's (*Sugar Hill*) film. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • 5.

Queen of the Damned
Stuart Townsend reawakens Anne Rice's vampire Lestat in Michael Rymer's film, also starring the late pop star Aaliyah. (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) • 10; 12; 15; 16; 22; 32; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 51; 52; 53; 54; 56; 58; 61; 63; 67; 69; 71; 74; 76.

Ram Dass Fierce Grace
Ram Dass, né Richard Alpert, was one of the pivotal spiritual leaders of the sixties counterculture. This documentary is so doting, however, that one wonders if something is being left unsaid. Nevertheless, he makes a fascinating subject. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) • 4.

Return to Neverland
Disney's lackluster (and possibly blasphemous) sequel to its 1953 classic *Peter Pan*. (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) • 2; 11; 17; 39; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 51; 53; 54; 56; 57; 60; 61; 62; 63; 65; 67; 70; 72; 73; 74; 76.

Revolution OS
This documentary about the beginnings of open-source (i.e., non-proprietary) software will only appeal to the geek set. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 3.

Rollerball
Director John McTiernan's futuristic film stars Chris Klein, LL Cool J, and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos as roller-derby teammates whose toughest opponent is the league's bloodthirsty owner, played by Jean Reno. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • 17; 45.

The Royal Tenenbaums
Wes Anderson's movie has a tip-top cast, including Gene Hackman, Anjelica Huston, Gwyneth Paltrow, Ben Stiller, and Danny Glover. It's about a family of prodigies gone to seed, but Anderson doesn't really know how to combine his askew sensibility with more heartfelt material. (Rainer; 12/10/01) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 10; 16; 17; 27; 43; 66.

Scotland, PA.
A smirky reworking of *Macbeth* starring James Le Gros and Maura Tierney as Shakespeare's plotting duo. (Rainer; 2/11/02) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 2.

★ Scratch
Doug Pray's engaging, informative documentary about the hip-hop D.J. scene is a fun triptych. (Rainer; 2/25/02) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • 5; 44.

Shiri
South Korean director Kang Je-Gyu's unusual action film features a love story between a North Korean terrorist and a member of South Korea's secret police. In Korean, with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) • 24.

Snow Dogs
Cuba Gooding Jr. plays a Miami dentist who inherits an Alaskan dog-sledding team. Directed by Brian Levant (*The Flintstones*). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) • 17; 44.

The Son's Room
Nanni Moretti directed and co-wrote and stars in this film about a psychiatrist in a small Italian town who must cope with the unexpected death of his son. Moretti has a soft-spoken humor, but the film is a bit

Opening

Untainted Evidence

Director George Bogdanich spent ten years and $200,000 of his own money to make **Yugoslavia, the Avoidable War**, a documentary on the volatile situation in the Balkans and an investigation of America's involvement in Bosnia. But when Slobodan Milosevic used 45 minutes of the film in his defense at the Hague, Bogdanich was outraged. "We were blindsided," the former political consultant says. "He cut out parts of the film, then edited it to serve his own gains." The documentary—sans manipulation—paints a portrait starting with Yugoslavia's creation in 1918 and leading to the tenuous peace maintained by ground troops in Bosnia, Kosovo, and Macedonia. Opens March 15 at Two Boots Pioneer Theater. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF HARGROVE ENTERTAINMENT.

too awed by its depiction of the healing power of love. (Rainer; 2/4/02) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 2; 38.

Storytelling

Todd Solondz's two-part movie is an uneven attempt at extending his taboo-busting rep. In the first part, a college student (Selma Blair) is sexually brutalized by her writing professor (Robert Wisdom); in the second, a documentary filmmaker makes a movie about a screwed-up high-schooler. For all of Solondz's intellectualized pretensions, he doesn't get much more from this than an exploitation filmmaker would. (Rainer; 1/21/02) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) • 1.

Super Troopers

The comedy team Broken Lizard plays stoner Vermont state troopers doing battle with local cops and inept drug smugglers while trying to save their own jobs. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 17; 63; 74.

★ The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

For most of the way, Peter Jackson's film of J.R.R. Tolkien's book *The Fellowship of the Ring* is powerfully imaginative. (Rainer; 12/25/01) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 10; 12; 16; 18; 22; 27; 43; 46; 51; 61; 63; 71; 76.

The Time Machine

Co-director Simon Wells is related to H.G. Wells, but that hasn't stopped him from eviscerating his ancestor's classic work. Guy Pearce plays the Victorian scientist traveling to an apocalyptic future where humans are preyed upon by a strange race of underground monsters. Cue the chasing. Cue the fighting. Cue Jeremy Irons as "*Über*-Morlock." (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) • 2; 13; 15; 16; 22; 29; 32; 37; 40; 43; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 58; 59; 61; 63; 65; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

Trouble Every Day

Vincent Gallo plays an American doctor haunted by his cannibalism, and Béatrice Dalle is a mysterious Parisian with those same needs. Director Claire Denis's cause célèbre is not a horror film or a comedy but a heartbreaking tale of desire and repression. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) • 7.

★ Waking Life

Richard Linklater's film is about a young man who passes through a linked series of encounters that may or may not be dreams. One of the very best movies of the year. (Rainer; 10/29/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 3; 85.

A Walk to Remember

Pop star Mandy Moore plays a minister's daughter who falls in love with a popular jock. Directed by *The Wedding Singer's* Adam Shankman. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) • 24.

We Were Soldiers

Mel Gibson stars as Lieutenant Colonel Hal Moore in this overwrought, occasionally effective, mostly cliché-ridden battle drama recounting the first major combat between the Americans and the North Vietnamese, in November of 1965 in the Ia Dran Valley. Gibson is compelling, but the film is rather unseemly in its self-righteousness. Co-stars Chris Klein, Sam Elliott, and Barry Pepper. Written and directed by Randall Wallace, who previously wrote *Braveheart* and *Pearl Harbor* and is already an old hand at husking corn. (Rainer; 3/11/02) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) • 6; 14; 15; 16; 21; 22; 25; 32; 37; 39; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 65; 67; 70; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

Wendigo

A well-to-do family goes off into the mountains for a weekend getaway and finds itself at the mercy of rednecks and demons in art-horror auteur Larry Fessenden's film. Sends actual chills up your spine for about an hour, but then fades. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 4.

What Time Is It There?

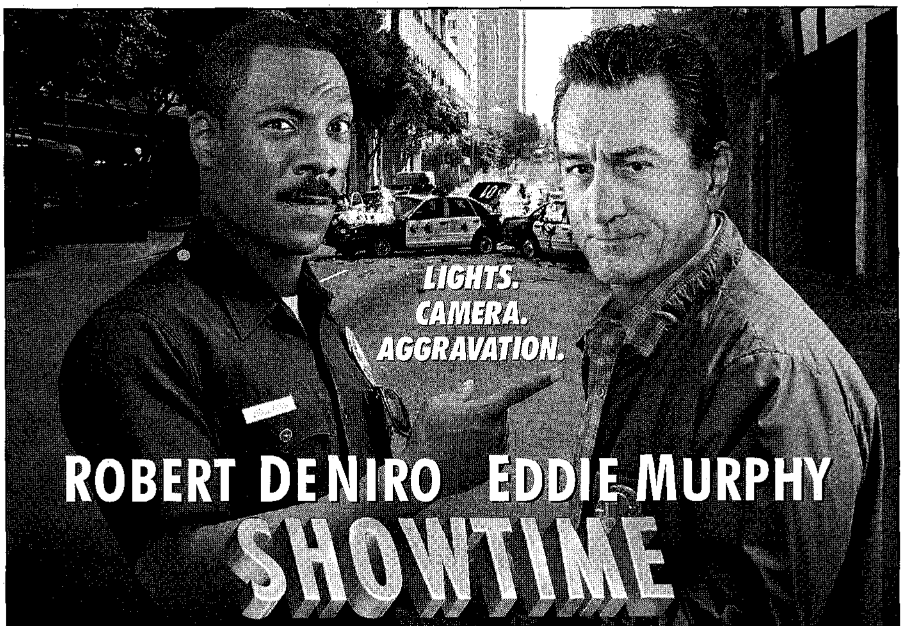
Taiwanese film director Tsai Ming-Liang has an artful visual and aural sense. Still, this movie, about a watch seller who becomes enamored of a Paris-bound customer, though pleasing to watch, employs a wearying amount of Antonioni-esque alienation effects. (Rainer; 1/21/02) (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) • 3.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Amélie; Festival in



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Screenplay By KEITH SHARON and ALFRED GOUGH & MILES MILLAR Produced By JORGE SARALEGUI JANE ROSENTHAL Directed By TOM DEY

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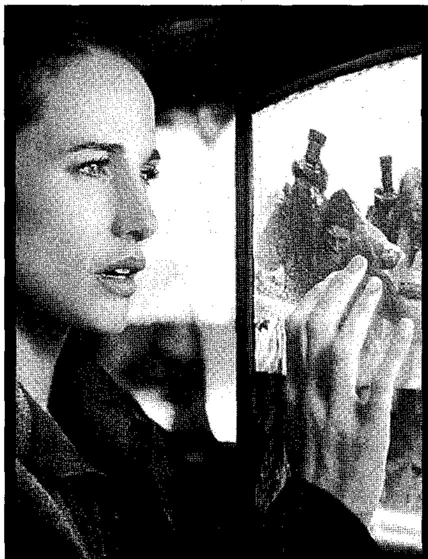

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Harrison's Flowers

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2. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • All About the Benjamins; How to Kill Your Neighbor's Dog; I Am Sam; The Man Who Wasn't There; Return to Neverland; Scotland, PA.; *The Son's Room; The Time Machine*

3. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Miss Wonton; Mulholland Drive; Revolution OS; Waking Life; What Time Is It There?

4. *Film Forum*
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Pépé Le Moko; Ram Dass Fierce Grace; Wendigo

5. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • Big Bad Love; Mon*soon Wedding; Kissing Jessica Stein; Monster's Ball; Piñero;* Scratch

6. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Crossroads; John Q; Training Day; We Were Soldiers

7. *Quad Cinema*
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Borstal Boy; The Cherry Orchard; Lantana; Trembling Before G-d; Trouble Every Day

8. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Hedwig and the Angry Inch; The Making and Meaning of "We Are Family"; Metropolis

9. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-212-254-3300) • The Business of Strangers; Donnie Darko; In the Mood for Love (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

10. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Black Hawk Down; The Brotherhood of the Wolf; Collateral Damage; The Count of Monte Cristo; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Gosford Park; Iris; Last Orders; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; The Royal Tenenbaums

14th–41st Streets

11. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Amélie; How to Kill Your Neighbor's Dog; I Am Sam; Lantana; Return to Neverland

12. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • All About the Benjamins; Amélie; A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; The Count of Monte Cristo; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Gosford Park; In the Bedroom; Kissing Jessica Stein; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned

13. *Clearview's Chelsea West*
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • The Time Machine

14. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • *Dragonfly; I Am Sam; John Q; Monster's Ball; We Were Soldiers*

15. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • All About the Benjamins; Amélie; A Beautiful Mind; Collateral Damage; The Count of Monte Cristo; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Gosford Park; *In the Bedroom; John Q; Queen of the Damned; The Time Machine;* We Were Soldiers

16. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50–LOEWS#558) • All About the Benjamins; A Beautiful Mind; The Count of Monte Cristo; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Gosford Park; In the Bedroom; John Q; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; The Royal Tenenbaums; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

42nd–60th Streets

17. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • All About the Benjamins; Amélie; Big Fat Liar; The Brotherhood of the Wolf; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Hart's War; I Am Sam; In the Bedroom; Iris; John Q; Monster's Ball; Monsters, Inc.; The Mothman Prophecies; Moulin Rouge; Mulholland Drive; No Man's Land; Ocean's Eleven; Return to Neverland; Rollerball; The Royal Tenenbaums; Shrek; Snow Dogs; Super Troopers; Training Day

18. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • 40 Days and 40 Nights; Iris; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

19. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • Kandahar

20. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • The Cherry Orchard

21. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • We Were Soldiers

22. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; The Count of Monte Cristo; Crossroads; Gosford Park; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

23. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Collateral Damage

24. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Birthday Girl; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Shiri; A Walk to Remember

25. New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., nr. 66th St. (212-505-CINE#590) • Gosford Park; We Were Soldiers

26. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Monsoon Wedding

61st Street and Above, East Side

27. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Amélie; 40 Days and 40 Nights; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Royal Tenenbaums

28. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • A Beautiful Mind

29. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Amélie; Dragonfly; Festival in Cannes; Hart's War; In the Bedroom; Kissing Jessica Stein; Last Orders; The Time Machine

30. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar

31. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Monster's Ball

32. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Collateral Damage; The Count of Monte Cristo; Dragonfly; John Q; Queen of the Damned; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

33. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Gosford Park

34. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • I Am *Sam; Italian for Beginners; Lantana*

61st Street and Above, West Side

35. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Borstal Boy; Kissing Jessica Stein

36. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • John Q; Monster's Ball

37. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

38. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • In the Bedroom; Italian For Beginners; Lantana; Last Orders; Monster's Ball; The Son's Room

39. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) •

Profile

Flower's Power

"Miserable" is how **Andie MacDowell** describes her Czechoslovakian experience filming *Harrison's Flowers*, French director Elie Chouraqui's movie about a wife searching for her photojournalist husband during the Bosnian War. "Six-day work weeks at fourteen hours a day, it was freezing cold, the stunts were done at three in the morning," she says. "It's dangerous. People are inexperienced, tired, and working at an unbelievable pace." But MacDowell concedes that the conditions served the love-conquers-war theme. "We shot chronologically, and the last scene, as it was written, basically sucked. I was awful, but Elie let me change it—I was desperate. But the misery of its making did help my performance." It's an unusual role for the star of fluffier, fun fare like *Green Card* and *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, a situation about which she's quite matter-of-fact: "Honey, there just aren't a lot of good roles for women out there," she says in her Carolina drawl. Her next film, *Crush*, a surprisingly dark and funny British chick flick about three best friends and their lovers, finds her returning to more familiar and comfortable ground. "I know I probably do a little too much romantic comedy, but I enjoy the relief of being able to feel good," she says, then adds with a laugh: "Besides, I worked my butt off in Prague." *Harrison's Flowers* opens March 15. *Crush* opens April 5. B.K.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON MEIN.

All About the Benjamins; John Q; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

40. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • All About the Benjamins; Collateral Damage; John Q; Monster's Ball; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

41. New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Amélie; A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; The Count of Monte Cristo; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Gosford Park; I Am Sam; Iris; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; The Royal Tenenbaums; The Time Machine

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Black Hawk Down; Collateral Damage; Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; Scratch; Snow Dogs; We Were Soldiers

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • All About the Benjamins; Big Fat Liar; Collateral Damage; John Q; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; Rollerball; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • All About the Benjamins; Big Fat Liar; Collateral Damage; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Hart's War; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; John Q; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Amélie; Iris; Monsoon Wedding (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

48. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • Gosford Park; Italian for Beginners; Last Orders

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

50. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • A Beautiful Mind; Gosford Park; Monsoon Wedding; Monster's Ball; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

51. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • All About the Benjamins; A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; Collateral Damage; Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

52. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • 40 Days and 40 Nights; Queen of the Damned; We Were Soldiers

53. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • All About the Benjamins; Big Fat Liar; Collateral Damage; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Hart's War; John Q; Monster's Ball; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

54. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Iris; John Q; Monsoon Wedding; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

55. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • All About the Benjamins; John Q

56. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Dragonfly; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

57. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Black Hawk Down; Crossroads; Dragonfly; Gosford Park; Return to Neverland

58. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; Queen of the Damned; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

Queens

59. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • A Beautiful Mind; In the Bedroom; John Q; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

60. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • The Count of Monte Cristo; Crossroads; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

61. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • All About the Benjamins; A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Collateral Damage; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

62. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Big Fat Liar; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

63. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • All About the Benjamins; A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; Collateral Damage; The Count of Monte Cristo; Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; Super Troopers; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

64. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Gosford Park; Italian for Beginners; Lantana; Last Orders; Monsoon Wedding; Monster's Ball

65. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • All About the Benjamins; 40 Days and 40 Nights; In the Bedroom; John Q; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

66. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • Lantana; The Royal Tenenbaums

67. Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; We Were Soldiers

68. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Collateral Damage; Dragonfly

69. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • All About the Benjamins; Dragonfly; Queen of the Damned

70. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Big Fat Liar; Collateral Damage; Crossroads; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Hart's War; John Q; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

71. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Black Hawk Down; Hart's War; Iris; John Q; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Queen of the Damned; The Time Machine

72. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • A Beautiful Mind; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; In the Bedroom; John Q; Return to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

Staten Island

73. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; Monster's Ball; Re-

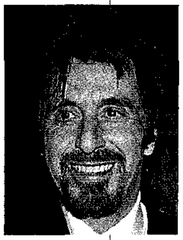
TRAILERS

CAGED BIRD SINGING Robert Downey Jr. has signed on for the lead in the screen adaptation of the BBC's 1986 hit series *The Singing Detective,* for Mel Gibson's Icon Productions. **Dennis Potter**—who scripted *Pennies From Heaven,* which Steve Martin brought to the screen in 1981—wrote the original series, which focuses on a fiction writer who becomes obsessed with his own novel after intense physical and emotional suffering. Production is scheduled to start in April—once Downey completes his latest rehab stint.

CRUISING EAST Tom Cruise is in talks to star in Warner Bros.' *The Last Samurai.* **Edward Zwick** (*Legends of the Fall, Glory*) will direct the film from a script by epic master **John Logan** (*Gladiator*). Cruise would play a nineteenth-century American sent to train the Japanese Imperial Army in new methods of fighting, only to witness (and try to prevent) the destruction of the once-glorious samurai class. Radar Pictures and Bedford Falls will produce.

'CAUSE SHE'S REAL Columbia's *The Chambermaid* is scheduled to start production in New York in April, with **Jennifer Lopez** and **Ralph Fiennes** to star. **Wayne Wang** (*The Joy Luck Club*) will direct the comedy, which follows the problematic romance between a maid at a four-star hotel (Lopez) and a wealthy businessman (Fiennes) after they meet under false pretenses. Revolution Studios produces.

PLAYING IT SERIOUS HBO's latest hot project, *Angels in America,* is set to start shooting in New York City next month. **Mike Nichols** (*Wit, The Graduate*) will direct the film, an adaptation of Tony Kushner's play of the same title (part one of which won the Pulitzer), which portrayed American culture during the rise of AIDS in the Reagan years. **Al Pacino** will star as Roy Cohn, with **Meryl Streep, Emma Thompson,** and **Mary-Louise Parker** rounding out the star-studded cast.



SARA CARDACE

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turn to Neverland; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

74. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • All About the Benjamins; A Beautiful Mind; Big Fat Liar; Black Hawk Down; Collateral Damage; Crossroads; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; I Am Sam; John Q; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; Super Troopers; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

75. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Crossroads; 40 Days and 40 Nights; John Q; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

76. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • All About the Benjamins; Big Fat Liar; Black Hawk Down; Dragonfly; 40 Days and 40 Nights; Iris; John Q; Monster's Ball; Queen of the Damned; Return to Neverland; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Time Machine; We Were Soldiers

Museums, Societies, Etc.

77. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "New York, New York: Films Selected by the New York Film Critics Circle." 3/16: *Bye Bye Braverman* (1968); *The Plot Against Harry* (1969). 3/17: *Taking Off* (1971); *I Like It Like That* (1994).

78. Asia Society
502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-517-ASIA); $10. • "Women in Iranian Film." 3/14: *The Women* (1999). 3/15: *Daughters of the Sun* (2000). 3/16: *Under the Skin of the City* (2000). 3/17: *But You Speak Such Good English* (1999); *To Have or Not to Have* (2001); *Waiting for Vahid* (1999); *Divorce Iranian Style* (1998).

79. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770); $9. • "The Films of Jean-Luc Godard and Anna Karina." 3/14: *A Woman Is a Woman* (1961). 3/18–3/19: *The Little Soldier* (1961).

80. The Cantor Film Center
36 E. 8th St. (212-375-8116); $8. • "The Arab and Iranian Film Festival." 2/22: *Everything and Nothing* (2000); *The Perfumed Garden* (2000); *Sir Alfred of Charles de Gaulle Airport* (2000); *Ta'zieh: Another Narrative* (2001). 2/23: *Daughters of the Sun* (2000); *Two Women* (1999); *In the Shadow of the City* (2000); *The Land of Strangers* (1998); *Citizen, Detective, and Thief* (2001). 2/24: *Breeze of the Spirit* (1998); *Ali Zaoua* (2000); *Days of Sadat* (2001); *Under the Moonlight* (2001).

81. Cinema Classics
332 E. 11th St. (212-677-5368); $5. • 3/13–3/14: *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975). 3/18–3/20: *Billion Dollar Brain* (1967).

82. Film Society of Lincoln Center
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "Rendezvous With French Cinema." 3/12: *The Pornographer* (2001); *Inch'Allah Dimanche* (2001). 3/13: *Tanguy* (2001); *Les Destinées* (2000). 3/14: *Officers' Ward* (2001); *The Girl From Paris* (2000). 3/15: *Betty Fisher and Other Stories* (2001); *Tosca* (2001); *Tanguy* (2001). 3/16: *Far Away* (2001). 3/17: *Chaos* (2001); *Officers' Ward* (2001); *The Girl From Paris* (2000); *Tosca* (2001).

83. Goethe-Institut New York
1014 Fifth Ave.; free. • "Women in German Film." 3/12: *The Oyster Princess* (1919); *Backstairs* (1921). 3/22: *Destiny* (1921). 3/28: *Shattered* (1921); *Castle Vogeloed* (1921).

84. Japan Society
333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155); $9. • "Dark Visions: Japanese Film Noir & Neo-Noir." 3/19: *Drunken Angel* (1948).

85. Makor
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $9. • 3/11–3/14: *Waking Life* (2001).

86. Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors. • "The First Decade: Video From the EAI Archives." 3/17: *A Budding Gourmet* (1974); *To Stay in a Good Mood* (1977); *Wonder Woman* (1978); *Kiss the Girls: Make Them Cry* (1979); *Propeller Tape* (1979); *Violin Power* (1979); *Three Transitions* (1973). "An Evening With Andrew Noren." 3/14: *Time Being* (2001). "Kon Ichikawa: A Reprise." 3/18: *Odd Obsession* (1959); *Conflagration* (1958); *An Actor's Revenge* (1963). 3/19: *Mr. Pu* (1953); *A Billionare* (1954); *A Full-Up Train* (1957).

87. Museum of Television & Radio
25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); free. • "The Fifth Annual Urban Visionaries Festival." 3/13: *One Way Journey* (2001); *Through the Eyes of Immigrants* (2001); *Military Myths* (2001); *Human Rights: Our Side of the Story* (2001). 3/14: *Carpe Diem* (2001); *A Change of Mind* (2001); *House of Frame by Frame* (2001); *Bought and Sold* (2001); *Dil Se* (2001); *Biorhythms* (2001).

88. New York Public Library
20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free. • "Leni Riefenstahl: An Unforgiven Genius." 3/13: *The Blue Light* (1932). "The Feminist Presence in Filmmaking." 3/14: *Behind the Veil* (1972); *And You Act Like One Too* (1976); *The Dutch Master* (1995).

89. Scandinavia House
Victor Borge Hall, 58 Park Ave., nr. 38th St. (212-779-3587); $8. • "New Films From Denmark, Finland, and Sweden." 3/13: *The Art of Success* (1998); *Mona's World* (2001). 3/20: *Portrait of God* (2001).

90. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $5. • *Yugoslavia, The Avoidable War* (2002). "Star Theater: Mae West." 3/13: *The Heat's On* (1943). 3/20: *Myra Breckinridge* (1970). "The Den of Cold Weather Music." 3/18: *Sign o' the Times* (1987). 3/15: "2002 Oscar Nominated Short Films."

91. Women and the Holocaust
(Cantor Film Center) 36 E. 8th St. (212-945-0039); $5. • 3/16: *Does Memory Dissolve in Water?* (1996). 3/17: *Dita Saxova* (1968); *High Street* (1976). 3/23: *Bach in Auschwitz* (1995). 3/24: *Angry Harvest* (1985); *Voyages* (1999).

92. YWCA Cine-Club
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $7. • "Cinema of the Shadows: The Hollywood Film Noir." 3/16–3/17: *Criss Cross* (1949).

Opening

New York Under Covers

If Sally had met Julie before she met Harry, you would, roughly speaking, have the plot of **Kissing Jessica Stein**, a New York story about two straight women who slowly wind up in love. The film stars Heather Juergensen and Jennifer Westfeldt (pictured, left to right) and features them in bedrooms from SoHo to Chelsea to the Upper West Side. And nobody has to fake an orgasm in this one. Opens March 15.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOPE WURMFELD.

Theater

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Previews and Openings

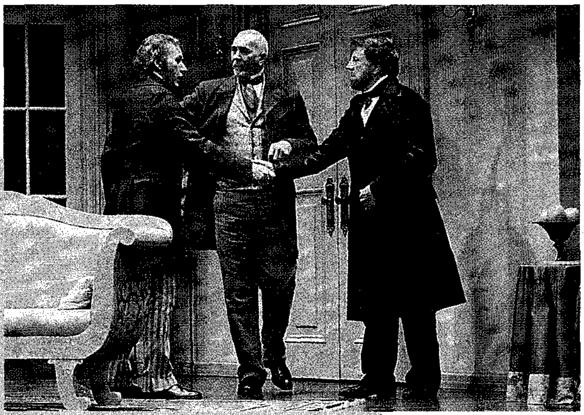
Fortune's Fool
Alan Bates and Frank Langella star in Mike Poulton's new adaptation of the Turgenev comedy about a gentleman who, goaded by his ribald neighbor, shocks his community with an unexpected announcement. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/8 for a 4/2 opening. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays the iconic seductress Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's new stage adaptation of the beloved 1967 film. Turner, a huge hit in the 2000 London production, will be joined by Jason Biggs (*American Pie*) and Alicia Silverstone (*Clueless*). $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/15 for a 4/4 opening. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Oklahoma!
Super-choreographer Susan Stroman (*The Producers, The Music Man*) and director Trevor Nunn (*Les Miz*) bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. An award-winning smash in London with many of the best-known show tunes ever ("The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' "), the production stars Patrick Wilson (*The Full Monty*) as Curly and Olivier winner Josefina Gabrielle as Laurey. Talented stage vets Andrea Martin and Shuler Hensley round out the cast. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/21 opening. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

Previews

Fortunate Sons



Arthur Penn, the 79-year-old director of films like *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Little Big Man* and plays like *The Miracle Worker* and *All the Way Home*, had no trouble rounding up a cast for his return to Broadway after a 25-year absence. For **Fortune's Fool**, Mike Poulton's adaptation of the 1848 Turgenev comedy *A Poor Gentleman*, Penn drafted vets Alan Bates and Frank Langella, along with Benedick Bates (Alan's son), Timothy Doyle (pictured, far left, with Alan Bates and Langella), Enid Graham, Obie favorite Lola Pashalinski, and others eager to work with a master. In this period comedy, in previews for an April 2 opening, Langella plays a brash, rich neighbor who bullies a fallen nobleman (Bates) until the unlucky gentleman divulges a shocking secret. (See "Broadway.")

The Smell of the Kill
Lisa Emery (*The Country Club*), Claudia Shear (*Dirty Blonde*), and Jessica Stone star in Michele Lowe's dark new comedy, directed by Christopher Ashley. $45–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/26 opening. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Sweet Smell of Success
John Lithgow stars as J. J. Hunsecker, the powerful gossip columnist, in this new musical adaptation based on the Ernest Lehman novella and the brutal Lehman–Clifford Odets screenplay. Directed by Nicholas Hytner and choreographed by Christopher Wheeldon, this dark musical is brought to the stage by a strong team of Broadway vets. Music by Marvin Hamlisch; lyrics by Craig Carnelia; book by John Guare. $26–$96. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/14 opening. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Topdog/Underdog
Reprising the titanic performance he delivered last summer, Jeffrey Wright stars with musician and actor Mos Def in the Broadway transfer of the Suzan-Lori Parks (*In the Blood, Venus*) drama. As Lincoln and Booth, the actors play rival brothers stuck in a ramshackle apartment, fighting over the past and the arcane art of three-card monte. $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 3/12 for a 4/7 opening. • Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the eye-popping sets and chichi costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

An Almost Holy Picture
Kevin Bacon delivers a stronger performance than Heather McDonald's straining drama deserves, as Samuel Gentle, a groundskeeper for the Church of the Holy Comforter who struggles to make sense of a schoolbus tragedy and his daughter's rare disease. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 4/7. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Bea Arthur on Broadway: Just Between Friends
The wry grande dame Bea Arthur, who played Vera Charles in *Mame* and originated the role of the matchmaker Yente in *Fiddler on the Roof*, returns. The *Golden Girls* vet sings songs, tells dirty jokes, and reflects on decades in the business. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

★ Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, the production has a much darker edge than the Bob Fosse film. Now starring Molly Ringwald and Raúl Esparza. $25–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning director-choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces, ranging from a naughty flirtation to a suicidal adman's frantic fantasy. Charlotte d'Amboise, Alan Campbell, and Colleen Dunn now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Crucible
(See John Simon's review in this issue.) Arthur Miller's allegorical tale of the Salem witch trials. $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat–Sun. at 2. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)

★ Elaine Stritch at Liberty
Elaine Stritch takes her smash-hit thunderstorm of a solo show to Broadway. Directed by George Wolfe, Stritch delivers a ferocious summation of a life lived furiously and an exemplary lesson in the oft-abused retrospective format. $40–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 5/26. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ 42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Mary Testa. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and in temporary quarters at Bowling Green Park Plaza; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL ROSEGG.

nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Goat or Who Is Sylvia?
Edward Albee's highly anticipated new play follows a successful architect (Bill Pullman) who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) and son some awful secret. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," producer Cameron Mackintosh's mega-hit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

★ Mamma Mia!
An unabashedly silly feel-good musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom, scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. Louise Pitre, Judy Kaye, Tina Maddigan, and Karen Mason star. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. $55–$98.75. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
A very welcome Broadway transfer, writer-director Mary Zimmerman's striking meditation on mutability was one of the fall's most surprising successes. Restlessly inventive but utterly visceral, Zimmerman and her company put a 27-foot-long pool of water to perfect use, stressing the elemental nature of Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. Myths are rendered with dramatic flair, unpretentious humor, and a heartbreaking final tableau; this transformative mix should transmute into a sharp Broadway success. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

★ Noises Off
Patti Lupone, Peter Gallagher, Richard Easton, and Faith Prince star in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's London hit, a slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

One Mo' Time
(See John Simon's review in this issue.) This New Orleans jazz romp, written and directed by Vernel Bagneris, is set in the Lyric Theatre in 1926, where Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey belt out the blues and dancers cakewalk, Charleston, and swing. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Producers
Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant musical and Tony Award record-setter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp remains the hottest ticket in town. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town for the funeral, a graduate student (the exceptional Josh Hamilton) finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

"QED"
Alan Alda returns in Peter Parnell's longish two-character drama about the quirky physicist Richard Feynman, which drew sellout crowds despite mixed reviews last fall. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. Through 5/13. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/29/96. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Valerie Harper play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (played by *Knots Landing* vet Michele Lee). $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

36 Views
In Naomi Iisuka's new drama, an artist and her friend become embroiled in a controversy surrounding a recently discovered Japanese pillow book. Mark Wing-Davey (*The Shriker*) directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • The Public Theater's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

The Carpetbagger's Children
In Horton Foote's new family drama, Hallie Foote, Roberta Maxwell, and Jean Stapleton play three wealthy daughters who grew up on the Texas estate of their father, a former Union soldier. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/25 opening. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Forbidden City Blues
Staged by Pan Asian Repertory, Alexander Woo's new comedy tracks an Asian-American man and his white girlfriend, as they visit China and are abducted, then introduced to a life of espionage. $25–$39. Wed.–Sat. at 8,, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 4/14. • West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (212-279-4200).

Franny's Way
This new drama written and directed by Richard Nelson (*James Joyce's The Dead*, *Madame Melville*) introduces two young women from upstate who, joined by their grandmother, find unexpected drama in the city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/26 opening. Through 4/14. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-279-4200).

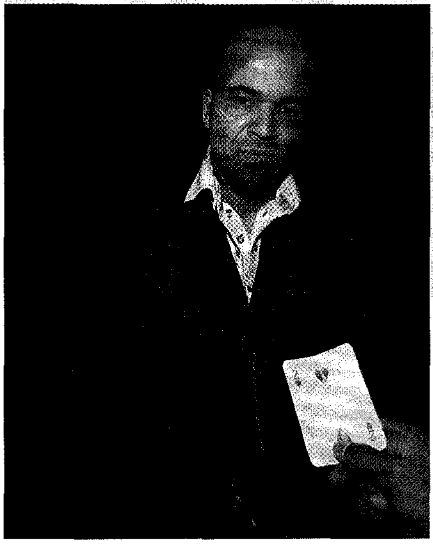
The Godfadda Workout
Comedic actor Seth Isler parodies the Coppola classic. $20–$50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 3/17 opening. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Helen
Tony Kushner directs a new comic drama by Ellen McLaughlin (*Tongue of a Bird*), in which Helen of Troy

Previews

Dealer Raises

Jeffrey Wright handled cards like an apocalyptic fortune-teller in Suzan-Lori Parks's **Topdog/Underdog** last summer, all jittery edges and hair-trigger temper, ramshackle charm and mumbling humor. It was the kind of titanic performance that demonstrated just how much an actor can *do* on a stage, the kind of work Wright's been doing all along. From his Tony-winning turn in *Angels in America* to his ferocious stint in *Julius Caesar* and his wild constellation of film roles, the 36-year-old actor (pictured) has crafted one of the most restless and electric careers in the business. Now he's headed back to Broadway as an early Tony favorite. "This is going to be the first play by a black woman on Broadway in 25 years or so—since Ntozake Shange's *For Colored Girls*," says Wright, who will reprise his fierce role opposite hip-hop musician Mos Def. "But the play, maybe ironically, owes a great deal to vaudevillian traditions." Wright says he looked to the "bluesy" silent actor Bert Williams as a model for his role, and is happy to break out of the "naturalism and realism" of film. "*Topdog* speaks from a place that's very near the center of me, and I'm just trying to find more pieces that do that," he explains. "One of the earliest plays I did was Beckett's *Endgame*, and this piece has that similar sparseness matched by this expansive, universal timelessness." Previews begin March 12 for an April 7 opening at the Ambassador Theatre. (See "Broadway.") L.H.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE GILDEN.

is zapped into a modern-day Egyptian hotel room, where she paints her nails and awaits news reports of the war she left behind. Johanna Day, Donna Murphy, Denis O'Hare, Phylicia Rashad, and Louise Wilson star. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/17 opening. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

The Kings of the Kilburn High Road
A hit in Britain, Jimmy Murphy's dark comedy tracks six Irish men who attend a wake in London. Jim Nolan directs. $40–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a March 17 opening. • Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-206-1515).

Menopause the Musical
A silly parody set in Bloomingdale's. $48.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/4 opening. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Miss Evers' Boys
Melting Pot Theatre stages David Feldshuh's drama about the awful Tuskegee syphilis experiments, which infected many unwitting black American men with the disease. $45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat., Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/13 opening. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).

Mr. Goldwyn
In a bit of inspired casting, comedic actor Alan King plays the contentious Hollywood producer Samuel Goldwyn in this new drama by Marsha Lebby and John Lollos. Neil Simon specialist Gene Saks (*Brighton Beach Memoirs, Biloxi Blues*) directs. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/13 opening. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

No Time for Comedy
S. N. Behrman's 1939 comic drama tracks the life of Gaylord Easterbrook, a conflicted comedy writer torn between two women. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/24 opening. Through 4/7. • Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).

Surviving Grace
Illeana Douglas (*Ghost World*) and Doris Belack star in Trish Vradenburg's new play about a mother and daughter's fitful reconciliation. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 3/12 opening. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-7171).

Now Playing

Bewilderness
British comedian Bill Bailey's successful solo show is to be the final performance at the beloved 25 year-old Westbeth. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/30. • Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Bodas de Sangre (Blood Wedding)/Pilar Rioja
Federico García Lorca's drama./Flamenco legend Pilar Rioja's new show. $25–$40. Call for schedule and other performances in repertory at Repertorio Español. • Gramercy Arts Center, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Circumference of a Squirrel
John Walch's new one-man play stars Paul Sparks as a confused, frustrated, and conflicted loser. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. • Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. (877-737-3285).

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (Abridged)
A 90-minute crash-course through the Bard's works, including a nine-second *Hamlet*. $25–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 5, and 8, Sun. at 4. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dazzle
(See John Simon's review in this issue.) Richard Greenberg's drama about the eccentric Collyer brothers. $55. Tues–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

De La Guarda
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Fool for Love
Sam Shepard's drama about two former lovers who reunite at a run-down hotel at the edge of the Mojave Desert, directed by Tim Corcoran. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/30. • 29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-206-1515).

Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Four
Twentysomething playwright Christopher Shinn found success in a Worth Street production of this drama last year, and has been rewarded with this MTC transfer. Directed by Jeff Cohen, Shinn's drama tracks the lives of four ordinary folks who meet at a July 4 celebration. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Further Than the Furthest Thing
Neil Pepe directs an ambitious new drama by Zinnie Harris, in which a volcanic eruption forces residents to flee a small island off the South African coast. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:30 and 7. • MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Golden Ladder
Donna Spector's new play about a woman's reconciliation with her family. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (212-239-6200).

Good Time Blues
Genovis Albright and Madame Pat Tandy star in this blues revue. $30. Sat. and Sun. at 3, Mon. at 8. Through 4/28. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ Homebody/Kabul
In this prescient drama by Tony Kushner, the justly heralded author of *Angels in America*, a London woman becomes obsessed with Afghanistan, and her husband and daughter journey to the country after receiving a report that she has been murdered. Written over several years before September 11, the drama features Dylan Baker and Linda Emond. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 1:30. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Homecoming
Lauren Weedman, a wry commentator on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, returns with her solo comedic show, directed by Maryann Lombardi. $35. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 5/12. • ArcLight Theater, 152 W. 71st St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Iphigeneia at Aulis
Agamemnon and his daughter Iphigeneia clash in this Euripides classic, directed by the Pearl Theatre's Shepard Sobel. $28–$25. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

★ La Lupe: My Life, My Destiny
Carmen Rivera's successful musical about the salsa star returns, starring Doreen Montalvo. Tuesday performances are in English; all others are in Spanish. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

The Last 5 Years
(See John Simon's review in this issue.) The young composer-lyricist Jason Robert Brown made his Broadway debut and scored himself a Tony as co-author (with Alfred Uhry) of *Parade*. Now 31, Brown has delivered a terrific musical, in which *Thou Shalt Not*'s Norbert Leo Butz and *Aida*'s Sherie René Scott play an aspiring author and a struggling actress who sing and tell the tale of their flamed-out five-year romance in crisscrossing, toe-tapping narratives. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Ln. (212-420-8000).

Love, Janis
An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. Amelia Campbell, Orfeh, and Kristen Lee Kelly star. $35–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

The Matchmaker
Tony winner Anne Manahan plays the witty Kerry County matchmaker Dicky Mick Dicky O'Connor, opposite Des Keogh, in John B. Keane's drama. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

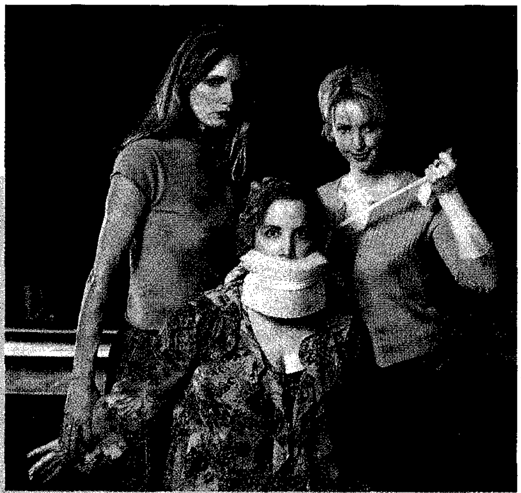
Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Necessary Targets
Eve Ensler's utterly unbelievable drama tracks two

Previews

Sweet *Smell*

Claudia Shear, who so thoroughly took the fabulous form of Mae West in *Dirty Blonde*, is returning to Broadway as a character you've got to think Mae would love—and pity. Shear, Lisa Emery, and Jessica Stone play unhappily married middle-aged women pushed to the edge by their abusive husbands in Michele Lowe's dark new comedy **The Smell of the Kill**. When the men end up trapped in a basement meat locker, the wives (pictured, from left, Emery, Shear, and Stone) must decide whether to leave them there—or let them back into their lives. What to do? Well, as Mae said: "When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I've never tried before." In previews for a March 26 opening. (See "Broadway.")

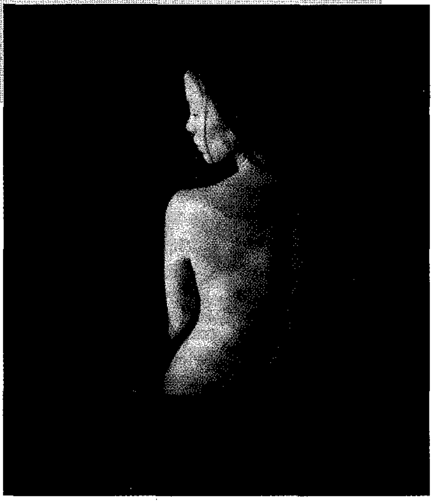


PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN MARCUS.

Previews

Views Master

Playwright Naomi Iizuka (*Polaroid Stories, Language of Angels*) was stranded in Wichita on September 12, so she didn't get to see her new drama, **36 Views**, open at the Berkeley Repertory to ovations and outstanding reviews. One hopes that she'll make it to the theater this time, when her play, *a suspenseful drama (featuring Liana Pai, pictured) about an artist and a dealer's assistant who discover* a priceless Japanese pillow book, opens at the Public Theater. Mark Wing-Davey (*The Shriker*) directs. Previews begin March 12 for a March 27 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")



American women, a rich psychiatrist and a gung-ho writer, who travel to Bosnia. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

★ Occupant
The very busy Edward Albee's new drama about Louise Nevelson, the iconoclastic artist known best for her environmental sculpture. The sensational Anne Bancroft plays the artist; Anthony Page directs. Due to Bancroft's pneumonia, performances are suspended through 3/19. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

★ One Man
The frighteningly good actor Steven Berkoff returns with a fantastic and dark suite of solo one-acts, including his creepy rendition of *The Tell-Tale Heart,* the masochistic story *Actor,* and *Dog,* a scary piece about an East-Ender who's more cruel than his pet pitbull. $35–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Prodigal
This new Australian musical, with book and lyrics by Dean Bryant and music by Matthew Frank, follows a teenager from his rural town to the big city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. • York Theatre at St. Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

★ The Syringa Tree
Kate Blumberg plays 28 characters in Pamela Gien's superb solo drama about a young girl coming to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affecting tale of family love and loss amid the violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's new play, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for this play's namesake. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 4/16: Carol Jenkins, Idina Menzel, and Joyce Van Patton. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Arms and the Man/The Dance of Death
Two productions, in repertory: George Bernard Shaw's wartime comedy and August Strindberg's dark classic. $15–$40. Call for schedule. Through 3/28. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Axis Company: Shorter Works
Short experimental plays and videos. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/20. • Axis, 1 Sheridan Sq. (212-807-9300).

Barman
A dark new drama by Alex Dawson (*WC*), inspired by the playwright's bartending career. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 4. • Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).

The Barn Series
LABYrinth Theater's workshops. $10. Call for schedule. • Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-0900).

The Bomb
International Wow Company (*Hyperreal America*) stages a large-cast drama about Oppenheimer, Lacan, September 11, etc. $12–$15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. • Flamboyan Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (212-886-4551).

Borough Tales: Brooklyn
Short Brooklyn-based fairy tales by Melissa James Gibson *[sic]*, Jeffrey M. Jones, and others. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/23. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-279-4200).

Chocolate in Heat
Betty Shamieh's successful Fringe solo show returns. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/21. • Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (212-254-1109).

Circle
Suzanne Bachner's sexed-up bi-coastal comedy. $10–$15. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).

Criss Angel Mindfreak
A futuristic illusion and escape art show. $15–$55. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. at 10, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 7. • World Underground Theater at WWF New York, Broadway, at 43rd St. (212-307-4100).

Cymbeline
Shakespeare's Globe Theater stages a minimalist production of the complicated drama. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 Through 3/17. • BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).

Dance, My Darling, Dance
Collision Theory (*Time/Bomb*) riffs on film noir motifs and gumshoe narratives. $12. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-924-0077).

★ Drummer Wanted
Richard Maxwell returns with his odd tale about a 29-year-old suburban drummer. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. • Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).

Fanatics
Ellen Beckerman's EB&C stages a new play about Galileo. $12. Thurs.–Mon. at 8:30. Through 4/1. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Going to the River 2002
Ensemble Studio Theatre presents staged readings of new plays by African-American women. Free. Mon.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 3/24. • E.S.T., 549 West 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

★ The Guys
Susan Sarandon and Anthony LaPaglia star in first-time playwright Anne Nelson's surprisingly powerful two-person drama about a fire captain who asks a journalist to help him write eulogies for his fallen men. $55. Mon.–Thurs. at 7. • The Flea, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Hamlet
Czechoslovak-American Marionette Theater revives its successful production. $10–$17. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).

Love Seats for Virginia Woolf
Mia Katigbak and Stephen Nisbet star in Randy Gener's drama about Woolf. Free. Call for schedule. • A: D/B Project Space, 116 Portland Ave., Brooklyn (718-855-9394).

★ Maria del Bosco (Sex & Racing Cars: A Sound Opera)
The latest Richard Foreman production. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. • Ontological Theater at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

The Master Builder
Century Center presents the tenth production in its twelve-play Ibsen series. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-279-4200).

Pexo: A Sound Painting
Walter Thompson Orchestra creates an immersive sound environment. Wed.–Fri. at 8:30. Through 3/29. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

The Puppet Parlor
Works by puppeteers, including Basil Twist. $10. 3/12 at 7. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Red Frogs
Ruth Margraff's new burlesque, a satirical take on Aristophanes's *The Frogs*. $17. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

The Rise and Fall of Timur the Lame
Theodora Skipitares stages a new dance-theater work with shadow puppets. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Scab
Sheila Callaghan's dark comedy about healing, with cameos by a talking Virgin Mary lawn ornament and a carnivorous plant. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. • Greenwich Street Theater, 529 Greenwich St. (212-206-1515).

★ Shopping and Fucking
Mark Ravenhill's torrid tale, a drama about a coke-addicted suit and his screwed-up slacker friends, gets its first revival since its 1998 opening. The terrific downtown actress Susan O'Connor stars. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 3/24. • Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (212-206-1515).

Tent #5
An adaptation of Henry Chepulis's WWII tale about his stint as a teenage gunner on a B-24 bomber. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 9. • Flea, 41 White St. (212-212-226-2407).

★ To You, The Birdie! (Phèdre)
The Wooster Group's ambitious adaptation of Racine's *Phèdre,* as translated by Paul Schmidt, is an often comic, weirdly athletic romp, starring Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and Frances McDormand. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 3/30. • St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Brooklyn (212-966-3651).

Warriors
Michel Garneau's timely new play takes on the war machine, as "the Financier" and "the best idea man in Canada" develop propaganda for the maple leaf army. $20. Call for schedule. Through 4/6. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-560-7240).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW KIST.

cue

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Max Beckmann
The first New York exhibition of the artist's sculptures, of which he made only eight, in 35 years, plus a selection of his paintings; through 5/24. • Feigen, 34 E. 69th St. (212-628-0700).

★ Nancy Graves
Works by the late artist (1939–1995) on the theme of flight, among them her 1973 film, *Aves: Magnificent Frigate Bird, Great Flamingo*, the iconic bronze sculpture *Aves* (1979), and paintings and works on paper; through 4/27. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th (212-794-0550).

David Hockney
Paintings, gouaches, drawings, watercolors, and collages from the artist's personal collection and related to his stage-set and costume designs for the Metropolitan Opera Company's original 1981 production of *Parade*, which is being revived by the Met on March 4; through 3/30. • Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-472-8787).

Robert Morris
A selection of the sculptor's works on paper from the sixties; through 4/4. • Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Tony Scherman
Large-scale encaustic paintings that depict magnified images of celebrities' faces; through 4/6. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

★ Devorah Sperber
Sculptural works in the forms of bikinis, bandannas, and a Volkswagen bus, constructed from thousands of colored push pins and flower-power stickers; through 3/23. • Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

★ Saul Steinberg
A selection of prints made by the artist between the sixties and the early nineties, including the set of lithographs and collages *Six Drawings Tables* (1970), in which he made witty references to artists and artistic movements, plus drawings, books, and *Persian Rug* (1971), the only tapestry he executed during his career; through 4/13. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Doug Trump
Abstract paintings and works on paper that incorporate collage materials from magazines and newspapers and suggest ambiguous architectural spaces; through 3/30. • Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

★ Jack Tworkov
A survey of paintings and drawings by the late New York School artist exploring his Abstract Expressionist work of the late fifties and early sixties; through 4/13. • Mitchell, Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

57th Street Area

John Baldessari
Two new series by the California conceptual artist in which he juxtaposes movie stills, photographs of "real life" (condominium buildings, seascapes, etcetera), and painted shapes; through 3/30. • Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

★ Graham Gillmore
Paintings in which words are used to create densely layered abstractions; through 4/27. • Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Shirley Goldfarb
Abstract, predominantly pink paintings made by the American artist (1925–1980) after she moved to Paris in 1954; through 4/6. • Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Wolf Kahn
Vividly-colored paintings of New England landscapes; through 3/27. • Beadleston, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-581-7544).

★ Franz Kline
Ink drawings by the Abstract Expressionist known for his predominantly black-and-white paintings; through 4/20. • McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Gerhard Richter
A selection of the artist's abstract paintings from the eighties, including two triptychs from 1986, *Fisch* and *Schiff*; through 4/13. • Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135).

Victor Rodriguez
Billboard-like realist paintings that depict the artist's wife in roles ranging from the mundane to the glamorous; through 4/7. • Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

★ Leon Polk Smith
Fourteen circular abstract paintings from 1955 that marked a radical change from the artist's earlier Mondrian-influenced work and were inspired by simple line drawings of tennis balls, basketballs, and baseballs that he saw in an athletic catalogue; through 3/28. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Helen Miranda Wilson
New paintings of landscapes and still life; through 5/30. • D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Vanessa Beecroft
Video and photographic documentation of two recent performances, *VB45* and *VB48*, involving provocatively (and barely) clad women; through 4/27. • Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

★ Bryan Crockett
New sculptures; through 3/30. • Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

★ Wim Delvoye
"Marble Floor" works from 1999 for which the Belgian artist photographed charcuterie—precision-cut salami, chorizo, mortadella—arranged in geometric patterns based on Italian Baroque and Islamic motifs; through 4/27. • Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

★ Jockum Nordström/Martin Kippenberger
Drawings and collages that juxtapose images from the artist's personal experiences and from nature motifs typical to northern Swedish art/Autobiographical drawings that the German artist (1953–1997) made on hotel stationery. Through 3/30. • Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

★ Irving Petlin
Large-scale pastel drawings on linen that represent the artist's speculations and meditations on Old Testament mythology; through 3/30. • Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

★ Kim Sooja
An installation by a Korean artist who uses mirrors and Korean bedcovers, traditionally used for the newly wedded couple, to comment on love, happiness, wealth, and the illusive quality of these human dreams; through 5/18. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

★ H. C. Westermann
A survey of lithographs made by the sculptor between 1967 and 1972 that depict narratives involving cargo ships, derelict buildings, and diverse characters in wastelands from the Arctic to the Amazon; through 3/30. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

Antenna
An interactive installation on the subject of daydreams, by Masamichi Udagawa and Sigi Moesliger of Antenna Design; through 4/6. • Taylor, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-0992).

★ Robert Bordo
Paintings that continue the artist's depiction of postcard images, this time showing postcards stacked in vertical arrangements; through 4/13. • Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

David Bowes
Decorative allegorical paintings that make multiple references to art history; through 4/3. • Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Marc Brandenburg
Small graphite drawings that are arranged and drawn to resemble film negatives; through 4/27. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

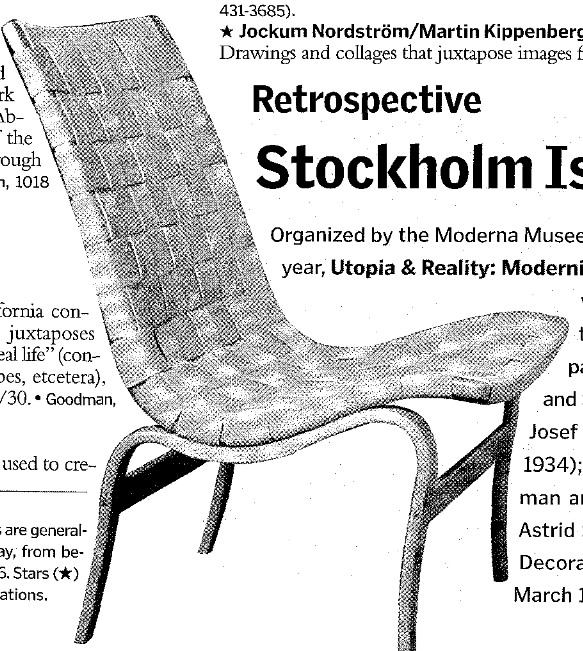
Anne Chu
Sculptures and monotypes inspired by medieval culture; through 3/30. • Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Lewis deSoto
Three new sculptural installations based on the inherent conflict between having been raised Roman Catholic and later turning to the teachings of Bud-

Ground Rules Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

Retrospective

Stockholm Is Where the Heart Is



Organized by the Moderna Museet, Stockholm, where it appeared in a larger version last year, **Utopia & Reality: Modernity in Sweden, 1900–1960** has arrived at its only other venue with 200 classics of Swedish modernism, among them Gösta Adrian-Nilsson's futurist-expressionist paintings; canvases by Matisse students Isaac Grünewald and Sigrid Hjertén; furniture designs by Erik Gunnar Asplund, Josef Frank, and Bruno Mathsson (pictured, *Working Chair*, 1934); glass by Edward Hald; graphic design by Anders Beckman and Olle Eksell; and textiles by Ingegerd Torhamn and Astrid Sampe. At the Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts, Design, and Culture, 18 West 86th Street; March 14 through June 16.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF NATIONALMUSEUM STOCKHOLM.

dhism; through 3/30. • Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Harun Farocki
Two films, *Eye/Machine* (2001) and *I thought I was seeing Convicts* (2000), in which images and lines of text and sound have been edited together to create an undulating field of conscious and subconscious associations; through 3/30. • Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Peter Fischli and David Weiss
Two new installations and three sculptures from the eighties; through 4/20. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Siobhàn Hapaska
A sculpture and sound installation; through 3/30. • Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

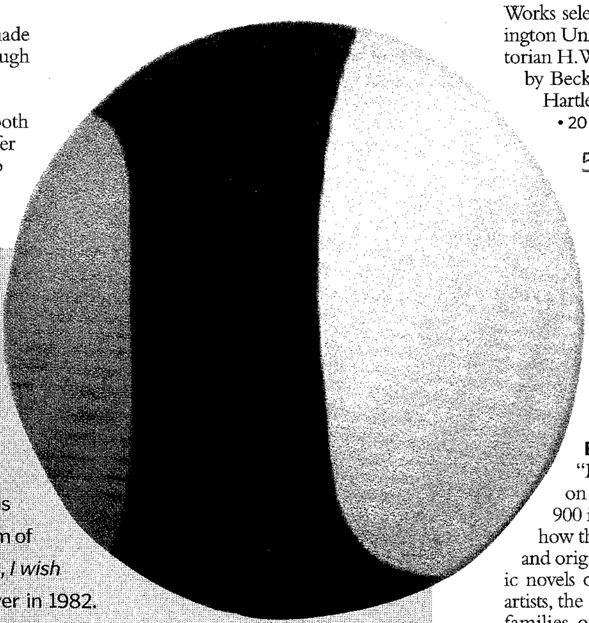
Nicky Hoberman
Large paintings that depict disengaged figures against softly colored backgrounds; through 4/13. • Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Win Knowlton
Minimal sculptures on the theme of weather, made with concrete and perforated sheet metal; through 3/30. • Rodgers, 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Cotter Luppi/Mark Dean Veca
Decorative colored-pencil drawings that suggest both the biological and the industrial/Drawings that offer a contemporary version of the images common to *toile de jouy*, an eighteenth-century French textile, and the engravings of Daniel Marot. Through 3/30. • Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (212-929-7902).

On View

On the Ball



By his own admission, **Leon Polk Smith** (1906–1996) was the quintessential accidental artist. The part-Cherokee Oklahoma native claimed never to have seen an original painting until 1934, his last year at college, when he passed a room of students painting and drawing. "I thought, *I wish I could do that*," Smith told an interviewer in 1982. "And I went in and asked the instructor if I could come in and work for the rest of the term." Smith's open-mindedness made other breakthroughs possible—in 1954, after living and teaching in New York for almost two decades and working through a Mondrian-inspired Constructivist phase, Smith happened to receive a sporting-goods catalogue in the mail, and couldn't take his eyes off its pencil illustrations of baseballs, basketballs, tennis balls, and footballs. "I thought, *What the hell am I doing this for—why I am looking at this?*" Smith recalled. "And a little voice says, *Because that's what you're looking for.*" The result, a series of circular paintings of curvilinear forms in which planes seemed to move in every direction (pictured, *Nowata*, 1956), thirteen of which are currently on view at Joan T. Washburn Gallery (20 West 57th Street; through March 28), took even Smith by surprise. Mere inflatables these were not. "I still don't know what this space is," Smith told a writer in 1964. "It isn't just the earthy space that we have been familiar with for centuries, but I think that it has something to do with the other spaces that the whole world has really been interested in for the past decade." E.N.

Wes Mills
Recent drawings; through 3/30. • Helman, 601 W. 26th St. (212-929-1545).

★ Alice Neel/Yayoi Kusama
A selection of the artist's drawings in which she positioned such universal themes as motherhood and death within the sphere of her private life and social consciousness/The first American exhibition of *Solitude of the Earth*, a sculptural installation created in 1994. Through 3/30. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Damián Ortega
Sculptures, photographs, and videos inspired by such everyday objects as toys, golf balls, weeds, pick-axes, and tortillas; through 3/30. • D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Enoc Perez
A personal diary of drawings and paintings that explores the psyche of the city; through 3/30. • Dee/Glasoe, 545 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Ellen Phelan
Paintings that continue the artist's blurring of the distinctions between the real and the imagined, this time depicting various sites in the landscape surrounding her Adirondack home on Lake Champlain; through 4/13. • Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Ugo Rondinone
A large-scale mirrored wall sculpture, painted sculptures of clowns cast in fiberglass from live models, and a lighted sign installed on the gallery's roof; through 4/20. • Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Hunt Slonem
Recent paintings of animals that reduce them to pure curves; through 4/9. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Julia Wachtel
Paintings that depict unpredictable juxtapositions of cartoon imagery; through 3/30. • Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

T. J. Wilcox
Two new digital video projects and related photographs; through 4/13. • 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

★ John Zinsser/Roger Ackling
Large scale, multi-panel paintings in which oil paint and enamel paint are juxtaposed/Pieces of aged driftwood into which the artist burns lines with the help of the sun and a magnifying glass. Through 4/6. • Von Lintel, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Other

★ Nancy Graves
A survey of the late artist's work focusing on the synthesis of her two- and three-dimensional concerns between 1989 and 1992, including drawings, sculptures, paintings, and continuous presentations of the films *200 Stills at 60 Frames*, *Goulimine*, and *Izy Boukir*; through 4/20. • CUNY Graduate Center, 365 Fifth Ave. (212-817-7170).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Salander-O'Reilly
Works selected and acquired in the forties for Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, by the art historian H. W. Janson, including paintings and sculptures by Beckmann, Braque, Calder, Davis, de Kooning, Hartley, Matisse, Pollock, and others; through 4/6. • 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

57th Street Area

★ AXA
"Thin Skin: The Fickle Nature of Bubbles, Spheres, and Inflatable Structures," works by Akakçee, Boroson, Byars, the Eameses, Eliasson, Manzoni, Neto, Warhol, others; through 4/13. • 787 Seventh Ave. (212-554-4818), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. noon-5.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Exit Art
"Reactions," visual and poetic contributions on 8 1/2-by-11-inch pieces of paper by over 900 individuals from around the world capturing how the events of September 11 altered their lives, and original artworks from *September 11*, two graphic novels of reactions from comic-book writers and artists, the sale of which benefits organizations aiding families of victims of the September 11 tragedy; through 3/30. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Photography

Fabian Birgfeld
Photographs of airports, banks, subways, and other banal urbanscapes; through 3/30. • Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

★ Marco Breuer
Abstract color photographs created by subjecting photographic paper to a variety of erosive elements; through 4/20. • Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Gary Brotmeyer/Helen Levitt
Photo-based collage portraits/Vintage and recently printed images of chalk drawings, messages, and graffiti, shot by the photographer in New York in the thirties and forties. Through 4/13. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

★ Cook
Images of women by women photographers, among them D. Arbus, Beecroft, Cox, Grannan, Kurland, Lee, Mann, Sherman; through 3/30. • 1063 Madison Ave. (212-737-3550).

Jed Devine
Photographs of simple everyday objects and Maine landscapes; through 4/20. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

ICP
"New Histories of Photography 3—The First Snapshots: At Home and Abroad," 60 pioneering Kodak snapshots from the 1880s and 1890s, from the collections of ICP and the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York; through 3/17. • "Foreign Body:

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JOAN T. WASHBURN GALLERY.

Photography and the Prelude to Genetic Modification." A look at the way individuals were portrayed between 1852 and 1945 in medical and scientific photography, portraiture, and popular imagery; through 3/17. • "Another Vietnam: Pictures of the War From the Other Side." An exhibit of more than 120 black-and-white photographs by Vietnamese soldier-photographers, co-organized by ICP and National Geographic; through 3/17. • "Hidden Truths: Bloody Sunday 1972." Photographs by Fulvio Grimaldi, Fred Hoare, Gilles Peress, Robert White, and others documenting the protest march in Derry, Northern Ireland, in which 13 civilians were killed by British soldiers; through 3/17. • 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-857-0045), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $8, $6 students and seniors

★ Richard Misrach

Recent photographs documenting the rare presence of water in the Nevada desert; through 4/27. • Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Morthland

"Helen Gee: The Limelight Years, Photographs 1954–1961," images by artists who exhibited at the legendary Greenwich Village gallery and coffeehouse, among them Berenice Abbott, Louis Faurer, Robert Frank, and Lisette Model; through 4/13. • 511 W. 25th St. (212-242-7767).

★ Robert Rauschenberg/Robert Heinecken

Photems, totemic arrangements of black-and-white photographs from the fifties through 1979, when the artist endeavored to photograph the entire United States inch by inch/Mysterious photographic montages that were fabricated by the artist in 1970 by using the pages of pornographic magazines as negatives. Through 4/6. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Frank Thiel

Large-scale color photographs documenting the ongoing reconstruction of Berlin; through 3/30. • Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. (212-239-1181).

★ UBS/PaineWebber

"A Thousand Hounds: A Walk With Dogs Through the History of Photography," images of dogs from the past 150 years, from the book *A Thousand Hounds* (Taschen, 2000), featuring photographs by Erwitt, Lartigue, Man Ray, Steichen, Warhol, Wegman, others; through 3/29. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885).

Heidi Zumbrun

Color images of toys mauled by the artist's dog; through 4/6. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434), Wed.-Sat. 11-6.

Museums

American Craft Museum

"Mikromegas." Whimsical stickpins by well-known jewelry designers; through 4/28. • "Objects for Use: Handmade by Design." Functional works by 200 artists, among them Aroner, Hotchkiss, McKie, Rice, Teraki, Walden; through 4/28. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum

★ "Darger: The Henry Darger Collection at the American Folk Art Museum." The museum's first presentation of 26 large-scale, rarely seen paintings, plus drawings, original manuscripts, books, and sketches from the artist's archives; through 6/23. • "American Radiance: The Ralph Esmerian Gift to the American Folk Art Museum." Paintings, sculpture, pottery, textiles, furniture, and scrimshaw recently donated to the museum by the folk-art collector; through 6/2. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-977-7170), Tues.-Sun. 10-6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History

"Baseball As America." A study of how the sport reflects our culture, with more than hundreds of artifacts borrowed from the Hall of Fame; 5/16 through 8/18. • "Pearls." The first exhibition ever presented on pearls, weaving science, art, history, and literature into the story of pearl-forming mollusks; through 4/14. • "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An annual exhibit featuring 400 to 500 live butterflies from Central, South, and North America; through 5/27. • "Meeting God: Elements of Hindu Devotion." A portrait of Hinduism in photographs, objects, and video-portraits; through 3/21. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10-5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for weekly jazz concerts); $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum

★ "The New Way of Tea." A two-part exhibition running concurrently at the Asia Society and Museum and the Japan Society, examining the contemporary Japanese tea ceremony through traditional and experimental environments, utensils, and performances; through 5/19. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11-6 (Fri. 11-9, free admission 6-9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts

★ "Utopia & Reality: Modernity in Sweden, 1900–1960." A survey of Swedish modernism comprising more than 200 classic works of art and design; 3/14–6/16. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art

"Jewish Life in Ancient Egypt." Ancient Aramaic papyri revealing Egyptian life during Dynasty 27 (525–402 B.C.), the period of Persian rule in Egypt and the Near East; through 5/12. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

China Institute

"Circles of Reflection: The Carter Collection of Chinese Bronze Mirrors." More than 90 mirrors dating from the Warring States period (480–221 B.C.) to the Qing dynasty (1644–1911), from the Carter Collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art; through 6/2. • 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon., Wed., Fri., 10-5, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $3, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution

★ "Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 9/15. • "Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus, The Torsten Bröhan Collection From the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas, Madrid." Outstanding examples of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century glass from Austria, Bohemia, and Germany; through 3/31. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art

"French Master Drawings From the Collection of Muriel Butkin." An exhibition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century drawings by François Boucher, Jean-Baptiste Greuze, Camille Corot, and others, organized by the Cleveland Museum of Art; through 5/18. • 601 Fifth Ave. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts

★ "Mapping the Studio I (Fat Chance John Cage)." A new large-scale video installation by Bruce Nauman that records the nocturnal activity in the artist's studio of his cat and an infestation of mice during the summer of 2000; through 6/16. • "Alfred Jensen: *Concordance*." Key paintings by the Guatemalan-born Danish artist, including his final artistic statement, *Great Pyramid*, which is on public exhibition for the first time; through 6/16. • "Jorge Pardo and Gilberto Zorio: *Reverb*." The former's redesign of Dia's bookshop, lobby, and gallery and the latter's *Microfonia*, a sound work first created in 1969; through 6/16. • "Diana Thater: *Knots + Surfaces*." An environment of layered video projections and clustered monitors that interacts with the open space of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 6/16. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection

"Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Paintings by Degas, Manet, Picasso, and Redon; through 4/21. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery

★ "Seeing and Believing: The Art of Nancy Burson." A survey of more than 100 photographs and multimedia artworks by this artist known for her digitally enhanced composites focusing on the human face; through 4/20. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

★ "Brazil: Body and Soul." A survey of artistic production in Brazil from the seventeenth century to the present; through 5/29. • ★ "Rachel Whiteread: Transient Spaces." Two new large-scale mixed media sculptures by the British artist that were cast from her new home and studio in London and embody its generic post-war architecture; through 6/5. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society

★ "The New Way of Tea." A two-part exhibition running concurrently at the Japan Society and the Asia Society and Museum, examining the contemporary Japanese tea ceremony through traditional and experimental environments, utensils, and performances; through 5/19. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. and Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum

"Mirroring Evil: Nazi Imagery/Recent Art." Works by thirteen contemporary artists who use Third Reich imagery to explore the nature of evil; 3/17–6/30. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11-5:45; Thurs. 11-8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11-3, Sun. 10-5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

★ "Tapestry in the Renaissance: Art and Magnificence." The first major loan exhibition of tapestries in the United States in 25 years and the first extensive survey of tapestry production between 1460 and 1560, featuring some 45 of the greatest tapestries of the period, as well as preparatory drawings and cartoon fragments; through 6/19. • ★ "Orazio and Artemisia Gentileschi: Father and Daughter Painters in Baroque Italy." Approximately 50 paintings by the former, a follower of Caravaggio who become court painter to England's Charles II, and 35 by his daughter, the first woman artist known to have supported herself from her work and the subject of two biographical novels and a film; through 5/12. • ★ "Surrealism: Desire Unbound." The first major survey of Surrealism in more than twenty years, featuring more than 300 paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, photographs, and films dating from 1924 to more recent years; through 5/12. • ★ "Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn's Nudes, 1949–50." Images of voluptuous nude female torsos that the photographer, then known largely for his work for *Vogue*, made as an antidote to the artifice of fashion magazines (see Whitney Museum of American Art listing for concurrent exhibition of Penn's recent nudes); through 4/21. • ★ "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island." The first American exhibition devoted to the Polynesian art of Easter Island, featuring objects dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries; through 8/4. • "Treasures From a Lost Civilization: Ancient Chinese Art From Sichuan." Recently excavated sculptures, bronze vessels, jade carvings, and other relics dating from the thirteenth century B.C. to the third century A.D.; through 6/16. • "Courtly Radiance: Metalwork from Islamic India." Examples of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century metal vessels created for daily or ceremonial use; through 3/24. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

★ "Pierre Matisse and His Artists." An exhibition examining the role of the late Pierre Matisse and his former New York gallery, the Pierre Matisse Gallery, through the works of the artists he promoted between 1931 and 1989, among them Balthus, Jean Dubuffet, Loren MacIver, Joan Miró, and Georges Rouault; through 5/19. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. 12-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Photography

Your Shot at Stardom

Now's your chance to show at a major New York museum. Just drop off one unmounted, 16-by-20-inch or smaller photograph that expresses your relationship to the city at the Museum of Modern Art by May 17, 2002. Then, if all goes according to the curators' plans, you stand a chance of having your work displayed in **Life of the City**, the recently opened exhibition that combines well-known prints from the museum's photography collection (pictured, Lee Friedlander's *New York City*, 1966) with the efforts of ordinary New Yorkers. One caveat, however: Your print will not be returned. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; through May 21.

Museum of Modern Art

★ "Gerhard Richter: Forty Years of Painting." The first New York retrospective of the German artist's paintings, including 188 canvases completed since 1962 that demonstrate his mastery of such genres as gestural abstraction, landscape, and portraiture; through 5/21. • ★ "Life of the City." Photographs of New York from the museum's collection and by ordinary New Yorkers and visitors, whose photographs will be rotated throughout the the course of the exhibition to accommodate as many submissions as possible (submissions from the public will only be accepted in person at the museum during public hours); through 5/21. • "Projects 73: Olafur Eliasson—Seeing yourself sensing." An installation that transforms the windows of the museum's Garden Hall into a work of art designed to alter viewers' perceptions; through 5/21. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Brotherhood: In Strength and Sorrow—Images of the FDNY," a photographic tribute to the firefighters who lost their lives in the September 11 tragedy, featuring images from the book of the same title as well as images that have not been previously published; through 6/2. • *The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge*: Illustrations by Lynd Ward." Illustrations from the 1942 children's book that were recently given to the museum; through 4/28. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

"Red." A look at the symbolic and aesthetic power of red as demonstrated through examples of clothing, accessories, and textiles in every shade of the color, from scarlet to crimson; through 4/20. • "Latin American Fashion: Exploring Identities on the New York Runway." An exhibition showcasing the work of Carolina Herrera, Oscar de la Renta, Isabel Toledo, Narciso Rodriguez, and other Latin American designers; through 4/13. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design

★ "Architects of the Academy." Watercolors, drawings, floor and site plans, and photographs by architects who were or are Academy members, among them Henry Bacon, Cass Gilbert, Nathaniel Alexander Owings, Edward Stone, and I. M. Pei; through 4/14. • "Modernism & Abstraction: Treasures From the Smithsonian American Art Museum." Works on loan from the Smithsonian by Willem De Kooning, Philip Guston, David Hockney, Ellsworth Kelly, and others; through 4/7. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon-5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10-5; $4.50-$8; students and seniors.

Neue Galerie

★ "Oskar Kokoschka: Early Portraits from Vienna and Berlin, 1909–1914." An exhibition marking the first time the Austrian Expressionist's early portraits have been shown together, including portraits of Adolf Loos, Alma Mahler, and others; through 6/10. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri., Sat., Mon. 11-7; Sun. 1-6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

★ "Wim Delvoye's Cloaca." An elaborate, room-size installation that replicates the human digestive system; through 4/28. • "Marlene Dumas: Name No Names." Eighty figurative works on paper by this Amsterdam-based artist known for her frank drawings of human figures and faces; through 6/2. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.-Sun. noon–6, Thurs. noon–8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"European Liturgal Manuscripts." Twelve medieval and Renaissance manuscripts from the library's collections; through 4/6. • "Drawings by Charles Addams: *Un*real Estate." A selection of drawings by the New Yorker cartoonist, of images ranging from tantalizing conditions in Hell to less than comforting settings of Mother Goose's nursery rhymes; through 6/29. • "The Public's Treasures: Americana From the New York Public Library." Seldom-displayed books and documents from the library's collections, including a copy of the first book printed in America; through 4/27. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"Missing: Streetscape of a City in Mourning." Photographs of memorials and shrines that sprang up around the city after September 11; recordings of oral histories of survivors of the disaster, and a space for visitors to sit and reflect on their lives today; through 6/9. • ★ "Ralph Fasanella's America." A retrospective of paintings by the folk artist and labor activist (1914–1997), a second-generation Italian-American who was born New York City; through 7/14. • "Family Matters: Century-Old New York Businesses." Documents and artifacts from ten long-lived New York City firms, among them Modell's Sporting Goods, ArtKraft Strauss Sign Company, and Rambusch Decorating Studios; through 4/28. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

"The Short Century: Independence and Liberation Movements in Africa, 1945–1994." A survey of African culture through art, film, photography, graphics, architecture, music, literature, and theater, featuring works by 55 artists from 22 countries; through 5/5. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"In the Flow: Artists From the Living Museum." Works by artists who have worked at the Living Museum, a 40,000-square-foot art studio and gallery that provides space and support for the mentally ill and is part of the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center in Queens Village; through 7/7. • "Designing the Future: The Queens Museum of Art and the New York City Building." An exhibition chronicling the history and architecture of *the New York City Building, from its inception in* 1939, when it served as the city's official pavilion at the World's Fair, through the founding of the Queens Museum of Art in 1972, plus design concepts for enlarging the museum, by five finalists who entered an open competition; through 7/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem

"Yinka Shonibare." Fabric-covered, life-size mannequin figures and photographic self-portraits by a Nigerian-born, London-based artist whose work explores notions of "high art" and "low art" and "Britishness" and "Africanness"; through 3/31. • "Africaine: Candace Breitz, Wangechi Mutu, Tracey Rose, and Fatimah Tuggar." Photo-based works that examine lineages of representations of the African female body by four African artists working in the United States and abroad; through 3/31. • "Race in Digital Space." Works created by 50 artists between the late sixties and the present that use film, video, audio, new media, and web techniques to explore the effects of technoculture on the social constructions of race and ethnicity; through 3/31. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

★ "2002 Biennial." The largest Whitney Biennial exhibition since 1981, presenting the works of 113 artists and collaborative teams within the museum and outdoors, in Central Park; through 5/26. • ★ "Dancer: 1999 Nudes by Irving Penn." An exhibition of the photographer's recent series of nudes of the dancer Alexandra Beller that is concurrent with an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of his nudes from 1949 and 1950; through 5/12. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

★ "Jane Hammond: Back Stage—Secrets of Scene Painting." A monumental, site-specific painting that fills the back wall of the gallery with a series of overlapping vignettes that depict distinct improvisational performances and theatrical spaces; through 4/5. • "Lucky DeBellevue: Khlysty, the Owls, and the Others." An installation of the artist's humorously low-tech sculptures constructed from chenille pipe-stem cleaners; through 4/5. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's

3/19 at 10: "Fine Jewels." On view from 3/14. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle

3/13 and 3/14 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 3/9. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Sotheby's

3/13 at 10:15: "American Paintings." On view from 3/8. 3/19 at 2: "The Robert Hatfield Ellsworth Collection: Chinese Archaic & Gilt Bronzes." On view from 3/13. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Swann Galleries

3/14 at 10:30: "The Literature of Bookbinding and Papermaking." On view from 3/10. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

New and Noteworthy

Alias Restaurant
A more ambitious sibling to the terrific AKA Cafe (both offshoots of 71 Clinton Fresh Food), on what's becoming a veritable Lower East Side restaurant row. There, in a dining room designed by the architect responsible for Jewel Bako, and a kitchen twice the size of AKA's, chef Scott Ehrlich has more room to experiment with dishes like fried rabbit and waffles, skate fish cakes, and, in tribute to a fading Lower East Side industry, a pickle-plate appetizer. • 76 Clinton St. (212-505-5011). (M)

Beekman Kitchen
From the owners of the China Fun empire comes this American restaurant and takeout shop that makes the most of its wood-fired oven, used for everything from molasses-braised short ribs to clay-pot paella. The menu pays tribute to San Francisco's renowned Zuni Café with a version of its signature herb-roasted chicken with bread salad. Croques monsieurs at lunch, huevos rancheros at brunch—but no dim sum. • 1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (212-308-0600). (M)

Black Duck
Named for a rum-running boat and owned by a hotel and cruise-ship company, this tavernesque restaurant at the Park South Hotel understandably goes overboard on seafood dishes like lobster martini, porcini-and-herb-crusted salmon in pastry, and sushi-style sesame-seared tuna. The "black duck" is pepper-crusted magret cooked with the proprietary house rum. • 122 E. 28th St. (212-204-5240). (M)

Blue Fin
How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, a superior crab cake with celery-root salad, and his precise cooking of fish. And Gotham vet Joseph Murphy's chocolate tasting is too good to just taste. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M-E)

Bonita
The same folks who turned a nondescript 1927 diner into Williamsburg's bustling Diner opened this cantina four blocks away, in a former Latino lunch counter that they remodeled in their trademark preservationist style (lots of tiles, low light, salvaged counter stools). The Oaxacan chef serves up cheese-dusted corn on the cob, cactus salad, chiles rellenos, and the soft tacos he made famous at Diner's staff meals. • 338 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn (718-384-9500). (I-M)

Café Sabarsky
Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, and cod strudel for lunch. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

Calle Nueve
David Ruggerio has done a steakhouse, a brasserie, several fancy French restaurants, and, most recently, a sushi parlor. The man likes to keep busy. His latest project is Calle Nueve, or "Ninth Street," in the newly renovated Marylou's space. The contemporary-Mexican menu ranges from shrimp seviche with roasted cactus to smoky peanut mole with grilled quail. And, for those who miss the boozy late-night scene at Marylou's, frozen margaritas and "tequinis." • 21 West 9th St. (212-95-0600). (M)

Cipriani Dolci
At the Grand Central outpost of the international empire, there's a train track embedded beneath an inch-and-a-half-thick sheet of glass. There's also tuna tartare, beef carpaccio with the signature Cipriani sauce, Bellinis galore, a "prosciutto tower," and, as the name suggests, plenty of desserts. Plus all-day service, sandwiches and salads, and, come summer, actual air-conditioning—a rarity in that landmarked terminal. • West Balcony, Grand Central Terminal (212-973-0999). (M-E)

★ Commissary
Matthew Kenney (Canteen, Commune) re-establishes his uptown presence with a kitchen that revives some of his signature Mediterranean flavors in dishes like polenta with mascarpone at breakfast (coming soon); panini of prosciutto, pear, blue cheese, and white-truffle honey at lunch; and lamb loin stuffed with goat cheese, mint, dates, and almonds, served with saffron fregula, at dinner. • 1030 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-339-9955). (E)

★ craftbar
With only three daily entrées—one fish, one meat, and one pasta—craftbar might be Tom Colicchio and chef Marco Canora's laid-back answer to those still anxiety-stricken by Craft's hands-on menu. But before you get around to Tuesday's braised pork belly, Friday's fried flounder, or Saturday's spaghetti carbonara, you'll have to navigate a mouthwatering minefield of Italian-accented appetizers and snacks including risotto balls, salumi, and expertly pressed sandwiches. • 47 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M)

Deborah—Life Love Food
After legitimizing hemp as a cooking ingredient at Galaxy, taking an Asian-tropical detour to Miami at Chow, and grilling Korean barbecue at Woo Lae Oak, chef Deborah Stanton turns her attention to what she calls modern American comfort food. Mini meat loaf and pork chops are a given, but plundering the global larder for beer-battered fish and chips and a Cuban sandwich doesn't make her the least bit uncomfortable. • 43 Carmine St. (212-242-2606). (M)

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

Dias
The point-and-cook Greek seafood concept popularized at Milos, Avra, and Trata has arrived on the Upper West Side, where charcoal-grilled fish, priced per pound, is featured along with the full complement of hot and cold mezedes and Greek salads, plus nightly specials like rabbit stifado and lamb fricassee. There's also a Greek-style Sunday brunch, a kids' menu, and an ouzeria downstairs. • 103 W. 77th St. (212-721-6603). (M)

★ Hadom
The excellent hummus, homemade pita, plus a complementary table full of condiments at this terrific Middle Eastern–Israeli restaurant is a meal in itself. But save yourself for some of the dozen or so other salads and specialties like malawach, the warm, buttery, multilayered fried flatbread; and shakshuksa, poached eggs in a heavenly tomato stew. Weekends the kitchen puts out first-rate renditions of Shabbat dishes like cholent and jachnun. • 137 7th Ave. S. (212-206-7374). (I-M)

★ The Harrison
With its long, bustling bar, commodious beamy interior, and friendly neighborhood vibe, the Red Cat's Jimmy Bradley and Danny Abrams's new hot spot feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. There are all sorts of dining options—you can spend a week snarfing the spicy fries—but we like the big dishes best: the crispy chicken served on a fat mattress of scallion mashed potatoes, calf's liver smothered in a sweet sherry sauce, and the house shell steak drizzled with crisps of pancetta. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

Kai
Downstairs is the Ito En retail shop; upstairs, an elegant restaurant serving food inspired by *kaiseki*, the Japanese meal served after a tea ceremony. And most of the dishes on the à la carte lunch menu and the four-level prix fixe dinner menus ($55 to $110) are flavored with the key ingredient: striped bass roasted with tea leaves, green-tea noodles with tofu, and lobster-salmon-and-grapefruit salad with green-tea vinaigrette. • 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-988-7277). (E)

★ La Brunette
Williamsburg is overrun with cute little bistros, and this one stands out from the pack with its professional service, an ambience that doesn't strain itself trying to be hip, and a menu that melds Caribbean seasonings and ingredients with French technique. Scotch-bonnet peppers make their fiery presence felt in avocado-and-oxtail terrine, red-snapper tartare, and coq au vin served over a dense mound of mashed plantains. • 300 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-384-5800). (I-M)

Mamá Mexico
At the original uptown branch, it's hard to have a conversation over the margarita-fueled roar. That raucous fate has yet to befall the snazzy new Turtle Bay outpost, with a mezzanine dining room done up in Day-Glo colors and an enormous menu of Mexican standards interspersed with the occasional experiment in Mex-American fusion, like Acapulco-style pasta or the grilled-chicken wrap with pineapple mayo. • 214 E. 49th St. (212-935-1316). (M)

★ Marseille
Named for the gritty, industrial port city, this Hell's Kitchen kitchen imbues the Film Center Building with a Casablanca-era French-Moroccan feel, replete with tile floor and zinc bar, but no piano. Chef Alex Ureña, late of Blue Hill, traverses the Mediterranean

OPENINGS

Nong
Seemingly overnight, the Asian-influenced Aleutia morphed into the all-Asian (mostly Thai) Nong, and a chef who used to work at Ruby Foo's came in to consult on the spicy new menu. Choose from wok plates (chicken fried rice), large plates (cracked lobster with avocado), and bento-box lunches full of rolls, dumplings, and stir-fries. • 220 Park Avenue So., at 18th St. (212-529-3111). (M)

Rocket Joe's of Delancey
A very friendly welcome and thin-crust gourmet pizza by the slice are a nice addition to the Lower East Side. A couple of tables and a supply of magazines invite lingering over a slice of artichokes-and-leeks, or your basic Napolitano. • 61 Delancey St. (212-334-5900). (I)

Si Si
Chicama chef Douglas Rodriguez gains a Fifth Avenue foothold in the basement of Trump Tower, where he hopes to lure tourists and shoppers with tapas like foie gras flan, coconut-chicken salad, and a roster of rice dishes incorporating everything from crab and scallops to veal and fava beans. • 725 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (212-751-3573). (M)

for stuffed zucchini blossoms, mussel bruschetta, rock-shrimp falafel, and the inevitable bouillabaisse. • 630 Ninth Ave., at 44th St. (212-333-3410). (M)

Meet
With a name that plays on its increasingly trendy location, this onetime meat locker is now inhabited by a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Plus a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from brandade ravioli to walnut-crusted rack of lamb. Next door, Meet Café features panini, crostini, and pizzette. • 71-73 Gansevoort St. (212-242-0990). (M-E)

Mexico Magico
A huge carved Technicolor calendar, colorful serapes, and faux-paving-stone walls and ceiling inhabit a storefront not much bigger than a postcard. This is a family affair. The food is uneven: watery black-bean soup, fabulous cactus salad, decent guacamole, crunchy flautas. But remarkable mole—wondrously rich and bitter—cloaks a chicken paillard, prices are gentle, and combo plates are colossal. • 438 E. 9th St. (212-477-5522). (I-M) ($)

The Minnow
Aaron Bashy grew up in New England and trained at Le Bernardin—two fishy life experiences that pervade his menu at this mostly seafood restaurant he runs with his wife (and pastry chef), Vicki. There's a bit of Ipswich in his fried-fish basket, and a recognition of the excruciatingly finicky New York dining public in his willingness to poach, sauté, grill, or fry any of the day's fresh catch, served with a choice of two sides. • 442 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-5500). (M)

Negril Village
This downtown duplex, sister restaurant to Negril and Island Spice, has a hundred-seat dining room, a basement bar called Rum Lounge, and a compulsion to prove there's more to Caribbean cooking than beef patties and jerk chicken. Thus, an island mélange of dishes like smoked jerk marlin, tamarind-grilled pork on sugarcane skewers, and "Blue Mountain" steak with coffee-spiked rum and white yams. • 70 W. 3rd St. (212-477-2804). (M-E)

NYC
Where there once was Greenwich Cafe, there is now ivory wainscoting, country-quaint cabinets, and—most impressively—Herb Wilson, formerly of Bambou and Jack's Fifth, running the kitchen. Wilson's penchant for Greenmarket-inspired ingredients crops up in a harvest of vegetable sides, from roasted carrots with vanilla butter to pepper-and-mint slaw. And for those insatiable comfort foodies, burgers, steaks, and doughnuts. • 75 Greenwich Ave. (212-366-6004). (M)

ONY
This casual Japanese canteen comes to us via the owners of Menchanko-Tei, the noodle-shop chainlet. Only here, the name stands for "Original Noodle for You," and the focus is on customized ramen. Choose your broth and your toppings, and slurp. Or if that takes too much effort, go with one of the chef's specials, like kimchi menchanko, udon or soba noodles, fried calamari rolls, or Japanese-style fried free-range chicken. • 357 Sixth Ave. (212-414-8429). (I-M)

★ Papillon
Former Atlas chef Paul Liebrandt, the Ornette Coleman of free cuisine, has resurfaced downtown, determined to thrill us with a budget-minded $45 prix fixe and no caviar, no truffles, and only one foie gras dish, in which the ubiquitous goose liver is pickled and crowned with écume de mer. • 575 Hudson St. (646-638-2900). (M-E)

★ Paradou
There's a feeling of garlic-soaked bonhomie at this cozy bistro à vins named after the bucolic Provençal village of Le Paradou ("paradise" in the local dialect) and dedicated to serving wine-friendly food like ripe cheeses, charcuterie, tartines, crêpes, and hearty rustic pressed sandwiches like the one of duck rillettes, capers, roasted tomatoes, and shallots. In warm weather, a garden with a pétanque court provides extra seating, and behind that, in a delicious bit of Manhattan real-estate irony, lurks Hell (the lounge). • 8 Little W. 12th St. (212-463-8345). (I-M)

Savoia
One bite of the superlative Neapolitan-style crust at this Carroll Gardens pizzeria demonstrates why the tiled, wood-burning pizza oven is the focal point of the warm, rustic room. But because man and woman can't live by bread alone, no matter how tempting the notion, there's also an extensive assortment of well-dressed salads, carpaccio, salumi and cheese, pasta, and mostly southern Italian entrées. • 277 Smith St., Brooklyn (718-797-2727). (M) ($)

Smith
Sardines served in the can says it all. Ditto the "nice ordinary name" (as co-owner Brian McNally puts it) and the nobody's-home whitewashed façade. Happily, chef Kenny Addington (Eight Mile Creek, '44,' Picholine) really knows how to cook and keeps it clean, as in beet-and-blood-orange salad with goat yogurt, crusted lamb shank with parsnip purée, and an elegant Long Island duck roasted rosy pink. • 64 E. 1st St. (212-260-3189). (M)

Suba
With an offbeat menu that melds Spanish and Latin-American flavors, and an aquatic motif involving a pool and an illuminated moat, this Lower East Side restaurant and lounge aspires to make something of a splash. Chef Stéphane Buchholzer goes with the flow, serving a selection of $3 tapas and bigger plates of roasted vegetables with fig jam and saffron crackers, and Cornish hen with steamed mussels and rice croquettes. • 109 Ludlow St. (212-982-5714). (M)

★ Superfine
Local artwork, the occasional live band, a bi-level bar, and an orange-felted pool table draw as much of a neighborhood crowd as chef Laura Taylor's seasonal, Mediterranean-inspired menu, which changes daily and features fresh fish, savory house-made sausage, perfectly cooked vegetables, and entrée-size salads. Green chiles imported from New Mexico give Sunday brunch a delectable southwestern spin. • 126 Front St., Brooklyn (718-243-9005). (M) ($)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote, "Food and wine are the essence of life." The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.'s eluded him, but it's a safe bet that the owners of TanDa won't make the same mistake. • 331 Park Avenue S. (212-253-8400). (M-E)

2 West
The restaurant at the new Ritz-Carlton in Battery Park serves playful bento boxes and multiculti noodles

The Underground Gourmet

The Cheesesteak Czar

What the Doughnut Man is to doughnuts, what the Soup Nazi is to soup, what Melampo is to soppressata sandwiches, that's what Gary Thompson wants to be to Philly cheesesteaks—not so much a didactic monomaniac as simply someone who's perfected his craft. If you were interviewing Thompson for the position, however, you might consider him either underqualified (he's from New Jersey) or overqualified: His father cooked for General MacArthur, his Japanese mother was a chef, and for twelve years, Thompson ran the charming French-eclectic restaurant Sonia Rose. The restaurant closed in September, and three weeks ago, Thompson opened **BB Sandwich Bar** on one of Greenwich Village's least charming blocks. The move is extraordinary, rather as if Daniel Boulud were to get himself a chili-dog cart, but Thompson is unrepentant: "I've been perfecting this sandwich for years," he says, "tweaking spices, sweating onions." Philly aficionados should know up front that Thompson's is an interpretive cheesesteak. The standard thin-sliced rib eye and American cheese are joined by deeply flavorful onions he's macerated for four hours. (When he runs out of onions, he closes, just like Totonno's. And you'll need the breath mint he tosses in the bag.) Some die-hard Pat's and Geno's fans might also question Thompson's automatic addition of ketchup and a fancy chili-pepper condiment made with balsamic vinegar, and especially his use of poppy-seed kaiser rolls ("That's bogus," says one native Philadelphian forcefully). But even sticklers couldn't deny that the unusually structurally sound end product is an ethereal melding of sweet, salty, and tangy flavors, and a perfect addition to Manhattan's fast-food universe. The no-frills store is easy to overlook, and so far, the NYU lacrosse team and the bar staff of the Fat Black Pussycat down the street have made up most of BB's clientele. To spread the word, Thompson is running a two-for-$5 special through April, or at least until the cheesesteak-chomping multitudes start lining up outside. (120 West 3rd Street; 212-473-7500.) R.P.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

Find a restaurant. Search listings by cuisine, neighborhood, or price.

at lunch, and a dinner menu full of local vittles like sake-braised Hudson Valley foie gras. The adjacent Lobby Lounge breaks British convention with a "power tea" of steak tartare, foie gras, and Stilton soufflé. And the fourteenth-floor bar, Rise, with its spectacular harbor views, has inherited something of the awe-inspiring spirit of the late Windows on the World. • 2 West St. (212-344-0800). (M–E)

★ Via Emilia
After playing it safe for years with a greatest-Italian-hits menu, the chef-owner of the former Trattoria i Pagliacci has returned to his Emilia-Romagna culinary roots. The menu features homemade tortellini and tortelloni, a preponderance of balsamic vinegar, and best of all, gnoccho fritto, a basket of puffy fritters served with great cured meats—street-festival fried dough gone to finishing school. • 240 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (212-505-3072). (I–M)

Opening

Muppet Takes Manhattan

Three years after their snazzy remake of Leshko's, its owners have exported their Knoll chairs and retro-mod tendencies to Chelsea, where this week they open **elmo.** Chef Kevin Reilly, a veteran of Zoë, presents a playful melting-pot menu he calls "ethnic New York," incorporating flavors from Chinatown, Little Italy, and the Lower East Side. For starters, there's alphabet soup with dilled chicken dumplings and smoked paprika oil, and entrées like vegetable lo mein with roasted grapefruit and cashews. An eye-catching curved mosaic wall and seashell lighting fixtures set the stylish stage, and the spotlight is on a new work by Ross Bleckner, the painter's first commission in a decade. (156 Seventh Avenue, near 19th Street; 212-337-8000.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Ajisen Noodle
A lot of ramen around town can be disappointing—overcooked noodles in bland broth. But not at Ajisen. The pork-based house soup—one of three broth bases along with curry and miso—topped with sliced roast pork, scallions, and hard-cooked egg, is rich and satisfying, the whole-wheat noodles tender but firm. Even better is the "tenderous ribs" version, which turns out to be soup with slow-cooked boneless pork ribs. *Tenderous* indeed. • 14 Mott St. (212-267-9680). (I)

★ Bouley
Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the famously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing between this kitchen and Danube—gets the job done. He's dispensed with the boutique breads, the oven, and the café to make room for lots more seats. And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethereal form of degustation menus revolving around superlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed with fresh chamomile, or organic baby lamb with eggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). (E)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

★ Dim Sum gogo
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) interprets Chinese dim sum? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I–M)

★ Le Zinc
Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19.50. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I–M)

NL
NL claims to be the first Dutch restaurant to open in Manhattan since Peter Stuyvesant's time. This may or may not be true, but given the tepid reputation Dutch food has developed over the past 350 years, NL is a minor revelation. The tiny storefront space looks like some clean, modernist precinct of Amsterdam itself. The food's equally well packaged, especially an exotic hare stew, and the herring tartare. • 169 Sullivan St. (212-387-8801). (M)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food
Now that wunderkind Wylie Dufresne has decamped to work on his new kitchen across the street, his former sous-chef, Matthew Reguin, steps into the spotlight at this celebrated little restaurant. Signature dishes like parsley-root soup and edamame-crusted sea bass seem to be left in capable hands: Before joining the 71 Clinton team, Reguin cooked at Le Cirque and Danube. Expect to see the menu change gradually, with the seasons. • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Snack
Don't be fooled by the name: This tiny SoHo storefront is a full-fledged restaurant. The emphasis is on fresh Greek salads and meze, like tzatziki and skordalia, but the kitchen also turns out creative Greek-inspired sandwiches, roasted chicken, savory pastries stuffed with chicken and olives, and daily specials like pastitsio and braised lamb. Greek wines and beer round out the Hellenic experience. • 105 Thompson St. (212-925-1040). (I)

Below 14th Street, East

Belmondo
Realizing that Avenue B wasn't ready for a Turkish-Belgian crossover restaurant, the owners of Mesopotamia resurrected the space as a resolutely French bistro in the Lucky Strike vein, down to the zinc bar, the D.J., and the tasty fries. • 98 Avenue B (212-358-1166). (I–M)

★ I Coppi
If this trattoria has the homespun feeling of a family restaurant, it's because the husband-and-wife owners built much of it themselves. Bypass the good brick-oven pizza for the more unusual, and addictively crispy, cofaccini, flavored with garlic and olive oil and topped with artichokes. Risotto addicts will love farrotto, a version made with farro (spelt), prosciutto, and winter squash. • 432 E. 9th St. (212-254-2263). (M)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where unsung chef Tatsuya Nagata reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M–E)

Komodo
Mexican-Asian fusion cooking is such a natural pairing that it's a shame you can't find more guacamole spring rolls around town like the ones served here with roasted-tomatillo salsa. Some of the descriptions of the dishes on the menu may sound a little busy, but nearly everything works, including calamari stuffed with huitalacoche and a miso-cider-glazed center-cut pork chop with an apple-chorizo stuffing. The room is loungey cool, but owner Gary Chiappa works it like a neighborhood mom-and-pop shop. • 186 Ave. A (212-529-2658). (M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose bar menu includes Triscuits and sardines alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. The menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to entrées like pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. An inspired brunch menu outdoes even dinner for sheer quirky genius and originality. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

★ A Salt & Battery
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars, all deftly executed by a wisecracking fry chef who used to cook

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

in the British Merchant Navy, and then, judging by his hoop earrings, pantaloons, and Errol Flynn beard, must have turned pirate. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I–M)

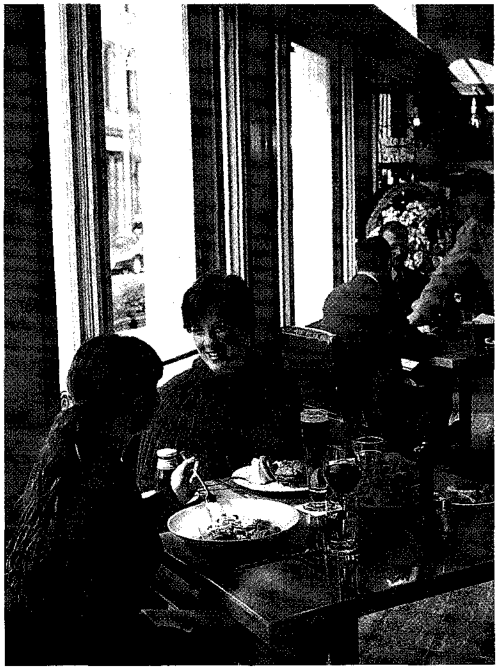
Alfama

The family-reunion feel of the welcome you receive when you set foot inside this cozy corner of Portugal in the Village sets the mood. And chef Carmen Santos, a onetime fado singer, seals the deal with authentic dishes like a luscious seafood mariscada, codfish soufflé, and an oddly delicious shellfish bread pudding with tiger prawns. Bonus points for an interesting Portuguese wine list and live fado music on Wednesdays. • 551 Hudson St. (212-645-2500). (M–E)

Ask Gael

You're on jury duty, and you're smiling?

I leave my cell phone behind and bask in the languor of the court, waiting for the drumroll to spit out my name. For us type A's, it's an island vacation. And then there's lunch. Dealt a two-hour slide, I study the Citizen's Jury Project "Where to Eat" guide and settle into a sunny spot at **City Hall** (pictured, 131 Duane Street; 212-227-7777), requesting speedy service, then luxuriating in the special salmon club with fabulous fries and a lush chopped Caesar. Overdressed, the way I like it, though underaccessorized. That leaves 45 minutes for Key-lime pie, espresso, and the walk back. Next day, I collect a few gourmandlich hopefuls from the compound for a run to **Yummy Noodles** in the Chinatown Arcade (46 Bowery; 212-374-1327) for crispy pig, soya chicken, wonderful beef chow fun, and too much more for a pittance. Alas, Gary's Hot Spot on Church Street, with its wondrously fatty oxtails and crunchy macaroni, is gone, but **Nam** (110 Reade Street; 212-267-1777), with its stylish and refined take on Vietnamese cooking, is kinder to the arteries.



★ Annisa

Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic; note the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M–E)

Burrito Loco

The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb, another with a chipotle-spiked tomatillo salsa, and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I–M)

★ Chow Bar

Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Do Hwa

Jenny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarize diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-414-1224). (M)

★ Isla

With its cool-blue Formica tabletops, Miami Beach tile, and white Naugahyde booths, Isla is Diane Ghioto's sexily lit invocation of fifties Havana. Good-looking and savvy scenesters share the seviche sampler, the mussels perfumed with smoked tomato and garlic chips, seafood paellita, or a mammoth stuffed pork chop with sour-orange mojo. • 39 Downing St. (212-352-2822). (M–E)

Tio Pepe

Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

Villa Mosconi

Traditional Northern Italian home cooking in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. • 69 MacDougal St. (212-673-0390). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ AQ Café

Scandinavia House's sleek new concession run by Aquavit and its star chef, Marcus Samuelsson, provides a gastronomic introduction to Nordic culture. On the menu: textbook tender Swedish meatballs, a superb smorgasbord plate, and salmon lasagna crowned with ascending dollops of tomato salsa and salmon salad for which Samuelsson's mother country should award him a Nobel Prize. • 58 Park Avenue, at 38th St. (212-847-9745). (I)

Bambou

A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Beppe

Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, savory braised spare ribs, and desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

Danzón

From the mother-and-daughter team behind Zarela comes this culinary love letter to Veracruz, a Mexican melting pot of Spanish, African, Cuban, and Italian immigrants and indigenous ingredients. Seafood plays a major role, from fish tacos and lime-marinated-conch cocktail to the classic red snapper veracruzana. Wines are exclusively Spanish and Mexican, should one choose to veer off the fabled Zarela margarita path. • 126 E. 28th St. (212-252-1345). (M)

★ Gramercy Tavern

Tavern has become Danny Meyer's most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don't. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their next visit, damned if they don't demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery

A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

★ Pipa

Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish. A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, which undergo subtle and delicious transformation here. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

★ Tocqueville

At the loveliest new mom and pop shop in town, Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Markovitzky have taken what they've learned from a decade of catering and added to it all they couldn't do in someone else's home. Their gently idiosyncratic nook will take about twenty minutes to charm you. • 15 E. 15th St. (212-647-1515). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Arno

Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

★ Chez Josephine

At Jean-Claude Baker's lively homage to his adopted mother, Josephine Baker, the welcome's so warm, it feels like a homecoming, and the piano is live every night. Bistro standbys—asparagus napoleon, boeuf bourguignonne, deftly cooked salmon—are good enough. Southern fried chicken is fabulous, and le délice Josephine delivers paradise in chocolate. • 414 W. 42nd St. (212-594-1925). (M)

★ Ilo

Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restaurants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen's charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

Man Ray

French record producer Thierry Klemeniuk has recruited a team of noted lounge lizards for this assault on late-night, glamorama New York. An old firehouse in Chelsea has been stuffed with lots of retro-looking Pan-Asian knickknacks, and the food is sometimes better than it should be. Chef Frédéric Kieffer mixes ingredients like flamboyant cocktails. He makes a nice rack of lamb (crusted in marjoram) and several good fish dishes (we liked the turbot), but stay away from the frog legs, served in a bubbly licorice broth. • 147 W. 15th St. (212-929-5000). (M–E)

★ Sandro's

Though neither as ingenious as Babbo nor as familiar as Baldoria, Sandro's cooks the kind of robust Italian food you wish you knew how to make. In a room as basic as his flavors are direct, bucatini amatriciana resonates, snapper satiates, lemon pasta invigorates, and the fried artichokes tickle at least two senses. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

Slate

Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 West 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra

Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street-fresh whole fish are priced by the pound and described on the menu like wines. Barbounia, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M–E)

Divine Bar

This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second floor (791-9463). (I–M)

★ Le Périgord

A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tableside service. And new chef Jacques Qualin (Jean Georges) is not opposed to bathing veal chops in yogurt-lemon sauce or molding a salmon fillet into the shape of a petite mignon. He's a wizard with lighter dishes as well, like turbot (with a lacy glaze of comte cheese) and a succession of luminous soups. Try the Floating Island for dessert, but be sure to dress in proper attire, or be banished to the back room. • 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E)

★ Maloney & Porcelli

Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

★ Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.

If you're looking for him, he ain't there. But if you've come for great beef, that's another story. A better slab of New York strip sirloin would be hard to find, no matter which train you board downstairs. And you're surrounded by the spectacular restoration. It's almost as exciting as sitting courtside. • 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (E)

Monkey Bar

Many talented chefs have made their way through this kitchen, which, in its latest incarnation under new executive chef David Walzog, is looking back to its all-American roots with entrées like butter-poached Maine lobster, New York strip steak, and seasonal sides like sweet corn succotash and sugar snap peas. David Rockwell's swanky design and the monkey-muraled bar remain unchanged—plush in an Old New York way. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

Montebello

Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano

Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

One 51

A twenties opera house turned twenty-first-century nightclub, with weekly theme nights like Latin Tuesdays. And should all that dancing make you hungry, the kitchen offers polyglot-American tapas and prix-fixe dinners, incorporating global flavors in everything from "semi-sushi" salmon with wasabi cream and ginger, to slow-roasted duck breast with cantaloupe glaze and polenta. • 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144). (M–E)

Smith & Wollensky

Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

Babalu

In not-so-subtle homage to Ricky Ricardo, this is a supper club with a salsa beat, curtained booths, sharp dressers, and 50 kinds of rum. No wonder the lively crowd is guzzling mojitos and daiquiris, barely pausing to refuel with Colombian arepas with braised oxtail, tostones rellenos, Peruvian shrimp chowder, and seafood paella. • 327 W. 44th St. (212-691-8888). (M)

★ Baldoria

Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scaloppine, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House

This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the as-

Opening

Healthy Choice

Andy Yang leads a double life. As a partner at Forbidden City, he runs a dark den of iniquity where Alphabet City slickers sip sake and smoke themselves silly. But at his new restaurant, **Rochjin Asian Noodle**, he's created an alcohol-and-smoke-free zone open till 2 A.M., a clean-living canteen where NYU students and frazzled East Villagers can restore themselves with fresh ginger and lemongrass juices, and an assortment of noodle soups featuring Thai fish balls (rochjin) made by Yang's godmother, his chef and partner, who pulverizes yellowtail snapper with hot and cold water and abstains from MSG, filler, and flour. Thanks to a stint at Blue Ribbon Sushi, Yang has an in at Fulton Fish Market; everything else, from tea leaves to glass-topped tables, is imported from Thailand. He even selected the music, an assortment of classic jazz, with his collegiate clientele's well-being in mind: "They all listen to hip-hop. Better music"—like fish—"might improve their brain." (92 Third Avenue; 212-614-7294.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

siduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

★ Citarella: The Restaurant
Former Le Bernardin chef de cuisine Brian Young challenges the piscatory supremacy of his old boss Eric Ripert on the latter's own midtown surf and turf. Young brings to the battle an ambitious seafood menu (shaved geoduck clam with asparagus chives, a langoustine "roll," and a $75 Asian-seafood tasting menu), plus former Bouley Bakery pastry chef Bill Yosses, and a design by David Rockwell. Not to mention an in at the fish market. • 1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-332-1515). (E)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina
Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Estiatorio Milos
Eating in this lofty Greek seafood restaurant isn't exactly fishing for supper, but it's close. Beautiful whole fish from around the world are arranged over ice in the back of the austere, dramatically lit room, where preoccupied waiters invite customers to claim their entrée before it's reeled in to the kitchen to be simply grilled with lemon, olive oil, and herbs. The menu lists prices by the pound—$25 for the Florida pompano, $32 for the Mediterranean loup de mer—so unless you've worked at a carnival guessing weights, the bill is always something of a surprise. • 125 West 55th Street (212-245-7400). (E)

★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown
Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall-to-wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers.) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House
With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli—not to mention a superb artisanal-cheese-and-beer tasting plate—this third branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Oona's Restaurant & Bar
Casual, contemporary American fare in an up-and-coming neighborhood. Creative renditions of seared red snapper, ginger-glazed with bok choy and pickled beets; breast of duck with butternut squash and duck confit; and pizza garnished with figs, mascarpone, and prosciutto. Plus apple martinis and sidewalk dining, weather permitting. • 891 Eighth Ave. at 53rd St. (212-956-6000). (M)

Pig and Whistle
A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). Also, 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro
Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

★ Triomphe
Now that 44th Street west of Fifth is hotel row, the venerable Iroquois has emerged from its midlife stodge with a $13 million makeover and a pocket-size restaurant. Perhaps the prices could be sweeter, but there is much to savor on Steven Zobel's menu: tender braised rabbit, oysters simmered in Vermouth cream, sautéed chicken livers, and a serious steak. • 49 W. 44th St. (212-453-4233). (M–E)

Utsav Festive India
The $12.95 all-you-can-eat lunch buffet may be pricier than some, but the setting—an elevated bridge between two midtown office buildings—is posher, with tablecloths and flowers and gracious waiters wearing chili-pepper-patterned neckties. Every day brings a selection of four vegetable and three meat dishes, plus salads, chutneys and pickles, nan, superb saffron-speckled rice, and silky-sweet Indian puddings for dessert. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

★ ViceVersa
Like a hit play that opens with little fanfare, ViceVersa is full of diverting surprises, not least of which is its signature dish: casconelli alla bergamasca, ravioli stuffed with veal, raisins, and amaretto cookies, served with sage butter and pancetta. It's a mouthful, all right—a particularly and unexpectedly tasty one. But that shouldn't keep you from trying the "priest strangler" pasta, pan-seared sardines, or dorade with pastitsio. • 325 W. 51st St. (212-399-9291). (M)

Zanzibar
The crowd at this loungey Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Brasserie 8 1/2
At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue-green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

Caviarteria
If you like to sip Taittinger and nibble caviar by the eighth of an ounce on a whim, this is the place for you. The casually elegant café also offers sampler platters of Sevruga, Osetra, and Beluga, plus related luxuries like a black-truffle soup, smoked trout from Idaho, salmon from Scotland, and a host of roe-centric sandwiches. • 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-759-7410). (M–E)

Dawat
You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

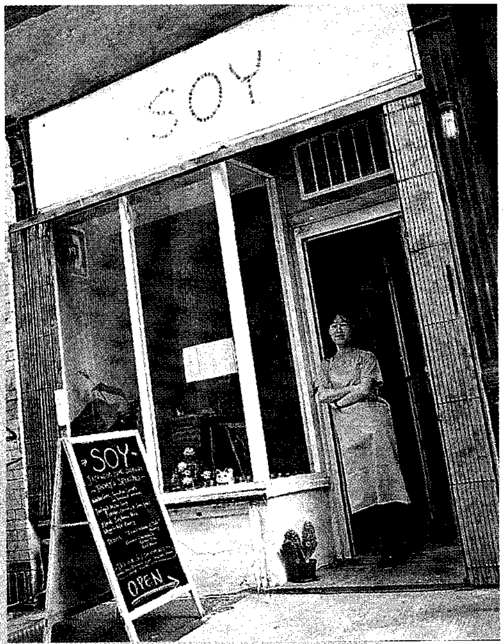
The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole *meunière*) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Nicole's
Restaurants in clothing stores are usually more amenity than attraction. But this minimalist-chic dining room in the basement of Nicole Farhi's boutique is a rare exception. Chef Annie Wayte is obsessed with seasonal produce, and changes her menu every six weeks to prove it. The less expensive bar menu changes *daily*. Which means one ought not to grow too attached to her grilled-scallop-

Opening

Chain Reaction

"In a three-block radius, there's every kind of fast food," says Etsuko Kizawa, an erstwhile designer determined to offer her Lower East Side neighborhood a healthier alternative to KFC and Burger King. So last month, she converted her handbag boutique into **Soy**, a minuscule, honeydew-green bastion of soybeans in every form, from edamame and tofu to roasted-soybean snacks, green-tea soy smoothies, even soy coffee. And for expert assistance in preparing "classic Japanese mama's dishes" like beef-and-potato stew and curry rice, Kizawa imported two temps from Japan: her parents. (102 Suffolk Street; 212-253-1158.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

and-fennel salad, or the fritto misto of wild striped bass, haricots verts, and artichoke hearts. • 10 E. 60th St. (212-223-2288). (E)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M-E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

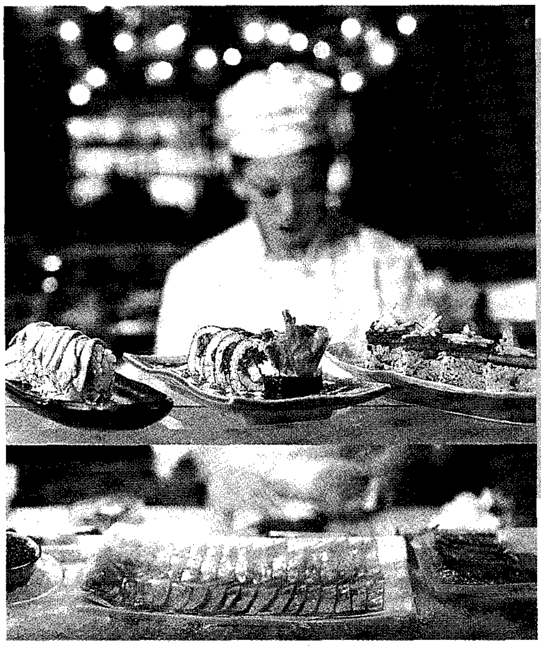
★ Bid
You don't have to be a collector to find a compelling reason to visit Sotheby's—not when there's a serious restaurant like Bid just off the lobby. Executive chef Matthew Seeber (hand-picked by consultant Tom Colicchio) serves seasonal Americana like braised lobster with corn relish, sautéed quail with smoked bacon, and roasted lamb with Brin d'Amour. Relish desserts paired with dessert wines, or a house cocktail, and pretend that the rotating artwork is part of your private collection. • 1334 York Ave., at 71st St. (212-988-7730). (E)

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M-E)

Lawrence Scott
The command of the namesake chef, who journeyed through the kitchens of Lucas Carton and Ducasse, shows in his tuna-carpaccio salad, in the perfect glazing of diver scallops with Yukon Gold–potato salad, and in his gorgeous lamb shank. The duck-confit lasagna is undisciplined but delicious, and the trio of chocolate-ice-cream sandwiches is just enough to share. • 1363 First Ave., nr. 73rd St. (212-396-4555). (M-E)

Maine Lobster Seafood Restaurant
For a chunk of land surrounded by water, Manhattan surprisingly isn't known for its casual American seafood, the type of salt-water-scented fare that defines New England dining. Maine Lobster hopes to change all that with its across-the-board seafood menu of stone crabs, "very crabby" crab cakes, lobster rolls, pan-seared scallops, and steamed lobster. • 1631 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-327-4800). (M)

Malena Ristorante
There's no shortage of casual, affordable Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side's Second Avenue, but this one covers all the bases with ease, from carpaccio of beef to linguini with clams to veal chops Valdostana. Try the three-course prix fixe lunch for $10.95. • 1561 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (212-988-3805). (M)



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

Pamir
Worth a trip for the coziness of tribal carpets, the hanging copper and saddle bags, the warm welcome, and the luscious ravioli-like aushak under a mantle of yogurt and savory meat sauce. Satiny eggplant and pumpkin are similarly draped. Chunks of juicy lamb shore up the pistachio-and-almond-tossed pilaf (called palaw). And the baklava (baghlawa) is chewy and not too sweet. • 1437 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-734-3791). (M)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

★ Primola
There are hits and misses at this unassuming hangout where a core of entitled East Siders go to be surrounded by their peers and pampered by Giuliano Zuliani. We love the lush focaccia, a starter of clams and mussels in a fragrant broth, and charred rare slices of bistecca fiorentina—perfumed with rosemary, garlic, and olive oil. • 1226 Second Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-758-1775). (M-E)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Caffé La Grolla
The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It seats 28; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scaloppine, artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I-M)

Talent

Su-She

Ever wonder why there aren't more woman sushi chefs? According to tradition, women's hands are warmer than men's, which isn't good for the fish. **Chicama**'s new sushi chef, Arisa Suzuki, has overcome such dubious medical claims, however, and as far as we know, she's one of two female sushi chefs in New York. Her new menu takes a decidedly Latin approach to sushi, and if her rolls taste hot, it's from ingredients like jalapeños, chili oil, and shichimi aïoli. (35 East 18th Street; 212-505-2233.)

★ Jean Georges
Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Max SoHa
This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I-M) ($)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

Restaurant 222
Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. • 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)

Sabor
As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna seviche and watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I-M)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

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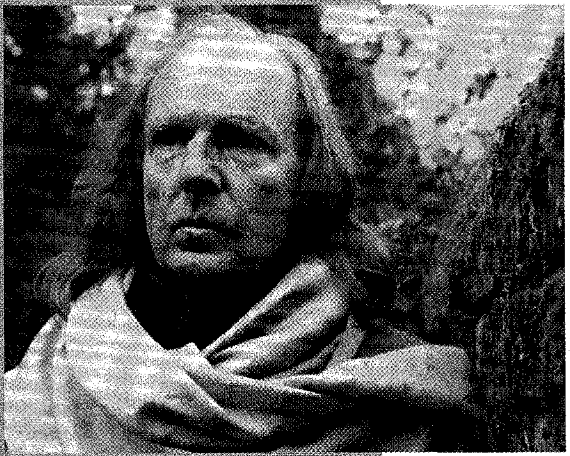
Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Performance

Cross Talk

The title of **Lamentations and Praises**, Sir John Tavener's latest work, about the Resurrection, refers to the Holy Week service that, curiously, is called "lamentations" in the Russian Orthodox Church but "praises" in the Greek Orthodox Church. "I think the Russians are much better at lamenting, and the Greeks have much more sense of light," muses the British composer (pictured), called to the phone from his garden in Dorset. For the work—commissioned by the acclaimed vocal ensemble Chanticleer, the Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art—he asked that Chanticleer learn the authentic Byzantine style of singing, and it did. "There were times I was absolutely convinced that they were Greeks singing it." In this piece, the orchestration is a fusion of ancient and modern, East and West, something Tavener says he didn't hear until after it was written. "Music is a divine thing," he says. "The initial inspiration must come from outside oneself, outside the frailty of the human ego." The work is being performed semi-staged, with costumes, this week at the Metropolitan Museum's Temple of Dendur. (See "Classical Music.") A.Z.



Classical Music

★ New York Philharmonic
Bramwell Tovey conducts Haydn's Trumpet Concerto featuring Philip Smith and works by Webern and Mozart. 3/12 at 6:45. Sir Colin Davis (London Symphony Orchestra) leads Haydn's Symphony No. 92, Schubert's Symphony No. 5, and Mozart's Sinfonia concertante. 3/14–3/16 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $15–$88.

★ Richard Tucker Music Foundation
Opera stars perform free of charge: baritones Bryn Terfel and Juan Pons, mezzos Denyce Graves and Suzanne Mentzer, sopranos Hei-Kyung Hong and Maria Guleghina, and tenors Marcello Alvarez and Gregory Turay. 3/12 at 6:30. • Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. and 65th St. (212-744-1400); free.

"Pierre Boulez: Complete Piano Works"
Marilyn Nonken performs all three Boulez sonatas and the early *Notations,* written when he was 20. 3/14 at 7:30. • The Great Hall at Cooper Union, Third Ave. and 7th St. (212-279-4200); $20.

★ Ensemble Sospeso
Premieres film scores (with films) by composer-filmmaker teams Hal Hartley–Louis Andriessen, Nicolas Roeg–Adrian Utley, animators the Brothers Quay–Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Werner Herzog–John Tavener. 3/14–3/15 at 8. • Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (212-854-7799); $20.

New York Philomusica
Thirtieth-anniversary season continues with Webern's *Six Bagatelles* (just over three minutes, but it took him two years to write), and chamber music by Joël-François Durand, Schoenberg, and Schumann. 3/14 at 8. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $25.

Brooklyn Philharmonic
Robert Spano conducts the 1921 chamber (original) version of Arthur Honegger's symphonic psalm, *King David,* featuring the New York Virtuoso Singers. 3/15–3/16 at 8. • Brooklyn Academy of Music, Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette St. (718-622-5838); $20–$50.

Cartrin Finch and Karen Lindquist
Spend a civilized lunch hour with two harpists performing Bach, Debussy, Franck, and Smetana. Finch is the U.K.'s "royal harpist," hand-picked by the prince himself. 3/15 at noon. • The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008); $15.

★ Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
Performs Brahms, Haydn, and Strauss, 3/15 at 3; Mozart, Schubert, and Berg, 3/16 at 8; and Bruckner's Symphony No. 8, 3/17 at 2. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $34–$177.

★ Chanticleer
See box. 3/16 at 8. • Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-570-3949); $60.

★ Emerson String Quartet
Takes on all six of Bartók's famously difficult string quartets. 3/17 at 3. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $50.

★ Peter Serkin, piano
The celebrated pianist performs an all-Beethoven recital. 3/17 at 2. • Colden Center at Queens College (718-793-8080); $32.

★ St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble
Performs Ravel's 1926 *Chansons madécasses* ("Songs of Madagascar") and works by Schubert. 3/17 at 2. • Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (212-594-6100); $25.

★ Philadelphia Orchestra
Sir Simon Rattle leads Mahler's Symphony No. 5 and H. K. Gruber's *Frankenstein!!* for voice and orchestra (Gruber is the voice), with text from H. C. Artmann's children's rhymes. 3/19 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $22–$89.

Opera

★ Metropolitan Opera
Parade, with music by Satie, Poulenc, and Ravel, Prokofiev's *War and Peace,* and Verdi's *Rigoletto* and *Luisa Miller* are onstage. Call for details, or visit www.metopera.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$265.

★ New York City Opera
Bizet's *Carmen* opens on 3/17. Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* run, too. Call for details, or visit www.nycopera.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $25–$98.

"Works & Process at the Guggenheim"
Excerpts from new version of Handel's *Agrippina* with members of the New York City and Glimmerglass Operas. Discussion follows. 3/18 at 7:30. • Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3587); $18.

The Gilbert & Sullivan Society of New York
Presents a concert version of the operetta *Princess Ida,* about a princess who runs away to escape marriage and found a women's college. 3/19 at 7:45. • CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (718-274-7279); free.

Dance

★ Donald Byrd/the Group
A decade of dance by the Bessie Award–winning choreographer, including *Jazz Train, Not the Shack,* a satirical take on social dancing, and *Drastic Cuts,* about the state of the arts in the U.S. With illusions from magician Steve Cuiffo. 3/14–3/17. Call for details. • New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $10–$30.

Flamenco Vivo Carlota Santana
New York premiere of *Bailaor/Bailaora,* which traces the evolution of mens' and womens' flamenco, and *En El Café de Chinitas.* 3/12–3/17. Call for details. • The Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.

"Love After Death"
Inspired by roadside shrines, choreographer Julia Ritter, writer Michael Duke, and composer Michael Wall collaborated on this work about different human reactions to loss and the way we memorialize loved ones. 3/15–3/16 at 8. • University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St. (212-924-0077); $12.

School of Hard Knocks
Choreographer Yoshiko Chuma's modern-dance group presents a piece exploring issues of war and displacement with dancers from Bosnia, Croatia, and Afghanistan. 3/14–3/31. Call for details. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. Fourth St. (212-475-7710); $15.

★ Wil Swanson/Dance Works
The 92nd Street Y's Harkness Dance Project ends with the premiere of the former Trisha Brown dancer's *Naked Singularities, TORSE,* set to Corelli's Concerto Grossi, and *ORE,* set to a score of white noise and Tibetan horns. 3/13–3/14, 3/16 at 8, 3/17 at 2. • The Duke on 42nd St., 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $20.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

cue

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

★ Allman Brothers Band
3/14–3/16, 3/18–3/19, 3/21–3/24 at 8. (See box.) • Beacon Theatre, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171). $45.99–$65.99.

Bad Religion
With Less Than Jake; Hot Water. 3/12 at 7:30. So-Cal punk vets return with one of the better albums (*The Process of Belief*) of their career. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $20.

Bush
With Default. 3/14 at 8. Mush-mouthed *faux*-grunge Brits whose audience has been vanquished to Nickelback and Creed finally hit bottom with their latest album, *Golden State*. • Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $30.

Busta Rhymes
3/12 at 8. His albums are never very interesting beyond a single or two, but Rhymes, a rapper who came of age in hip-hop's late-eighties golden era, can be a captivating live performer. • Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $35.

Saw Doctors
3/15 at 7:30. More raucous Irish rock for the Saint Patrick's Day weekend, but more U2 and the Byrds than Shane MacGowan. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171) $25.

★ Shane MacGowan and the Popes
3/16 at 8. (See box.) • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $30.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
3/12: Chic with Nile Rodgers. 3/15: The Prodigals. 3/16: Stanton Moore. 3/17: Altan. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
3/15: Popa Chubby; Rev. Billy C. Wurtz. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
3/12: . . . And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead. 3/13: Gorki's Zygotic Mynci. 3/14–3/15: Death Cab for Cutie. (See box.) 3/16: Antibalas. 3/17: Jason Crosby and Friends. 3/18: Lo Fidelity Allstars. 3/19: Ash. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 3/12: Joan Rivers. 3/13: Jake Stigers. 3/15: New York City Country Coalition. 3/16: David Driver. • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza
3/12: Five for Fighting. 3/13–3/14: Reverend Horton Heat. 3/15–3/16: NOFX; the Mad Caddies. 3/17: Carrot Top. 3/18: "Scratch" with D.J.'s Z-Trip; Jazzy Jay. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
3/12: Cui Jian. 3/13: Gavin DeGraw. 3/14: Polygraph Lounge. 3/16: Soul Erotica. 3/17: Los Hombres Calientes. 3/18: Dave Douglas New Quintet. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
3/12: Cannibal Ox; Scienz of Life. 3/13: Cappadonna. 3/14: Hood. 3/15: Dr. Meeker. 3/16: Black 47. 3/17: David Bridie. 3/18: Sarah Dougher. 3/19; Sage Francis. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
Mondays in March: "What I Like About Jew Pays Tribute to the Songs of *Fiddler on the Roof*." 3/12: Local Artist Showcase Night. 3/14: Groovelily; Caroline; Aitken. 3/16: Adonai in Dub; D.J. Yossi Fine. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Maxwell's
3/14: Copper Dalton; Dave Murphy and the Hamilton Electric. 3/15: Club Country. 3/16: The Push Stars; Cropduster. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
3/12: Soundtrack of Our Lives. 3/15: Rogue's March. 3/16: Club Country. 3/17: Robbie Fulks. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
3/12: Burn Barrel. 3/13: The Red and the Black; Deer Park. 3/14: Anodyne. 3/15: Organic Grooves. 3/18: Janeane Garofalo. 3/19: Bellamaxina; D.J. Kuttin' Kandy. • 66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

Rodeo Bar
3/12: The Demolition String Band. 3/13: BBQ Bob and the Spareribs. 3/14: The Jimmy Nations Combo. 3/15: Bell Furies. 3/16: The Raging Teens. 3/17: Jack Grace. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).

S.O.B.'s
3/12: "Stone Love Movement." 3/14: The Ahimsa Tour. 3/15: Cooly's Hot Box. 3/19: Kosheen. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
3/13–3/14: The Calling (sold out). 3/15: Hammell on Trial. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

"Warsaw"
3/15: Hood. • Polish National Home, 261 Driggs Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (toll-free, 866-468-7619).

Clubs

APT
An apartment-themed lounge with a surprisingly good lineup of hip-hop, soul, and house D.J.'s. Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon. Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. Fridays beginning 3/15. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322). $10.

Centro-Fly
Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions," with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." Sundays: The Chelsea boys sweat out Saturdays toxins at "Drama at Large!" with D.J. Victor Calderone. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Cheetah
Back with new owners, but the same emphasis on hip-hop with the occasional house party. Fridays: "Eclectic Fridays" with D.J. Cosi and D.J. Cipha Sounds spinning hip-hop, house, reggae, and soul. Saturdays: "Sweet Saturdays" with hip-hop from D.J. Red Alert. Sundays: Promoter Rob Fernandez's long-running house-music party "Asseteria." Mondays: "Purrr," an upscale hip-hop night. • 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

★ Club Shelter
After nearly a decade at Vinyl, deep-house weekly "Shelter" has not only found a new home—it *is* the new home. The nightclub formerly known as Speed is now Club Shelter, the centerpiece of which will be D.J. Timmy Regisford's soulful, highly eclectic Saturday-night affair. So far unannounced is the remainder of the week's schedule, but no matter—after the club closings of 2001 and the terrorist attacks, New York nightlife desperately needs a dose of the party's good vibes. • Club Shelter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

Discothèque
3/16: Mateo & Matos. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-352-9999). $25.

Groovejet
Mondays: Rock-and-roll classics, new wave, and punk with D.J. Tommy. Tuesdays: D.J. Sean O'Shea spins deep house. Wednesdays: Techno upstart David Hollands. Thursdays: "Gallery" with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Drum and bass with "Globesonic." Saturdays: D.J.'s Kimyon, Rich Bourque, and Juan C spin techno and house at "Foundation." • 286 Spring St. (212-929-4780).

Luxx
Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: D.J. Larry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K; D.J. Gomi. Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for

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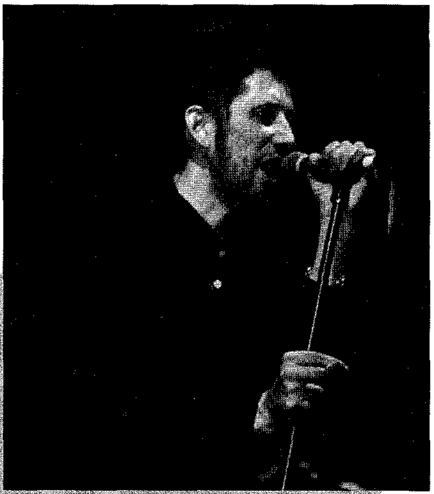
Performance

Green Scene



Even if the perpetually inebriated **Shane MacGowan** doesn't love the revelry of St. Patrick's Day ("It's the Irish at their absolute worst," he growls), the former Pogues front man is still quite happy about playing a gig at Roseland on March 16. "All the fighting and puking and heavy drinking and shitting will go on *outside*," MacGowan (pictured) practically slurs, "but inside there'll be lots of dancing and jumping around. A great time will be had by everyone, for sure." That's likely to be the result of MacGowan's wide-ranging program, covering everything from folk standards ("Dirty Old Town") to shambling Pogues favorites ("If I Should Fall From Grace With God"). "Irish music covers a wide range of music, ya know," MacGowan says. "It's not exactly a restricted genre." (See "Concerts.") E.B

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEATHER SWANSON.

Brooklyn." • 256 Grand St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

The Mint
Fridays: "Spirit of Ibiza." Sundays: Promoter Derek Corley's hip-hop throw-down, which has already seen the likes of Suge Knight pass through its doors. In the downstairs area, dubbed the "Bass Mint": Mondays, drum and bass with Breakbeat Science D.J.'s DB and Dara. • 225 E. Houston St. (212-475-3200).

The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s, including Razor of Razor and Guido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Vinyl
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland
In March—Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays, early: The Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra; Mondays, late: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin. Tuesdays, early: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band; Tuesdays, late: Duke Ellington Orchestra, directed by Paul Mercer Ellington. Fridays: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 3/13: Esteban. 3/14–3/16: Roy Haynes Quartet. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
3/12–3/17: Arturo Sandoval. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. 3/12–3/17: Ravi Coltrane Quintet. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

★ "Jazz at Lincoln Center presents: Duets on the Hudson"
With Joe Locke, vibraphone, and John Hicks, piano; Warren Vaché, trumpet, and Bill Charlap, piano. 3/14–3/16 at 8. • Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, *165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (212-721-6500). $48.*

★ "Jazz Insights" presents: "The Music of Duke Ellington"
Music and lecture series hosted by Arnold Jay Smith, Tuesdays from 7:45 to 9:30. 3/12: Lloyd Mayers. • New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5690). $35.

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
In March: Valerie Capers Ensemble. The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. Performances take place every Friday from 5:45 to 6:45 and 7:15 to 8:15. • Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100).

Performance

Heaven Knows He's Miserable Now

The "emo" (shorthand for emotional) scene feels like the sum total of everything sensitive and introspective about pop music over the past twenty years (from Morrissey to Fugazi's Ian MacKaye). But few bands are more inward-looking than **Death Cab for Cutie** (pictured), from Bellingham, Washington. Possessed of a quavery voice that sounds like it might fall apart any second, and with gloomy lyrics like "It was true that I was truly failing / But you were gone and I was home calling around but nothing was found worthwhile," lead singer-guitarist Ben Gibbard is emo's hottest property—or most despairing, depending on your take. At the Bowery Ballroom March 14 and 15. (See "Small Stages.")

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke
Sundays in March: Chris Washburne and Syotos. Mondays: Jam Session with John Farnsworth. Tuesdays: "Hammond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet Plus One. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic
Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 3/12: Chad Taylor, Jemeel Moondoc, and Tom Abbs; Bill Cole's Untempered Ensemble. 3/13: Oscar Noriega Trio. 3/14: Erik Friedlander's Rope. 3/15: "Fast 'n' Bulbous": The Captain Beefheart Project, with Gary Lucas and Phillip Johnston. 3/16: Vinicius Cantuaria Band. 3/18: Baby Zizanie: J. G. Thirlwell and Jim Coleman. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Up Over Jazz Cafe
In March—Sundays: "Jazz in the Spirit: Afternoon of Gospel Jazz and Latin." Mondays: Jam session with Vincent Herring Quartet. Tuesdays: Vocal/Instrumental Jam Session. Thursdays: Robert Glasper Trio. • Up Over Jazz Cafe, 351 Flatbush Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-398-5413).

Village Vanguard
Mondays in March: the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/12–3/17: Roy Hargrove Quintet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club
Sundays in March: Downtown Comedy. Mondays in March: New Talent Showcase. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Performance

Rites of Spring

Like the Grateful Dead or even Phish in their heyday, the **Allman Brothers Band** (pictured) plays on and on and on. . . . In an annual early-spring tradition that began in 1996 and has even yielded a live album called *Peakin' at the Beacon*, these bluesy southern rockers will take to the Beacon for an astonishing nine nights beginning March 14. (See "Concerts.")

Carolines On Broadway
Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/12: Otto and George. 3/13: Otto and George. 3/14–3/17: Janeane Garofalo. 3/19: Hot 97's Phat Tuesday. • 1626 Broadway, near 49th St. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar
Through 3/18: Colin Quinn; Greer Barnes; Godfrey; Mitch Fatel; Robert Kelly. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's
Through 3/17: Paul Mercurio; Gregory Rogell; Gregory Vacarello. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. • 1118 First Ave., near 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Cabaret

Arci's Place
3/12: Loni Ackerman. 3/13–3/16: Chris Calloway in "Celebration of Legacy." • 450 Park Ave. So., near 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Danny's Skylight Room
3/12: Charles Lindbergh. 3/13: Tim Sullivan. 3/14: Jessica Hope. 3/15–3/17: Blossom Dearie. 3/18–3/20: Charles Lindbergh. Shows Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 6:15. • 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama
Thursdays at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays at 8: "The Next Big Broadway Musical!" Fridays at 10:30: Gay and Lesbian Comedy Fest. Saturdays at 8 and 11: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 9:30: "Gashole: A Tribute to the 70s." • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Judy's
3/12: Colm Reilly. 3/13: Lynn Lobban with John Wallowitch. 3/14: Colm Reilly with D. Jay Bradley. 3/15: Charles Major. 3/16: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Medleyfin." 3/17: Charles Major; Lynn Lobban. 3/18: Colm Reilly in "Being Green: A Collection of Irish Songs." • 169 Eighth Ave., near 18th St. (212-929-5410).

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PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, KAREN MOSKOWITZ; BOTTOM, KIRK WEST.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

"New York Guitar Festival Marathon"
"New Sounds With John Schaefer" presents the last two parts of an all-day concert at the 92nd Street Y where musicians like the Assad Brothers and the Brazilian Guitar Quartet played a wide range of work from Bach to Hank Williams and from Astor Piazzolla to Radiohead. • 3/14 and 3/15 at 11 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM and 93.9 FM.

"The Next Big Thing"
Dean Olsher's variety program checks in with people interviewed on the show immediately after the terrorist attacks six months ago—asking whether they've managed to stay in the city and return to some semblance of normalcy. • 3/16 at 3 P.M. and 3/17 at 11 A.M. and 6 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM and 93.9 FM.

In Print

Diary of a Mad Housewife's Staff

If Mary Poppins were to alight on contemporary Park Avenue, she might well hang up her umbrella for good. But **Nicola Kraus and Emma McLaughlin** (pictured, left to right) stuck it out, and now they have a bitingly clever novel, fawning press, and a $500,000 Miramax movie deal to show for it. Drawing on their combined eight years of child-care gigs, *The Nanny Diaries* (St. Martin's Press; $24.95) doubles as an exposé of the horrors of Upper East Side parenthood. "There were nannies in so much of what we read, but they were never at the forefront," says Kraus, who met fellow education major McLaughlin at NYU. "We started getting curious about what would happen if you put a microphone in front of a nanny." Despite the epigraphs from *The Odyssey* and *Gone With the Wind*, Bridget Jones was uppermost in their minds. "I think it's safe to say there would be no *Nanny Diaries* without Helen Fielding," says McLaughlin. "Her combination of being really funny and very kick-ass was inspiring," Kraus adds. McLaughlin attributes their Bridget-size popularity to a Fielding-with-a-twist style. "It's a professional journey," she says. "I think anyone who's had a really challenging first job, when you have no notches on the belt and you're still confusing your boss with your parents, will connect to the book." A sequel (which they're writing together now) will take the protagonist, Nanny, beyond her stroller-pushing years. "She'll have nannying in her heart," says McLaughlin, "but there will probably not be many small people." Kraus and McLaughlin read on March 14 at the Upper West Side Barnes & Noble. (See "The Written Word.") B.K.

Lectures and Panels

"Patriotism and One Nation"
Responding to the post-9/11 upsurge in patriotic feeling, authors Nancy Fraser (*Redistribution or Recognition?*), Michael Lind (*Next American Nation*), Jim Sleeper (*Liberal Racism*), and Alan Wolfe (*Moral Freedom*) debate the new nationalism. • 3/12 at 6 P.M. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); $5.

"Gay Editors at Mainstream Magazines"
A panel that includes the *Times Magazine's* Adam Moss, *Vibe's* Emil Wilbekin, and former *Talk* editorial director Maer Roshan tries to answer the question "Ghetto or Gestalt?" (i.e., are they effecting change from within or selling out?). • 3/12 at 9 P.M. Obeca Li, 62 Thomas St. (212-929-2588); $25.

"The World's Biggest Buildings"
As the Skyscraper Museum's World Trade Center lectures continue, structural engineer Leslie Robertson and builder John Tishman discuss their work on the world's largest office complex. • 3/13 at 6:30 P.M. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

Jewish-American Art?
Professors Donald Kuspit and Ori Soltes discuss the viability of the above concept. • 3/14 at 6 P.M. Center for Jewish History, 15 W. 16th St. (212-294-8330); $6.

Alan Kay on Inventing the Future
The computer-science pioneer largely responsible for the personal computer and the laptop (not to mention Atari) delivers the Marshall McLuhan Lecture about the future of his field. • 3/14 at 7 P.M. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); $5.

Gary Fabiano
The Sipa Press photographer shows work from 9/11 and tells of using his flashbulb to help himself and others escape certain death that day. • 3/14 at 7 P.M. International Center for Photography, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-857-0002); $5.

Terry Gross
The host of NPR's afternoon arts program "Fresh Air" talks to her fans about interviewing techniques and her motivation for doing what she does. • 3/14 at 8 P.M. Town Hall, 123 W. 44th St. (212-307-7171); $20–$25.

Jeff Koons
The famous artist (he of the topiary puppy) talks to Robert Storr, painting and sculpture curator at MOMA, about his postmodern work. • 3/14 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

Film in Africa
A screening of Ousmane Sembène's *Borom Sarret* is followed by a discussion with film curator Laurence Kardish, Tunisian filmmaker Férid Boughedir, and African Diaspora Images founder Pearl Bowser. • 3/15 at 8 P.M. Roy and Niuta Titus Theater 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $12 admission.

"Intelligence, Testing, and Today's Kids"
Dr. Robert J. Sternberg, author of the book *Why Smart People Can Be So Stupid*, talks about advances in his specialties—creativity, learning disabilities, IQ tests, and stupidity in daily life. • 3/17 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

John Guare and Friends
The Obie- and Oscar-winning playwright, along with fellow playwright Christopher Durang and actress Cherry Jones, talks about plays with author and moderator Roger Rosenblatt. • 3/17 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

The Written Word

David L. Ulin
The author of fiction, essays, and poetry reads from *The Myth of Solid Ground*, his work in progress about L.A. • 3/12 at 6:30 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Susan Orlean
The journalist reads from her collection *The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup*, now in paperback. • 3/12 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

"Food for Thought"
The lunch-and-theater series continues with three performances—Arthur Miller's *The Last Yankee* on Wednesday, Noel Coward's *Fumed Oak* on Thursday, and Strindberg's *Miss Julie* the following Monday. • 3/13, 3/14, and 3/18 at 1 P.M. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. So. (212-362-2560); $35 each.

Charles Rubin
The author of *4-F Blues: A Novel of WWII Hollywood* reads from and discusses his work at two separate events. • 3/13 at 6:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 160 E. 54th St. (212-750-8033); free. 3/14 at 7 P.M. Partners & Crime, 44 Greenwich Ave. (212-243-0440); free.

Peter Rock
The novelist reads from his third book, *Ambidexterist*, and signs copies. • 3/13 at 6:30 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Blake Eskin
The author of *A Life in Pieces* discusses his exposé of a fake Holocaust survivor. • 3/13 at 7 P.M. The Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (212-831-3554); free.

Greg Manning
The author of *Love, Greg & Lauren* reads from his account of his wife's brush with death and recovery from the World Trade Center attacks. • 3/13 at 7:30 P.M. 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Benefit for Poets in Need
Leslie Scalapino, Norman Fischer, and Ron Padgett are among the poets reading to benefit the organization for bards in trouble. • 3/13 at 8 P.M. Poetry Project, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $7.

Peter Carey
The author of the Booker Prize–winning *True History of the Kelly Gang* reads from that book—now in paperback—and signs copies. • 3/14 at 7 P.M. Jurow Hall, NYU Main Bldg., 100 Washington Sq. E. (212-998-3950); $5.

Ralph Nader
The presidential spoiler talks about his book *Crashing*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN LANIER-AUSTIN.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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The Tube

An Affair to Remember

Though Meryl Streep's pretty face and friendly voice-overs help us through A&E's **New York at the Movies** (from forties glitz to fifties noir to seventies decay back to eighties glitz), they take a back seat to the city's homegrown directors, whose smart commentary and pure appreciation nicely complement the montages that populate this vivid two-hour documentary. Tim Robbins reminisces about *Sweet Smell of Success*, Nora Ephron waxes poetic on the city's romantic possibilities, Spike Lee cringes at the stereotypes in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and Peter Bogdanovich sums it all up: "No matter where you look, there's a shot." (Airs March 17 at 8 P.M.)

the Party and signs copies. • 3/14 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Daniel Klein

Klein reads from his book *Blue Suede Clues: A Murder Mystery Featuring Elvis Presley*. • 3/14 at 7 P.M. The Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (212-831-3554); free.

Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus

The co-authors of *The Nanny Diaries* read from their work and sign copies. • 3/14 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

"Writers in Performance"

The annual series debuts a new season (which will include Jonathan Franzen, Zoe Caldwell, and Campbell Scott) with a tribute to Ellison's *Invisible Man*. • 3/18 at 8 P.M. Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-399-3030); $15; six-event series, $78.

Glyn Maxwell's "Wolfpit"

The English poet's verse drama adaptation of a weird twelfth-century English tale (in which a Suffolk village finds two subterranean green children) receives its U.S. premiere here. A Q&A will follow. • 3/18 at 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $16.

Eleventh Annual Bunny Hop

Mother Goose and Winnie-the-Pooh are among the celebs at a benefit that also has hors d'oeuvres and the Rockettes for the grown-ups. Proceeds go to Memorial Sloan-Kettering. • 3/12 at 7 P.M. FAO Schwarz, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (212-639-7972); $100, $50 under 17.

Night100 Fund-raiser

The Empire State Pride Agenda's annual gala (raising funds for gay and lesbian civil rights) this year includes a silent auction of photographs from such artists as Chip Forelli, Kenru Izu, and Frank Yamrus. • 3/16 at 8 P.M. Altman Building, 135 W. 18th St. (212-627-0305); $125.

"Nothing Like a Dame 2002"

Dames like Rue McClanahan, Bernadette Peters, and Chita Rivera participate in an ensemble performance for the Women's Health Initiative of the Actors Fund of America. • 3/18 at 8 P.M. St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-840-0770); $40–$1,000.

Special Events

Tours

"The Irish and the Brooklyn Bridge"

A St. Patrick's weekend tour visits lesser-known downtown sites and explores Irish contributions to the Brooklyn Bridge. • 3/16 and 3/17 at noon and 2:30 P.M. Call 212-465-3331; $12.

The Bowery

Learn about P. T. Barnum's Circus, McGuirk's Suicide Hall, and other disreputable places that used to line America's most famous skid row. • 3/16 at 1 P.M. Meet at the Black Cube at Astor Pl. (212-439-1090); $12.

Irish Hell's Kitchen

What's now known as Clinton was once a hotbed of Irish culture and politics. St. Malachy's Church (the "Actors Chapel") and the Irish Arts Center are among the stops. • 3/17 at 1 and 3:15 P.M. Meet at the northeast corner of Eighth Ave. and 49th St. (212-265-2663); $5.

Artists' Studios of Harlem

Community leader Valerie Jo Bradley explores the studios of such diverse artists as installation artist Chris Burn, photographer Isaac Diggs, and Senegalese sculptor Ousmane Gueye. Top it off with a West African lunch. • 3/17, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $35.

Benefits

"Paws for Style"

Lil' Kim, Cindy Adams, and others escort their dogs down the catwalk (the pets donning Vera Wang, Kate Spade, and Ralph Lauren) at the fashion show benefiting the Humane Society of New York. • 3/12 at 7 P.M. Club Exit, 610 W. 56th St. (212-752-4842, ext. 233); $100.

Exhibits

"Missing: Streetscape of a City in Mourning"

An exhibit documenting the city's emotional response in the aftermath of 9/11 (via photos, audio, and video from firehouses, Union Square, etc.) opens on the six-month anniversary. • 3/11–6/9. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Arab Americans in New York City"

The museum highlights the diverse experiences of the city's more than 160,000 Arab Americans through documents, books, costumes, textiles, photographs, and household items. Lectures will be offered throughout the exhibit. • Through 9/1. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); $12.

Event

"The Yiddish Radio Project"

A collection of archives culled and produced by MacArthur fellow David Isay is celebrated at a show hosted by radio historian Henry Sapoznik, with music both taped and live as well as appearances by veterans of Yiddish radio. • 3/18 at 8 P.M. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $25.

Sports

St. Patrick's Day Spring Fling Four-Miler

Green T-shirts will be given to each runner in this shamrock run. • 3/17 at 9:30 A.M. Central Park, East Dr. near 99th St. (212-860-4455); preregistration: $20, $14 members; day-of: $30, $20 members.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF A&E.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Children's Events

Park Art
The Whitney Biennial spills into Central Park (see box). • Through 5/26 (call 212-980-4575 for a free brochure); free.

Play Ball
Cooperstown downtown! The famous upstate Baseball Hall of Fame brings some 500 treasures to the American Museum of Natural History. Memorabilia includes record-breaking bats used by Babe Ruth and Mark McGwire, Jackie Robinson's Brooklyn Dodgers jersey, and FDR's WWII morale-boosting letter calling for a continuation of the sport. • 3/16–8/18; American Museum of Natural History, 79th St. and Central Park West (212-769-5200 or www.amnh.org); $15 grown-ups, $11 students and seniors, $9 kids 12 and younger.

Who's the Fairest?
Entertainer to kids of the rich and famous, Arnie Kolodner stars in a prestidigitation version of *Snow White and the Magic Prince.* Objects appear, disappear, and levitate in mid-air. Six lucky kids at each performance will play the dwarfs onstage. • 3/16–4/14; McGinn/Cazale Theatre above the Promenade at Broadway and 76th St. (212-279-4200); $12.

Bogeymen, Begone
What do you do before bedtime to combat those meanies who live in the closet and under the bed? At the Brooklyn Children's Museum, kids will learn traditions from around the world and make their own version of a nightmare buster. Preregistration required. • 3/16–3/17 at 10:30 A.M. and noon; Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400 or www.brooklynkids.org); $4.

Dublin Your Pleasure
St. Patrick's Day at the Long Island Children's Museum includes folk songs and storytelling of the Emerald Isle via Tom Callinan of Crackerbarrel. His participatory style makes him a favored encore at the museum. • 3/17 at 1 and 3 P.M.; Long Island Children's Museum, 11 Davis Ave., Garden City (516-224-5800 or www.licm.org); $8 grown-ups and kids, $7 seniors, plus $2 for the performance.

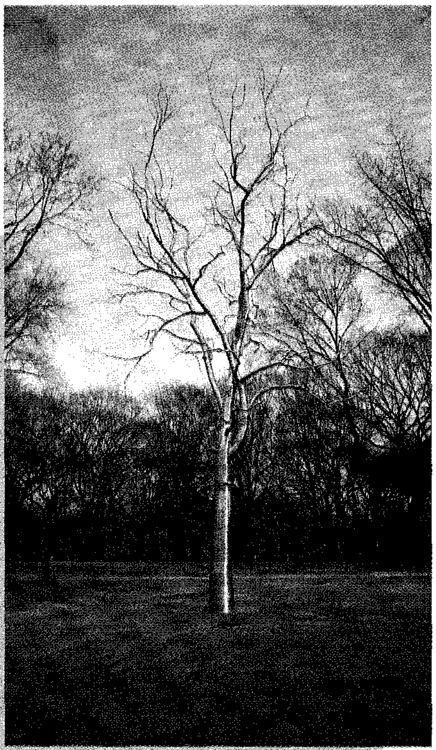
Feline Fashion
Straight from the runways of Paris is Chesley McLaren's new book *Zat Cat! A Haute Couture Tail.* The author reads and a fashion show follows. • 3/13 from 4 to 6 P.M.; Scholastic Store, 557 Broadway, near Spring St. (212-343-6166); free.

Classic Love
Set somewhere in the not-too-distant future is a modern interpretation of *Romeo and Juliet.* Hatred between two families threatens to take down society itself, and the inevitable tragedy results. For older kids, from Theatreworks/USA. • 3/16, 3/17, 3/23, and 3/24 at 12:30 P.M.; Auditorium at Equitable Tower, 787 Seventh Ave., near 51st St. (212-627-7373 or www.theatreworksusa.org); $16–$20.

Seder-ific
Join one of the Jewish Museum's educators for a gallery tour about Passover and the objects used at the traditional family Seder. Explore holiday traditions from Jewish communities around the world, and make your own book, matzo cover, and *afikomen* wrapper. • 3/17 from 1 to 5 P.M., Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., near 92nd St. (212-423-3337 or www.thejewishmuseum.org); $10 for the gallery tour, $3 for the arts-and-crafts workshop.

Happening

Museum Parking



For some kids, a visit to a grown-up museum can be overwhelming (for some parents, too). The much-publicized **Whitney Biennial** includes a handful of outdoor exhibits around Central Park—a small bite of high art that can be combined with outdoor play and a run through the zoo. Start with the bronze statues of sculptor Keith Edmier's granddaddies, World War II vets who stand proudly at the Central Park South entrance. At the zoo, kids will giggle at the folly of Kiki Smith's bronze birds with human heads. Colorful Korean bedcovers by Kim Sooja drape the tables at the Leaping Frog Café. Near 67th Street is Roxy Paine's *Bluff* (pictured), a 50-foot tree made of stainless steel, an ironic reminder of the park's man-made origins. Finally, Brian Tolle's *Waylay* is a smattering of bold and subtle splashes around the lake at 72nd Street's Bow Bridge (think of how kids are mesmerized by fountains). "The works are a kind of wonderland," says curator Tom Eccles of the co-coordinating Public Art Fund. "It's not a formal walk but a series of encounters along the way." (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

SIMON *Continued from page 54*

and Homer Collyer, eccentric but not truly crazy, should end up drowning in bric-a-brac and litter.

Langley, here a gifted pianist, throws away his career and bride, the socialite Milly Ashmore, for no clear reason; much later, she rejoins the Collyers in their monstrous lair, gets engaged to Homer, but dies of TB. The dialogue is arch but only rarely clever; the atmosphere is rife with unavowed incestuous homosexuality. David Warren has misdirected Peter Frechette and Reg Rogers to act as fey and brittle as possible, and Francie Swift to be both imperiously manipulative and pathetically fragile. This play outs its author better than Michelangelo Signorile could have done. Allen Moyer's décor, gradually raising clutter to unprecedented heights, is frighteningly spectacular.

IN JASON ROBERT BROWN'S THINLY DISguised autobiographical two-person musical **The Last Five Years**, ambitious aspiring novelist Jamie marries ambitious aspiring actress Cathy. The Jewish Jamie is thrilled to capture a "shiksa goddess"; the moderately (or less) talented Cathy is enchanted with her gifted spouse, whose fledgling novel earns a rave from John Updike. But something is wrong with the marriage.

Exactly what is wrong is uninvolvingly suggested by Brown's shadowy characters, who are both hard to care about. Further draining is the theoretically ingenious but actually confusing way of telling the story backward from Cathy's point of view, forward from Jamie's. The through-composed piece unfolds chiefly in solo numbers, sidestepping much-needed duets. The music is monochromatic, essentially background stuff uncomfortably pressed into the foreground. The lyrics are replete with repetition, prosaism, and smugness.

Daisy Prince, the director, tried hard: Beowulf Boritt's Bob Crowley–inspired bird's-eye-view setting grabs attention, as do manuscript pages and flower petals raining from above, and miniature red cars rotating on a turntable. None of this helps, what with the able Norbert Leo Butz not finding variety in Jamie, and Sherie René Scott's hard-edged voice and bulldozing smile unsuited to the vulnerable Cathy. A further strategic error is having Jamie read from his novel: Updike would not be amused. ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

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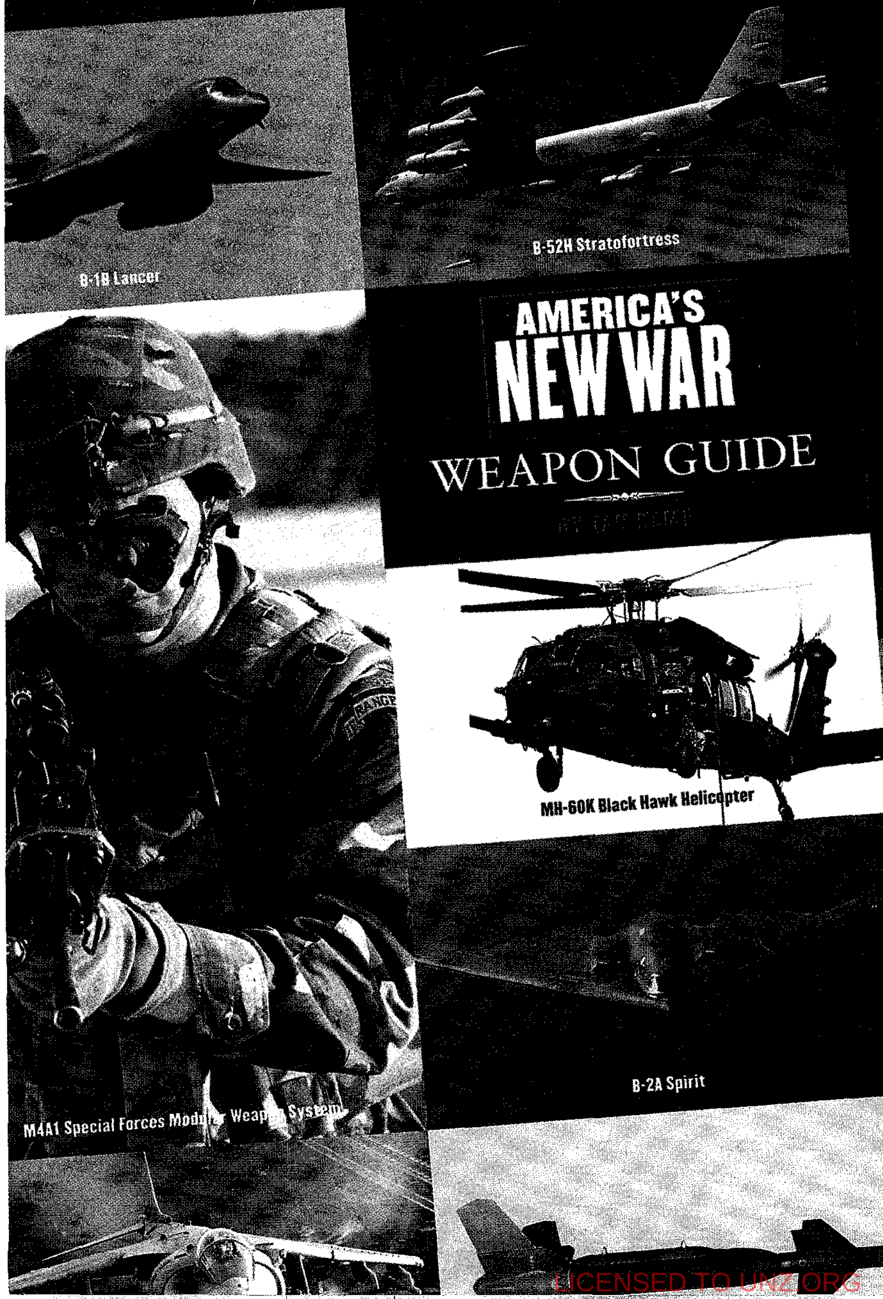
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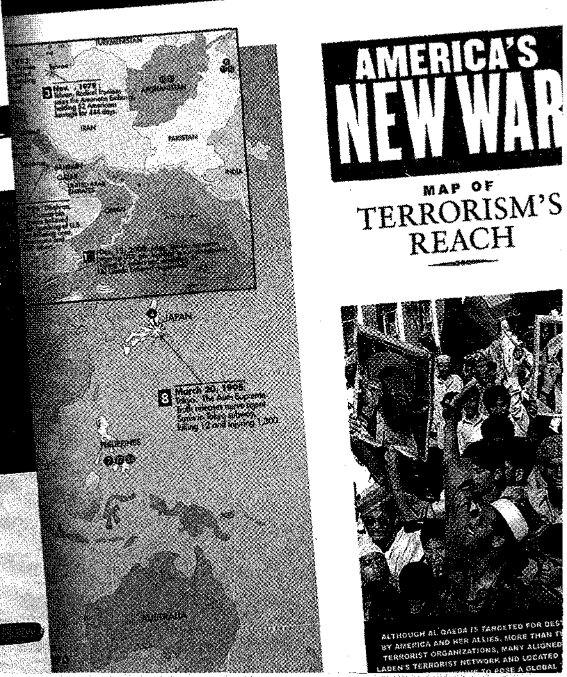
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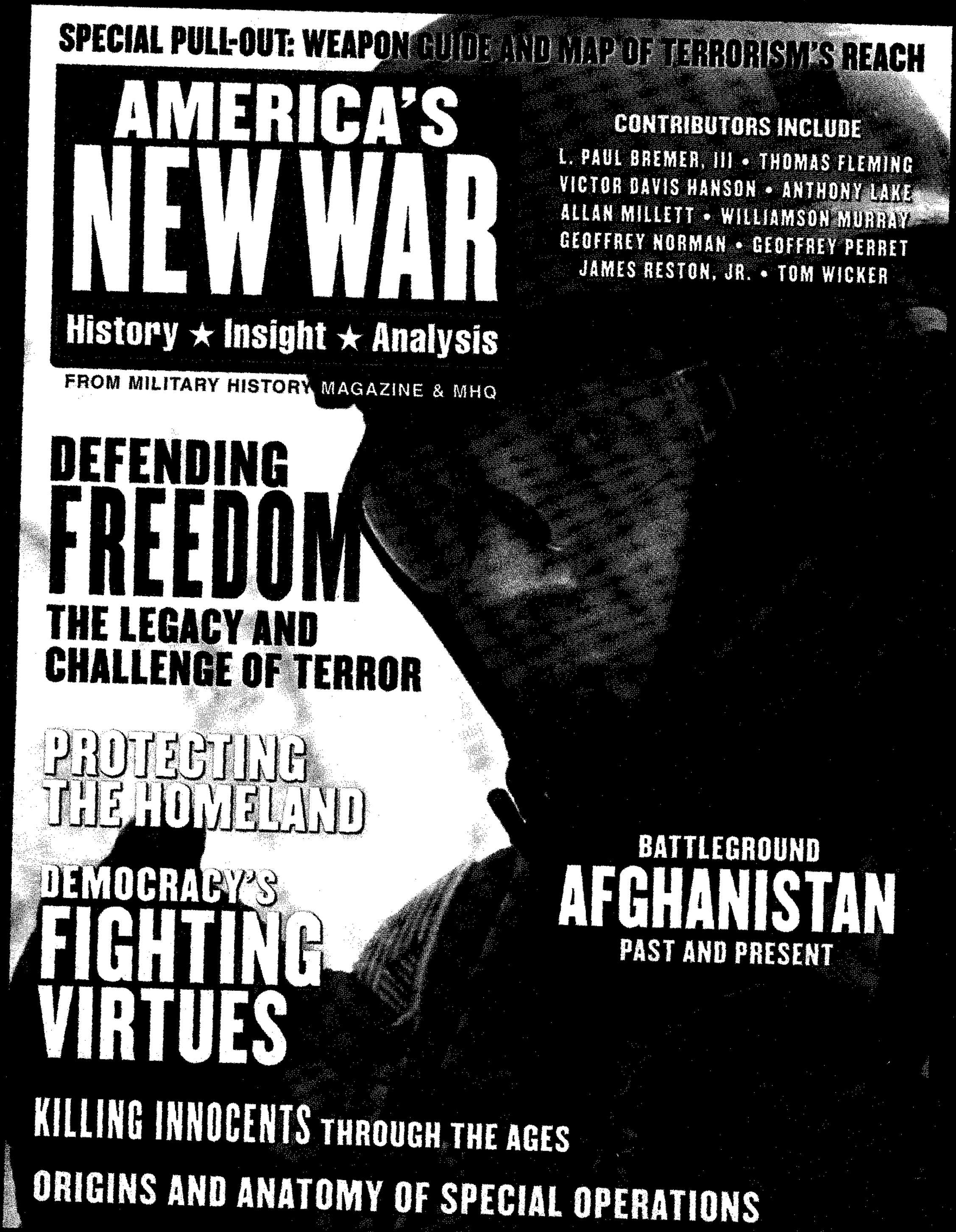

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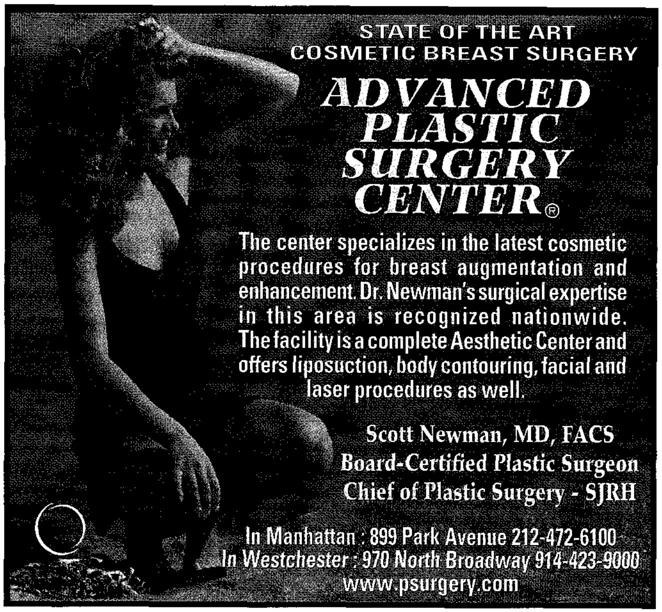

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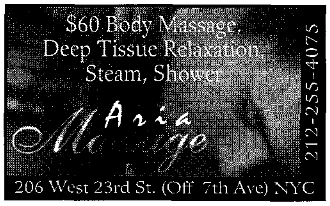

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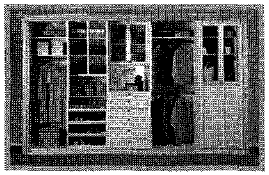

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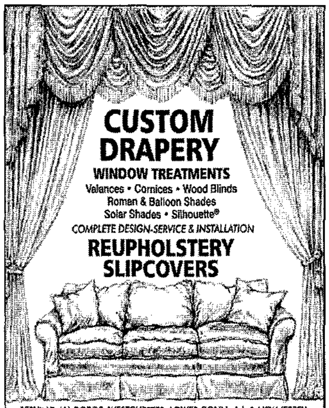

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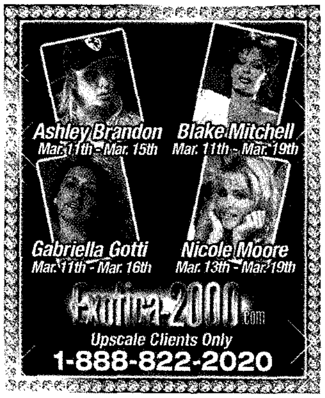
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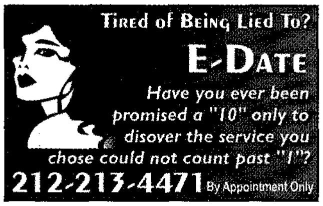
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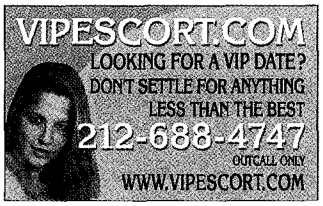
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Fair Lady—European, 48, 132 lbs, 5'8", elegant, professional, seeks glorious soul mate. Happy marriage forever. 2068✉

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Special Offer—From a very attractive, 5'6" and thin, 44-year-old, Jewish professional - will respond to a tall, professional, great guy, 40-52, for lots of good times. Note/photo/phone. 2061✉☎

I'm Your Dream Girl!—This head-turning, long brown-haired Jersey Princess is 34, 5'5", a size 2, widowed and childless. I am smart, sexy, sincere, self-employed, emotionally/financially stable and surprisingly down-to-earth. If you are tall, dark, handsome, fit, prosperous, 36-40, marriage/child-minded and ready for adventurous, everlasting love, you could be my Prince! Recent photo and bio a must - will exchange. 2067 ✉

Tall Male Romantic—58, seeks successful lady for dancing in the moonlight and happiness. Recent photo/note. 2033 ✉☎

Golfer's Class—With this financially successful, semi-retired businessman, Manhattanite, divorced, Jewish (non-religious), healthy, fit, handsome, nonsmoker, generous and caring, 60s. Has time to travel to his country home, as well as see the world. Is looking for psychologically aware, smart, sensual, fit and sexy woman up to 58, to share life's wonders. Race unimportant. Recent photo/note to: POB 58, New York, NY 10113 or 2071 ✉☎

Make Me Purr!—*Gorgeous, elegant* Persian cat seeks mate for her smart, sensual, very successful, warm, ultra-feminine, Jewish (not religious), Bergen County owner, 46. To qualify: be a brilliant, kind, accomplished, affluent professional mensch with depth and character, mid 40s to late 50s, willing to pamper us and be treated royally in return. JersiePeach@aol.com 2020 ✉☎

Not After The Spring Chicken—Widower, prefers lively 50s-young 60s, good-looking with social conscience, kind, athletic, successful, wit and Ivy. Used to being in lasting, loving relationship. Seeks female - intelligent, attractive, fit, outgoing and above all with joie de vivre. 2012 ✉☎

Man Alive—Handsome and honest, wry and reflective, down-to-earth Ivy in the arts. 49, 5'11", (212). Likes music, books, outdoors, good talk. Seeks warm, genuine, pretty, shapely, bright and positive (212) woman, late 30s to early 50s, for the real thing, laughter and hugs. Recent photo, sincere non-form response a must. 2070 ✉

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Big Gift - Small, Beautiful Package—Irreverent, confident, warm and witty. Seeks special man, 50-63, for serious relationship. Humor a must. 2016 ✉☎

Rockland County Man—Successful, fun, fit, active, nonsmoker, handsome, Catholic, 42, seeks pretty, petite gal wanting marriage/children. Phone/photo. 2046✉

A Delicious Special Lady—Shapely, sexy and smart, is awaiting a man who needs to be loved and nurtured. If you are between 62-75, attractive, kind and economically secure...this lovely package awaits you. 2015 ✉☎

Beautiful, Single White Female—27, NYC, seeks serious relationship with single white male, 30-35, nonsmoker, well-educated, romantic, outgoing and fun. Photo, please. 2040 ✉☎

Exotic Physician—36, East meets West, good-looking, South Asian, warm, sincere, active, into arts, seeks beautiful, outgoing professional woman. 2036 ✉☎

Divorced White Male—(914), fit, fun, enjoys to play out East, ski out West, get dirty down South and relax up North - one thing missing...could be you, a sexy, smart female, possibly with kids? Fun dad with warm, generous values. Photo, please. NYadsponse@aol.com 2062 ✉

Sweet Brunette—Professional seeks Jewish professional male, '50s. 2019✉☎

Very Pretty Jewish Businesswoman—Living in NYC, music lover, etc., seeks attractive man (self-employed), 55-63, for fun, friendship, romance. Photo. 2051 ✉☎

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Busy Executive—42, 6'2", seeks tall, slim, attractive, sophisticated lady, 26-36, nonsmoker, who can bond with an athletic, world-traveled guy who enjoys sports, ballroom dancing, fine dining, and who can meet the challenges of modern life with humor, friendship and romance. Exchange statistics and photo, please. 2041 ✉

University Professor—Middle-aged, divorced, muscular, chiseled features - seeks committed relationship with financially and emotionally stable, suburban woman who likes to dance and has a flair for elegant attire (high heels, furs, etc.). Photo, please. 2056 ✉

Top Of The Class—Vibrant lady with a yen for life, attractive, 60 plus, professional. Enjoys the arts, tennis, golf and travel. Sophisticated but fun-loving and down-to-earth. Seeks mensch with kindred interests and spirit. 2045 ✉☎

Golden Years Rather Dull?—If you are a fit, humorous, cultured, successful, 60-plus gentleman, this pretty, elegant, witty, size 6, Jewish female can restore the shine. 2052 ✉

Pretty RN—Seeks tall, trim, good looking professional male, midlifer. 2050✉☎

Handsome, Very Successful—Investment banker/broker, 36, well-educated/traveled, knows how to treat a lady. Looking for an exceptionally beautiful lady, 23-35 years old - must be slim, intelligent, and ready for a life of adventure and luxury in a committed relationship, possibly leading to marriage. 2053 ✉

Investment Business Owner—In my 30s, 5'10", 170 lbs, good-looking, fit, athletic, great sense of humor, share my time between homes in the city, Amagansett and Colorado, truly down-to-earth. Seeking a bright, fun and hopefully gorgeous woman in her 20s or 30s, who shares my passion for Manhattan and exotic travel. Note/photo/phone. 2035✉☎

Pretty, Petite—Educated, affluent, (212)/(845) Jewish widow seeks cultured man, 60-75, for caring and sharing. 2065 ✉☎

Pretty Blond—Vivacious, great figure, sincere, down-to-earth, young 50s, looking for that special guy - tall, Manhattan business or professional, 58-68. 2010✉☎

Irish-Born—Artist, tall, slim, brown/hazel, nice-looking, 50s, gallery owner. Likes NY, animals, arts, culture, movies, books, flea and antique markets, travel. Looking for lady, 39-49, who is reasonably slim and nice-looking, open, warm, communicative, with similar interests, for relationship. Photo/note appreciated. Will reciprocate. artisticeire@aol.com 2037 ✉☎

Beautiful, Blond, Sexy—Bikini-clad, sophisticated world traveler seeks very successful, smart man, 48-58, for laughter and love. Please send note and photo to: bellefemme20@msn.com 2059 ✉☎

Elegant Blond—Beautiful blond, great shape, fit, active, corporate executive, loves travel, NYC, art, beach, sports, laughter. Seeks accomplished, professional, fun-loving, attractive man, 45-55. Note/recent photo, please. 2042 ✉

Tall, Handsome—Trim, educated, communicative, seeks very attractive, sleek, sensuous woman in her 50s, for fine dining, arts, travel, romance and much more. Photo/note appreciated. 2049✉☎

Gay Female, 54—(Queens County) seeks open and honest friendship and more. I am fun, loving and intelligent. You should be too. 2063 ✉

Former Fashion Model—Well-traveled, well-informed, cultured, Jamaican-born, black, 5'9", slim, divorced, seeks a tall man of substance, 55-65, for togetherness. E-mail: nerbax@hotmail.com 2034 ✉☎

And They Lived Happily Ever After—Fairy tales can come true... Prince, 40, handsome (young Harrison Ford type), 6'2", thick brown hair, hazel eyes, Jewish (not religious), accomplished, successful, affluent, Ivy-educated businessman with true heart of gold - seeks Princess, 35-50, who is sweet, smart and sexy, for a lifetime of hugs, kisses and laughter. nyer18@yahoo.com 2058 ✉☎

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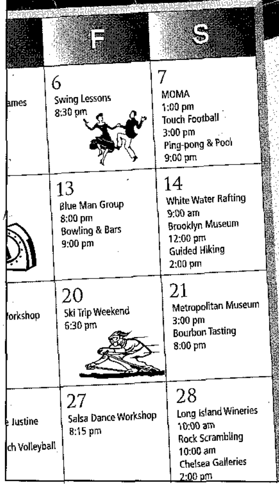
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14 White Water Rafting 9:00 am Brooklyn Museum 12:00 pm Guided Hiking 2:00 pm
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Attractive New Jersey Professional—*Jewish widow with one teenage son, seeks* a kind, bright and passionate gentleman between 50-60, to share life and family. Please send photo/note. 2066 ✉

Slim, Toned, Flexodox Beauty—Full of joie de vivre, seeking successful, bright (47-55) man of integrity and strong Jewish identity. 2018 ✉☎

Highly Educated Female Teacher—Tall, 40, seeks educated man. Photo. 2044 ✉

Elegant, Feminine—*International lady.* American-born. Residences in NY and Europe. Ivy League degree in biological sciences. Lover of Wagner, Mahler, Mozart, etc. Interested in fine arts, politics, sailing, gardening, wines and cuisines. Seeking self-sufficient, educated, cultured gentleman, 55-62, preferably a medical doctor, for companionship and sharing of common interests. 2072✉

Gorgeous Ex-Model—27, looking for a very successful, handsome, single male, 30-50 years old, who is ready to be treated like a king! Must be financially independent. 2054 ✉

Beauty Contest Winner—Former model, educated, highly accomplished, classy, seeks nice-looking, fit, intelligent, successful man, 50-65, 5'10" plus. *Phone/note/photo.* 2001 ✉☎

Seeking A Vital Woman—Who is in or has completed therapy, for a loving relationship. This 59-year-old, divorced Manhattanite is warm, caring, sensual, playful, 6' tall and fit. You would be a nonsmoker, professional, attractive, over 5'4" and slim. Photo, please. 2060 ✉

NYMESSAGE

Retired Female Manhattanite—With joie de vivre, seeks men and women for fun times. Interests: dining, dancing, art, conversation, cafe-schmoozing, theater, laughter, cabaret, sports. 50s-70s. 2055✉

Lovable Mensch Wanted—For forever togetherness by slim, pretty, young 60, nurturer. You: successful, caring, fit, stable, humorous - enjoys nice lifestyle. Me: vibrant, classy, educated professional. Fort Lee area. 2021 ✉☎

Handsome And Successful—48 years young, 6'3", athletic build, looking for soul mate, attractive and fit, up to 38, 5'6" plus. Photo/note. 2029 ✉ ☎

I'm Waiting For You—*Stylish, beautiful,* fun-loving, cultured, successful lady seeking sophisticated man, 57-69, to travel, socialize and share a comfortable lifestyle. *Note and photo a must.* 2024 ✉ ☎

Northern NJ Attractive Gal—51, seeks long-term relationship with great guy. Varied interests: movies, dining, golf. Sense of humor is a plus. 2030 ✉☎

Pretty, Slim Educator—54, 5'4", love of arts and city/country life, seeks tall, kind, affectionate, well-educated professional with sense of fun, 59-65, as life partner. Manhattanite. 2057 ✉☎

Best Friend Wanted—*Single white male,* 37, MA degree, physically fit, Yankee fan, seeks intelligent, slim, active, easygoing white female. 2047 ✉ ☎

Butterfly Seeks Net—Female, 49, loves books, travel, Talmud, hiking. Seeks good man, 44-62, with big brain, bold spirit, kind heart. 2002 ✉☎

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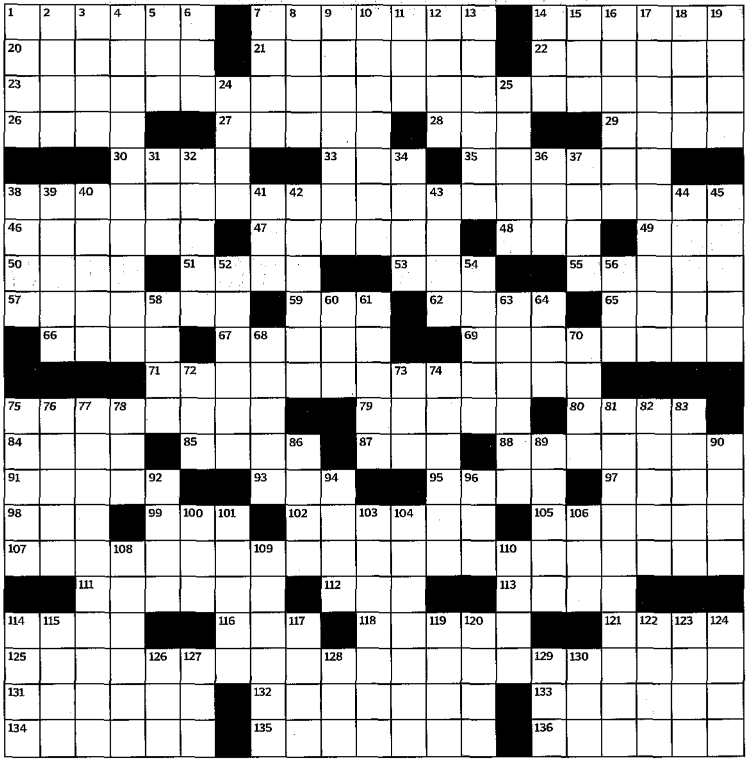
'See 71-Across'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



ACROSS

1 Type of paper fastener
7 *Hispanics*
14 Hit a high shot, in tennis
20 Hardy's comedy partner
21 Output of some mines
22 Exhaust oneself
23 Beginning of a rhyme
26 Athletic squad
27 Stick with this
28 Scrimp by, with "out"
29 "Now —— me down to sleep"
30 Nobelist Wiesel
33 Madrid Mrs.
35 Glossy paint
38 Rhyme: II
46 Publication misprints
47 Kind of salad
48 Dry, as wine
49 Pierre's pal
50 More than want
51 Shoo!
53 Won at musical chairs
55 Kofi of the U.N.
57 Irish county or bay
59 Ambulance destinations, for short
62 The lion's share
65 *Liniment target*
66 Waistband
67 First name in daytime TV
69 Quadrennial occurrence
71 Title of the rhyme
75 Frame of mind
79 Walter Mondale's nickname
80 Eden dropout
84 Queen of Hearts pastry
85 Small land mass
87 Faucet
88 Arctic natives
91 Come to light
93 Carpenter's cutter
95 Remove the rind
97 Franklin D.'s mother
98 "6 Rms —— Vu," 1972 play
99 Same old grind
102 Later's opposite
105 Caveat —— (let the buyer beware)
107 Rhyme: III
111 Virgil epic
112 T.C.U. rival
113 Renaissance noble
114 "And to —— good night!"
116 Ex-Dodger Hodges
118 Shrek, et al.
121 Between tenor and soprano
125 End of the rhyme
131 Quickest to learn
132 Permit a claim to
133 Start of a carol
134 Time of highest success
135 Nine-time unsuccessful presidential candidate
136 Flavor judge

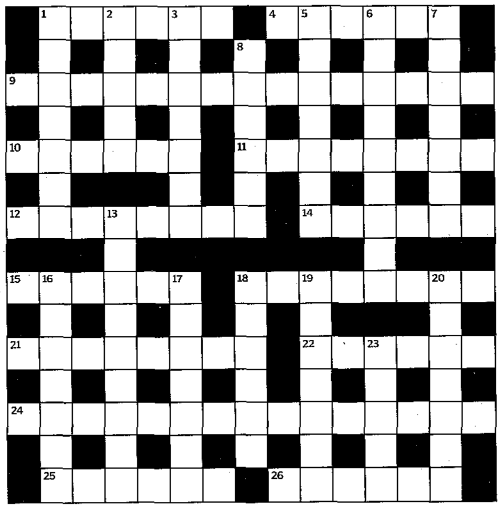
DOWN

1 Venetian-blind feature
2 Cassette
3 Halo glow
4 Public areas for strolling
5 Where Beirut is the capital: abbr.
6 Angled annex
7 Succotash bean
8 *Octopus's eight*
9 Dustin's female role
10 Puts in between
11 "Wayne's World" negative
12 Kill —— killed (law of the jungle)
13 Hider's playmate
14 Rawls or Costello
15 Egg: prefix
16 Gives a false impression
17 Sparkling quality
18 Dame played by Barry Humphries
19 Motherless calf
24 Duel tool
25 Heredity factors
31 *Landing vessel: abbr.*
32 "—— King in Babylon and you were . . . "
34 Cries of discovery
36 Top fighter pilot
37 Translucent silicate
38 Look after
39 Nabisco best-seller
40 Sports palace
41 Elvis's record label
42 Hoses down
43 Nanny's push
44 *Largest city of the* Cornhusker State
45 Forty-—— (California gridder)
52 Storm omens
54 "For rent" sign
56 Dissenting vote
58 Ganges platform
60 Squealer
61 Change gears
63 Homophone of 47-Across
64 Tobacco adulterant
68 Does a strip act
70 Mountaintop
72 On the —— vive
73 Mother in "The Yearling"
74 Pincher
75 Video-game company
76 Foreign-goods tax: Fr.
77 Matter of little importance
78 "—— now or never"
81 Isn't to one's liking
82 Kin of a Stradivarius
83 No Einstein
86 A snap
89 Appears to be
90 Puppeteer Tony
92 *Poet's Ireland*
94 Tribulations
96 Plural of is
100 Employ
101 Upper leg
103 Seepage process
104 Zeros
106 Inst. near Harvard
108 Raised the forelegs
109 Officials of old Rome: var.
110 Former Zaire leader Mobuto —— Seko
114 Wife of Esau
115 Go bounding along
117 Laundromat sweeping
119 *Rattling chest sound*
120 Equally matched
122 Santa's paperwork
123 Lug
124 Nonpareil
126 "This —— recording"
127 Porky's place
128 Home-school gp.
129 Dyer's tub
130 Cider-song gal

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Araucaria

ACROSS

1 Medium for people retarded in intelligence? (6)
4 *"On the Beach," one by Shute with gold instead of* note. (6)
9 Judge's obiter dictum? (7,8)
10,11 18ac21? It wasn't—request for encore (White House version). (4,2,5,3)
12,14 18ac21? It wasn't—s-setter held by lover mad about a piece of science fiction . . . (4,2,2,6)
15 . . . which gets a male bird in the neck. (6)
18,21 Isn't revealed, I bet—revealed? On no account! (5,3,2,2,4)
22 Decay encompasses transport firm. (6)
24 18ac21? It wasn't—London police are holding clownish characters from Anjou in the jungle. (2,6,3,4)
25 Monument for ancients with their third leader. (6)
26 *Dig up the old philosopher.* (6)



DOWN

1 Rail crash—guerrilla leader seen around, the fool. (7)
2 Sodium needed where pigs are repulsive. (5)
3 Endangered species gives ours a start. (7)
5 Shoes for Hermes and also for Clementine. (7)
6 Reunion of dispersed—that's very steep. (3,2,4)
7 Predilection, being topless, for delight. (7)
8 This is very steep, especially without transportation. (6)
13 Little buttercup removed by farmer's wife? Far from . . . (5-4)
16 . . . Tom's commercial attachment for an anchor. (7)
17 Female on the spree by remains of fire? (7)
18 Girl following in car to blush. (6)
19 Harry, awfully dour inside, was 1dn's monsieur in 1ac. (7)
20 *Real character of Jewish ascetic, more or less* enclosed. (7)
23 Precious little raising of sail with a round turn. (5)

"I am very superstitious... not like wear the same underwear for two weeks superstitious."

Kate Hudson

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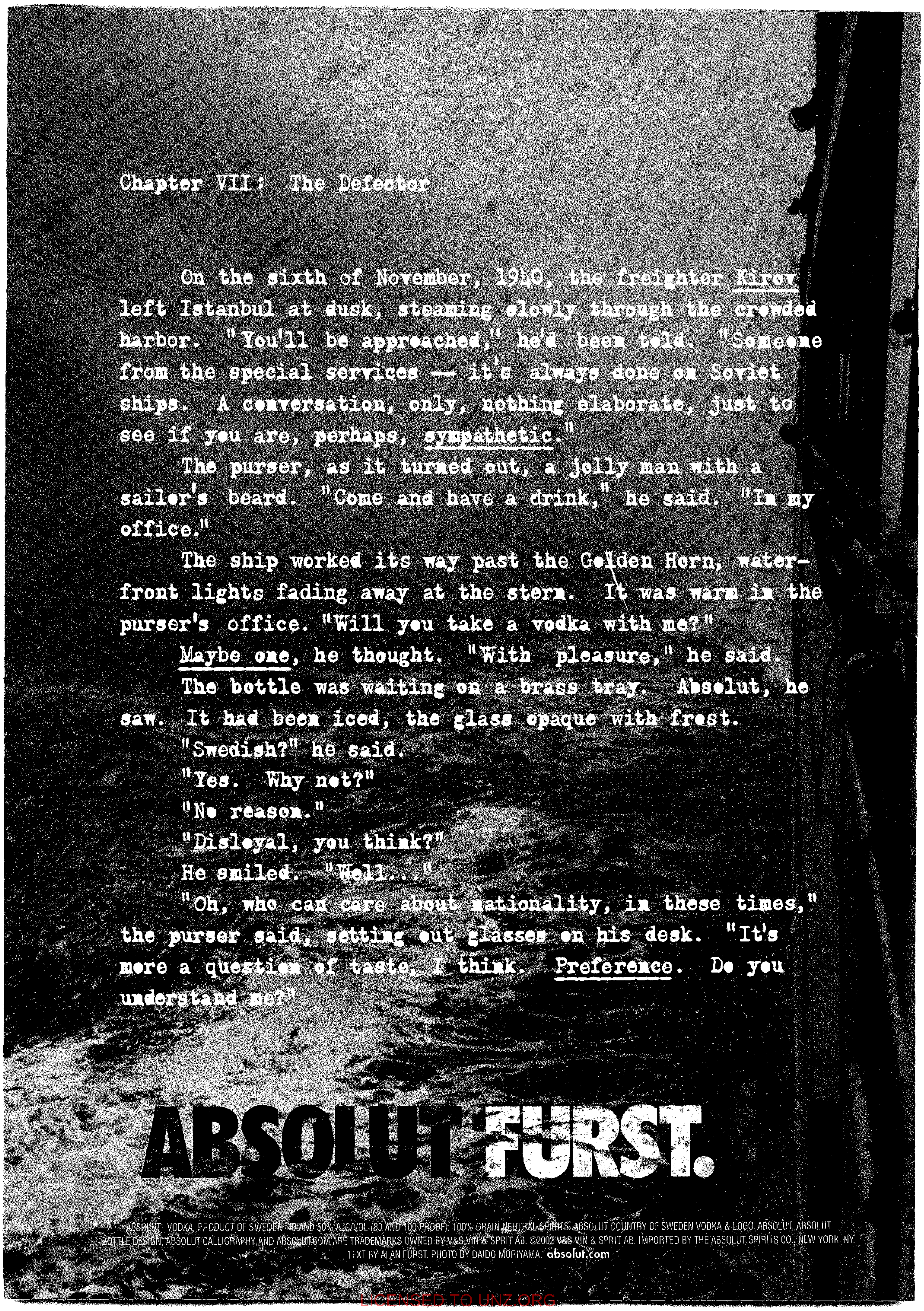

Chapter VII: The Defector

On the sixth of November, 1940, the freighter *Kirov* left Istanbul at dusk, steaming slowly through the crowded harbor. "You'll be approached," he'd been told. "Someone from the special services — it's always done on Soviet ships. A conversation, only, nothing elaborate, just to see if you are, perhaps, *sympathetic*."

The purser, as it turned out, a jolly man with a sailor's beard. "Come and have a drink," he said. "In my office."

The ship worked its way past the Golden Horn, waterfront lights fading away at the stern. It was warm in the purser's office. "Will you take a vodka with me?"

Maybe one, he thought. "With pleasure," he said.

The bottle was waiting on a brass tray. Absolut, he saw. It had been iced, the glass opaque with frost.

"Swedish?" he said.

"Yes. Why not?"

"No reason."

"Disloyal, you think?"

He smiled. "Well..."

"Oh, who can care about nationality, in these times," the purser said, setting out glasses on his desk. "It's more a question of taste, I think. *Preference*. Do you understand me?"

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